

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.

VOL. XIV.

MARCH, 1893.

No. v.



PART OF THE PEDESTAL OF THE QUEEN LOUISE STATUE.

BERLIN.

BY FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN.

I REMEMBER a question which twenty-five or thirty years ago, accordingly long before the great war, was frequently heard in Berlin. The question was, "Is Berlin getting to be a world-city?" People propounded this



The whole world knows Friedrich Spielhagen, the novelist, but very rarely, if ever, has he consented to appear in American periodical literature. The *Cosmopolitan* is favored in presenting Herr Spielhagen's articles through the good offices of his personal friend H. H. Boyesen, who is also for these articles, his translator. Spielhagen is the son of a Prussian government officer, and was born sixty-four years ago in Magdeburg. Having acquired the thorough gymnasium education, he devoted himself to philosophical and philological studies in Berlin, until his father's death in 1854, when he began a distinctively literary career, and three years later published his first novel, *Clara Vere*. Since this first effort, his writings have been voluminous and over a wide field, including the drama, poetry, and critical essays. His highest fame as a student of human nature and as a leader among the psychological novelists that are making the literature of Germany, rests on his *Problematische Naturen*, published in 1861.

query whenever anything happened that was out of the line of the ordinary, such as a great fire, a double murder, the disappearance of a cashier with a couple of hundred thousand marks, the opening of a new theatre or restaurant equipped with unusual luxury, etc. Close observers might perhaps detect a smile which was not without a touch of irony about the lips of those who made this remark, for the Berliner is a sceptical creature—"an unbelieving Thomas"—and the right interpretation of that winged word would have been, "if Berlin continues to develop at the present rate for the next hundred years or so, it will some day become a world-city." Now-a-days, no matter what happens, no one ever hears the above remark.

Has Berlin, though the hundred years of grace have not yet expired, in the meanwhile become a world-city, or does the Berliner believe it to be a world-city, and does he regard himself as the inhabitant of a world-city? These are obviously two distinct questions, or may at least be regarded as such; it might be that the latter was the case, but by no means the former, and that the Berliner now believes himself to be in full possession of that which one generation ago sounded in his listening ear as a lovely but distant music of the future.

Let us preliminarily leave the second question an open one, and boldly proceed to the

consideration of the first. Is Berlin a world-city in that recognized sense in which London, Paris and New York are regarded as such, and must be regarded as such by every civilized man.

In the acknowledged sense! That seems a problematical phrase, and yet, rightly considered, is capable of only one interpretation, viz., that the above-named cities are such that everyone knows them, has visited them, or hopes to visit them. And in consequence of their area, the number of their inhabitants, their wealth, commerce and industry, the sum total of the activities which pulsate and are accumulated in them, they form a small world by themselves, without which no adequate conception can be formed of human life and enterprise, consequently these cities seem as indispensable to this life and enterprise as brain, heart and lungs are to the life of the individual. However vague this definition may be, it cannot be denied that, generally speaking, it is adequate, as long as we speak only of world-cities par excellence, that is to say, of those of which I said above that every civilized earth-dweller, without hesitation or qualification, recognizes as such.

"Without qualification;" that is the rub! For, to be sure, as soon as we admit certain limitations we can scarcely deny the honorable title to a great number of other cities. These, then, are world-cities, not in the general, acknowledged sense, but with certain



STATUE OF QUEEN LOUISE BY ENCKE.



KÖNIGSPLATZ.

qualifications. Although they do not possess all the characteristics of a world-city, they yet possess one or two or several characteristics in a certain eminent degree. Who, for instance, would deny that in this limited sense Hamburg is a world-city? I believe no one would do so who has ever spent a couple of days in Hamburg, who has seen the ships of all nations thronging its harbor and the products of all countries unloaded in its gigantic warehouses, or heard the languages of all nations spoken in its hotels and taverns. If anyone has still declined to be convinced of the world-significance of Hamburg, his last doubt on the subject must have disappeared when recently the cry of terror, "the cholera has broken out in Hamburg," awoke a shuddering echo over the entire inhabited globe, and the world-commerce felt the shock in its remotest channels. The world-commerce—that is Hamburg's specialty, a specialty which, as far as I am concerned, is only of importance to merchants, but which in consideration of the value and significance that it has for the civilized as well as the uncivilized part of the earth, will secure to the city the fame of being a world-city in a certain sense.

Is there a man who would deny this fame to Rome? Surely no cultivated man, even though he be no Catholic who recognizes in the Pope the spiritual father of humanity, out of whose inspired mouth no word proceeds which is not addressed *urbi et orbi*. "He who has seen Rome can never be completely unhappy." How many millions have either orally or in the depths of their hearts echoed this saying of Goethe's worthy father, when from Monte Pincio they saw the Eternal City lying at their feet in the glow of the sunset, or on the eve of their departure made a pilgrimage to the Fontana di Trevi and offered up their obolus, which was to secure their return to the City of Cities?

Hamburg—Rome! and I might yet name a number of cities whose title to be called world-cities, not in the general, but in a special qualified sense, can scarcely be disputed.

But how are we in this respect to regard Berlin? To be judge in one's own cause is always a questionable proceeding. Whoever gets happily by the Scylla of overweening pride will perhaps plunge in the Charybdis of excessive modesty. It is told that the water of his domestic river, the Spree, with which he was bap-

tized, preserves the Berliner from the latter danger, but that no herb grows under the sun which is capable of preserving him from the former. Nevertheless, I may perhaps be well qualified for my difficult judicial office, even if I have not the good fortune to have been baptized with the waters of the Spree—though, to be sure, I have spent fully thirty years without interruption in Berlin and possess the addi-



THE GOETHE MONUMENT.

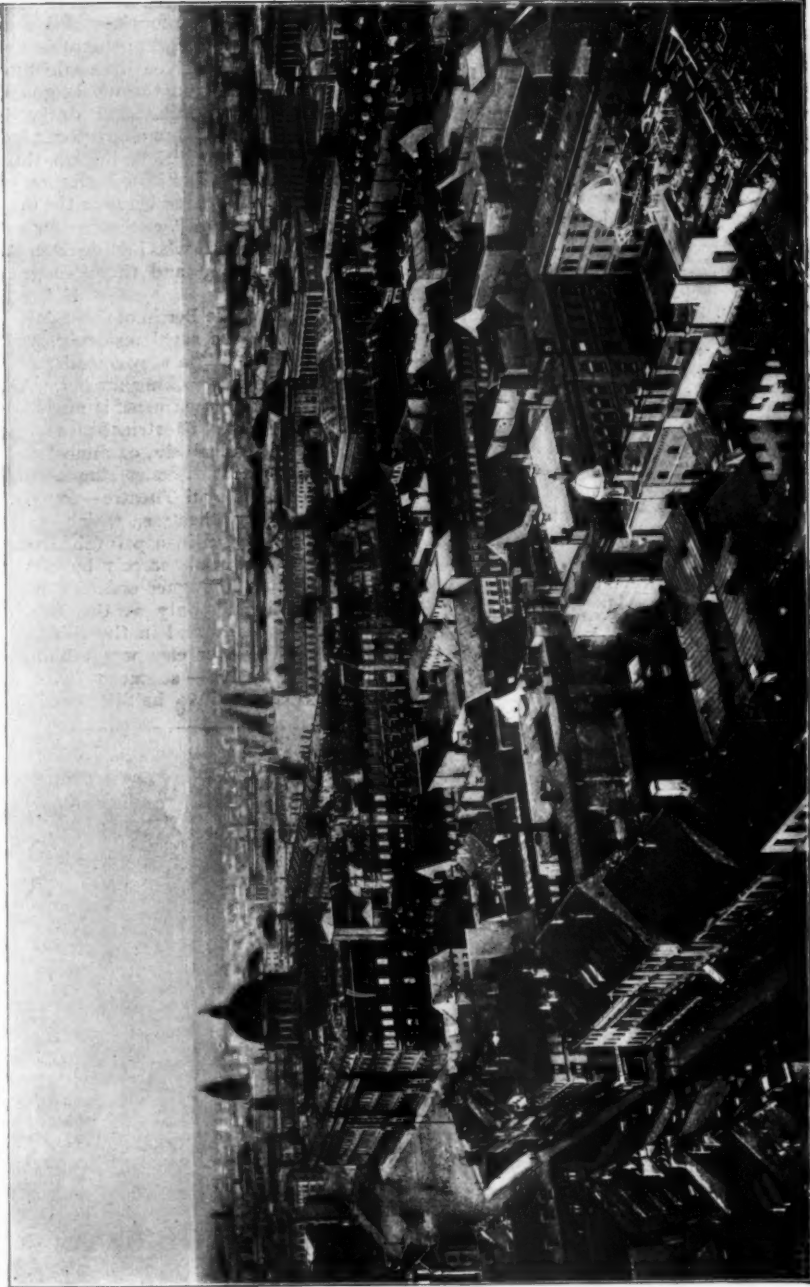
tional advantage of having known the city quite well as a student.

How long is that ago? Well, between ourselves, it is forty odd, or, let, us say, forty-five years. During so long a time one happily forgets a good many things, but not the impressions which the first great city that he ever saw made upon the youth of eighteen. For I came from the shores of the Baltic, from a town which had been asleep since the Thirty Years' War, to which no railroad had as yet found its way, and in which the old ancestral whale-oil lamp had not been supplanted by the modern gaslight. I fancy I did not at that time cudgel my brain concern-

ing the idea and character of a world-city, but I surely regarded Berlin as being one, I mean the Berlin of those days. How plainly it yet rises before my eyes, with its rectilinear streets, which seemed to me endless, when both rows of the street lanterns which shed such a magic light about them converged into a point in the dim distance! Berlin, with its two-storied houses which stood shoulder to shoulder and looked as much alike as soldiers in rank and file, with Schinkles' classical theatre on the Gens d'armen Markt, and the proud Brandenburger gate, from the top of which the Goddess of Victory upon her quadriga looked down upon the Linden. She looked then as now toward those squares framed by splendid edifices—the royal (now the imperial) palace, the university, the royal library, the opera, the wonderful arsenal, and further across the broad bridge toward the Lustgarten, to the right of which the old royal palace rears its stately pile like a mountain, and to the left of which the old museum, with its magnificent hall of pillars and its glorious staircase, seemed a very revelation to the astonished youth. And it was a revelation of the beautiful Hellenic world of which he had dreamed over his Homer and Socrates; and it became reality as he now entered the splendid rotunda and gazed with bated breath until a torrent of tears relieved his overburdened heart.

Up street and down street, store upon store, and through the streets hurrying multitudes of countless people, and the rattle of carriages which seemed to me no less innumerable. Then on the Friedrich Strasse came two or three regiments of the guards, who were returning with martial tread from their drill before the Halle Gate. Up they come, right, left, with beating of drums and the shrill sound of the fife, headed by the seven-foot drum major, who flung his huge gilded baton into the air to the very level of the roofs of the houses, and seized it again with unerring dexterity. By the heavens! if that is not a great city, I should like to know where one is to be found.

When I recall the enthusiasm with which the Berlin of those days filled my youth, a feeling of melancholy steals over me and I am impelled to quote the Horatian "*vivitur parvo bene*," "one may live well

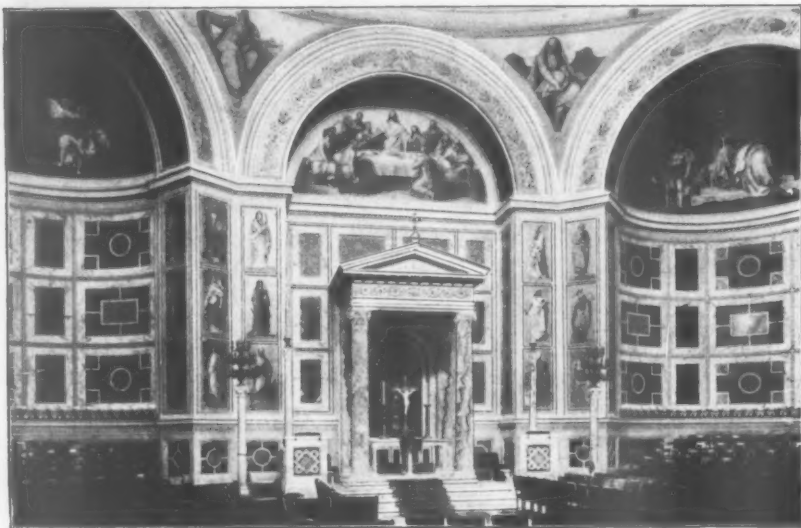


VIEW OF BERLIN FROM THE CITY HALL.

on very little." Yes, to be sure, only one must in that case take the precaution not to have known the more, the better and the more beautiful, and one must, moreover, cultivate the bad habit of finding "the better" and "more beautiful," quite good enough—otherwise there is an end to contentment. Alas, how frugal I must have been, when Berlin in the forties could appear to me so imposing. A city of about 400,000 inhabitants, with generally modest, if not shabby, houses, which, to be sure, served as an excellent foil for the few really magnificent structures; streets with an antediluvian kind of pavement, and only partly provided with sidewalks, on both sides of which gutters were running into which the drainage of the houses was poured, and the condition of which, especially in summer, my pen is loath to describe! In these streets scarcely any but pedestrians were to be seen, and among thousands scarcely a gentleman or lady whose attire made any pretension to elegance. As for the rest, they were clad in good, domestic fashion, to the requisites of which clean linen in no wise belonged. Besides the royal equipages and a couple of dozen elegant carriages belonging to princes, ministers of state, generals, and exceptionally rich people, only post and milk wagons, freight

vans and cabs encumbered the pavement. The latter were of the four-seated kind, rattling in all their hinges, penetrable by wind and weather, driven by a whisky-nosed, growling, but on the whole good-natured Jehu, and toilsomely dragged along over the infernal paving stones by an old paralytic nag. Nevertheless, this primitive vehicle constituted the only means of communication between the different parts of the city, except as far as those were concerned who had discovered that time is money and therefore preferred to walk.

No, to be sure, the Berlin of those days, although it was the royal residence, was in other respects only a very considerable provincial town and nothing further. As regards places of amusement, it made no extravagant claim. Theatrical pleasures were provided exclusively, or almost exclusively, by the two court stages—the Opera and the Royal Theatre—for the couple of minor theatres, which were continually engaged in a painful struggle for existence, need scarcely be taken into account. The higher order of music was cultivated only at the Royal Symphony concerts and in the Singing Academy. Whatever else was attempted in this direction—at most, twice a week—was confined to half-inaccessible



THE EMPEROR'S PRIVATE CHAPEL.

concert halls, belonging to private individuals, and rarely rose above the level of respectable mediocrity. On the other hand, the beer and coffee gardens before the gates were in flourishing condition—for then Berlin still had gates. To these gardens people made pilgrimages in the afternoons—on Sunday afternoons with kith and kin—and enjoyed until late in the evening agreeable converse with friends and neighbors, in the manner which Goethe has so delightfully satirized in *Faust*. Much pleasure was also derived at these unpretentious entertain-

ment, may be called splendid. I need only recall such celebrated names as Alexander von Humboldt, Leopold von Buch, Boeckh, Lachmann, Leander N. Diefenbach, etc. Whatever political sins the romanticist* on the throne of the Cæsars may have had on his conscience, architecture, painting and sculpture are under great obligations to him; and, above all, the histrionic art unfolded a joyous florescence on which we of the older generation may look back with melancholy, without yet incurring the danger of being, in a reprehensible sense, *laudatores tem-*



VIEW OF BERLIN FROM THE STATUE OF VICTORY.

ments from the horn music, which was better in intention than in execution.

Yes, it was a frugal, unpretentious age—an age which was as yet untouched by the present fever for enjoyment, not yet sicklied o'er by the enervated ennui of our days; an age which scarcely knew by name the insane chase for fortune in which men nowadays exhaust both body and soul; and, even though it did not produce so much in the marts of trade and industry and was content with little, still in the domain of morals and intellect it could well enter into rivalry with periods which outwardly present a much more magnificent appearance. For we must not forget that Berlin, in spite of its modest economic condition, yet boasted a scientific activity which, without exag-

poris acti. In the history of the art of acting we find such names as Seydelmann, Doering, Hinrichs, the ladies Crelinger, Charlotte von Hager, Stich, and those of many other actors and actresses which are marked with golden letters. And what was the best of all, they played before a public which as yet believed in them and believed in art, which could be enthusiastic, to whom the theatre was a temple consecrated to the worship of beauty.

The Berliner of those days, however, believed in other things than art. He believed yet in ideals—for instance, the ideal of liberty; and he proved his faith by the revolution of '48, which nowadays would be impossible—not because most of the streets are paved with asphalt and

* Frederick William IV.



THE WHITE SALON IN THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

would provide no stones for the building of barricades; not because military precautions have been provided of such an extent and such marvellous accuracy, reaching into the very smallest details, that every insurrection of the people must appear perfectly hopeless. All that may indeed be so; but even if it were not, no revolution resembling that of '48 would now have any chance of success. For that was a good-natured, idealistic, credulous, foolish revolution, in which no one had any aim but liberty, even though he might not, to save his life, have been able to define what he really understood by the term; but surely had no desire in the name of liberty to confiscate his neighbor's property. The palace of Prince Wilhelm, later the glorious Emperor Wilhelm the First, was, to be sure, declared to be national property, and the declaration was scrawled with large letters of chalk over the entrance gate. For he was held responsible for the command to fire upon the people, who regarded, not unjustly, that energetic prince as the strongest prop of royalty, by the grace of God, which was now to be transformed into a royalty by the grace of the people. He

was held to be the incorporation of the absolutist reaction which was soon to wave its blood-steeped banner over the crushed uprisings of Dresden and Pfalz-baden. But it did not occur to anyone to appropriate for his private use even the smallest object of this "national" property. On the public squares and on the street corners large open basins were placed, in which contributions were collected for the benefit of the families of those who had been killed on the barricades, and whoever went past, young and old, high and lowly, rich and poor, threw in his mite; and it is told that not a single penny was stolen, in spite of the fact that there was no one present to guard the free offerings of a people rejoicing in its sacrifice: *noblesse oblige!*

Tempi passati! if today—

But the leap from the Berlin of the forties to that of today is perhaps a little too hazardous. I believe the reader will thank me if I make it more gradual, and I fancy that I cannot do this more profitably than by building up gradually my Berlin of today as I have seen it rise up about me.

In the literal sense of the word have I

seen it rise up, street by street, house by house, stone on stone—at least in the quarter where I have been living for the last thirty years, the last twenty in the same house. This house, when I first moved into it, was situated in a street which was really no street at all, but was intended to become one, for it consisted of only three or four mansions which lay cosily nestled in trees and shrubbery, so that one might have mistaken them for an integral part of the adjoining Thiergarten. Those of my readers who are only tolerably familiar with the topography of Berlin will know where in the western part of the city to look for this street, whose name, by the way, is Hohenzollernstrasse. In the sixties it had the honor of representing the western boundary, for further to the west, in the direction of Charlottenburg, there were only gardens, with scattered villas and primitive restaurants in which “families had the privilege of making their own coffee”—a privilege of which the thrifty materfamilias did not fail to make use of on a Sunday afternoon. Toward the south, on the great ship-canal called the Landwehrgraben, it looked very much the same, only with the difference that instead of gardens, potato and cabbage fields

here were the dominant features of the landscape. Toward the north lay the great expanse of the Thiergarten, whose axis, to be sure, runs east and west—a sacred isle in which building was not permitted. Beyond the Thiergarten, toward the Spree, lay a territory which, preliminarily at least, could not be settled, for it consisted of nothing but marsh land, overgrown with bullrushes, in which bitterns and other birds led a merry life and which even the shy heron did not disdain to visit. On the other side of the Spree, whose still waters were traversed only by barges carrying wood, coal and turf, lay Moabit, a suburb of Berlin, which was only remarkable for its great machine-shops.

Today this enormous area of field and garden, meadow, swamp and sand, over which one might roam for hours on foot or on horseback, arrested only by the warbling of the lark or the barking of a dog from a lonely farm-yard, on roads which only by courtesy could be styled roads, and with scarcely a chance of meeting a human being, all this enormous territory is today a huge, compact mass of houses, with miles and miles of streets and spacious squares, which, encompassing and enclosing the Thiergar-



THE SCHLOSS BRIDGE

ten on all sides, make it now appear like a wooded island in an ocean of stone. And this ocean extends its waves ever farther and farther. Already the neighboring city of Charlottenburg has been absorbed into the capital in such wise that only an especially well-informed inhabitant will be able to tell you where the one ceases and the other begins. There are indeed streets, one side of which belongs to the territory of Charlottenburg while the other belongs to Berlin, just as in Thu-

wise accustomed to see houses, churches, streets and public squares start out of the soil which a few months, or a few weeks ago, was furrowed by the plough, or where the hunter tracked his game. The municipal absorption of Charlottenburg into Berlin, which territorially has already taken place, is probably a question of the near future. Exactly the same is the case with Wilmersdorf, Friedenau, Schoeneberg, Tempelhof, Rixdorf, Rummelsburg and Weissensee, and

whatever the other towns may be called toward the north, east and south. These places which but a few years ago were independent villages have, through the settlement of Berliners who desire to live quietly and cheaply, grown to be cities of from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants, and they are destined, like over-ripe fruit, to drop into the maw of the insatiable capital. Berlin has now, in round numbers, 1,700,000 inhabitants, and, after the incorporation of its suburbs, it will count fully 2,000,000.

But Berlin has not only during one generation accomplished the task of doubling its population; it has also solved the much more difficult problem of transforming itself from a big but externally quite modest city into one of the most beautiful and magnificent cities of the world. This assertion involves no exaggeration. That in the new quarters the streets are new is, to be sure, not a matter of wonder, but it is a matter of wonder



ENTRANCE HALL, NATIONAL GALLERY

ringia there are principalities the boundaries of which run straight through the middle of a house.

The description which I have here given of the westward growth of the city holds good, *mutatis mutandis*, of its advancement toward the other points of the compass. Everywhere the same spectacle, which, to be sure, can present nothing new to an American, who is like-

to observe what Berlin has made out of its old streets, especially its principal streets, as the Leipziger and the Friedrichstrasse, in the most populous portions of which scarcely a house is to be found which is older than ten years. And how many there are which do not even count so many years! And what houses! I have never been in London or in New York, but I know St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna and



SCHLOSSFREIHEIT.

Rome, and I yet venture to assert that among the above-named cities there is not one which in the beauty and splendor of its private houses can compete with Berlin. I offer this as a mere wholesale judgment, without wishing to assert that everyone of these houses in an aesthetic sense deserves individually the collective prize of beauty and splendor. There is many a one among them which is indeed beautiful without being at all splendid, and I regret to say that there are some which may be called splendid without being at all beautiful. It is, moreover, to be observed that each one of them proclaims its own aesthetic faith. Thus next to a house in severe renaissance style there is likely to be one which gives the preference to the rococo or to the baroque style, and next to this a third rears itself with Gothic gables and walls painted with the gay frescoes of a Nürnberg or Augsburg patrician mansion from the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The effect of this is apt to be decidedly variegated and unpleasant, if not offensive to an aesthetically trained eye. At all events, one misses that aristocratic repose which characterizes so many squares and streets in Paris, the houses of which are all built

in the same identical style, and probably planned, if not erected, by the same master.

However, as I said, these are blemishes which only a severely-trained eye is apt to detect and which in no wise obscure the architectural magnificence which modern Berlin flaunts in the eye of the beholder.

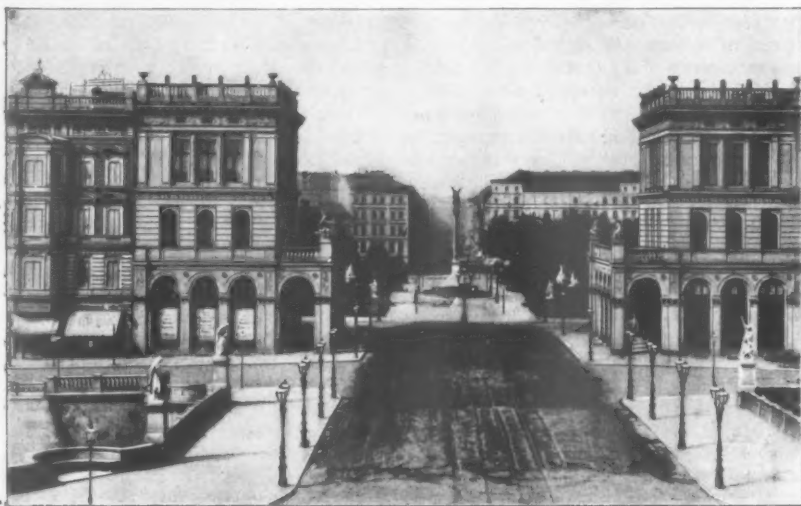
I have here only spoken of buildings which owe their origin to private enterprise, but throughout the whole city, often in streets and squares where one does not in the least expect to find them, we stumble upon public edifices of a solidity and grandeur which would be an ornament to any city in the world. In Berlin they occasion no particular surprise. Take, for instance, the marvellous Museum of Art Industry in the Koeniggratz Strasse, the majestic Polytechnicum on the Charlottenburg road, and many others which I could name. In this prodigality with which Berlin scatters its magnificent structures over all its quarters, it presents an honorable distinction above other cities, for instance, Vienna. I will admit that the Ring Strasse of Vienna, with its monumental theatres, museums and palaces of all sorts, has not its equal in Berlin; but take away from Vienna its par-

tie glorieuse, and what remains? An angular, badly-built accumulation of houses, in which one looks in vain for a single imposing edifice. Modern Rome, in which one has to pass endless rows of commonplace apartment barracks before one can refresh his starved soul on the architectural miracles of a Michael Angelo or a Bramante, can surely not endure the remotest comparison with Berlin in this respect.

As I returned home from a prolonged sojourn in St. Petersburg, I discovered how inferior the capital on the Neva is to Berlin in point of architectural style; in spite of its Nevski Prospect and its gigantic squares, with their palaces and churches, robbed of their beauty by the great distances which separate them; nay, I even venture in this respect to prefer Berlin to the wonderful Paris. The city of the Seine may boast single bits of incomparable beauty, but they are only bits; outside of them the huge mass of the city is architecturally insignificant, and scarcely rises above the level of a provincial city. And what is the worst of all, it seems to have fallen into a deep sleep. I am under the impression that I did not in all Paris discover as many new buildings as in Berlin I could count in a single square—I might almost say in a single street.

And if the unprejudiced stranger is favorably impressed by the beauty and splendor of the private and public edifices of Berlin, he will be no less delighted by the scrupulous cleanliness of its streets and squares, the admirable order with which the progress of foot passengers and carriages is accomplished—in a word, the excellence of all the provisions by the aid of which a careful and circumspect police makes life in a large city safe and agreeable to its inhabitants and visitors. The Berlin police is especially proud of this last achievement. It takes good care that no building in the process of erection tumbles down, that no old woman is run over at a street crossing. "Go slow" is their motto. We shall presently see that it is not only the police which follows this rule.

And yet I fancy that one might, at least in a carriage, make better progress in Berlin than in any other city in the world; for at least one-third of its street area is paved with excellent asphalt, and it will not be long before the whole city from one end to the other will rejoice in the same advantage, which only he knows how to value who has enjoyed it. For it is an enjoyment to bowl along over this smooth surface, even though the vehicle which carries you is nothing but a cab; and let me remark, in



BELLE-ALLIANCE PLATZ.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

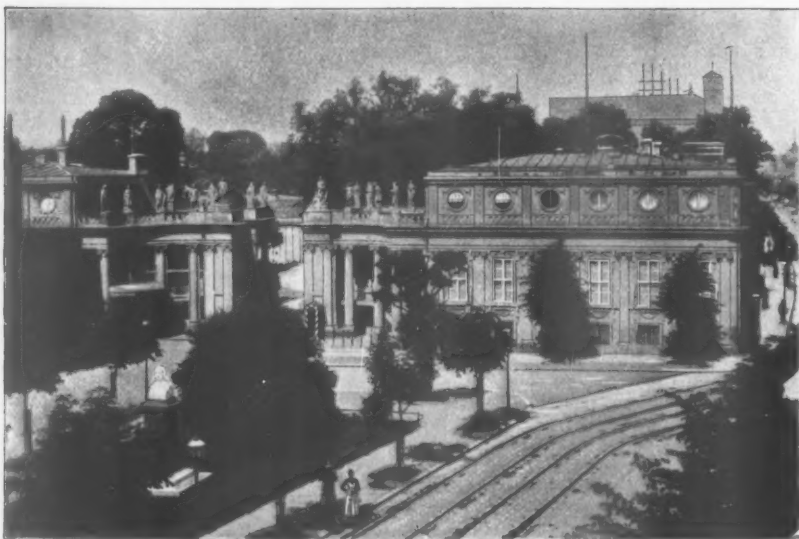
parenthesis, that the cab is no longer, or need no longer be the decrepit vehicle of the year '40, which I have described above. The "first-class cab," the Berliner calls it (or, if he is to the manner-born, he will say "first quality"), and means by this a vehicle which as regards speed may perhaps not surpass a New York or London cab, but which certainly can hold its own against a Vienna or Paris fiacre. If the cab, as we shall presently see, is a characteristic feature of the physiognomy of the Berlin streets, the street car is no less so. No city in the world has developed this institution to such a degree of perfection. From one end to the other it is traversed by tramway tracks, upon which the cars follow each other with an interval of a few minutes. At some street crossings, as, for instance, the intersection of Leipziger and Charlotten Strasse, upward of 5000 cars are said to pass in a single day. That certainly is a respectable number, for a city which as yet falls short of two million inhabitants. Nevertheless, there

is a constant and bitter complaint of the lack of means of communication, and the complaint is, on the whole, just. For only the northern part of the city is traversed by a street railway running east and west, and this is encumbered with a traffic which far exceeds its capacity. The southern half is, up to the present writing, unprovided with such means of transit, without which a large city nowadays can scarcely be conceived. The northern and southern quarters have also to depend for their communication upon the endurance and speed of human and equine legs.

The sceptical reader will here no doubt remark, "That does not look to me very much like a world-city." Well, to be frank, nor to me either. But I hasten to add that the responsibility for this sin of omission, and a long series of others which smack no less of provincialism, does not really rest with the Berliner. This gigantic infant has the misfortune to have a mentor who is of a somewhat stub-

born and whimsical character, as is so frequently the case with old people; and he is anxiously on his guard lest the enterprising youth disport himself too wantonly. This mentor is the Prussian state, which has the right of interference—now here, now there—in the municipal government, and which not only interferes, but even commands that this or that is or is not to be done. The police, with its well-meant but clumsy "Go slow!" is the creature of the state. The municipal council cannot freely elect its chief officer, the mayor; the government must confirm his nomination before he is permitted to regard himself as elected. No street, no public square can be named, or have its name changed, before the government has given its placet thereto. And thus it is in small things and great, and unhappily even in the very greatest, as, for instance, in the question as to whether Berlin, in the course of the present century, is or is not to have a world's exhibition. If it had depended only upon the consent of the Berliner, the question would long since have been decided in the affirmative. But our present imperial chancellor is no daredevil. He takes it to be his duty, before he gives his consent, first to ascertain the opinion of Tom, Dick and Harry—to in-

quire of the different federal governments, the various chambers of commerce, and I don't know whom else, what his Excellency or his Honor thinks of the matter; and as his Excellency or his Honor, for one reason or another, does not like the look of the thing—perhaps because he is a particularist, or only not a Berliner—he begrudges the much-favored capital of the empire this new advantage. Accordingly, the imperial chancellor locks the state coffers, will hear of no subvention, and expresses the sage opinion that, as it is exactly as far from Chicago to Berlin as from Berlin to Chicago, the German manufacturers and masters of industry may as well demonstrate there whether and to what extent they are able to compete in the world's market. This decision of our chancellor is, I fancy, quite as much to the taste of your manufacturers and masters of industry as the lately concluded copyright convention must be to that of your publishers and printers. As I have already intimated, such matters are not so readily disposed of in Berlin as with you in New York and Chicago. We have, for example, in the immediate vicinity of the city a field of gigantic dimensions, admirably fitted to accommodate even the largest world's exposition; but



MONBIJOU.

this field is the drill and parade ground of the Berlin garrison, and, rather than desecrate a spot consecrated to such lofty purposes by profane industrial uses, heaven and earth might perish!

I have, however, heard intelligent people, whose devotion to Berlin was unquestioned, give expression to a doubt as to whether this spot is really adapted for a world's exposition. Berlin is a large city and an imperial city, the centre of the mighty German empire, with which the world has politically to make its reckoning and whose influence is a decisive one in all European affairs. It is also, if not the metropolis, at all events one of the capitals of German scientific and artistic activity, and is of considerable importance as a manufacturing centre and a mart of commerce. Nevertheless, it is asserted that it conspicuously lacks one element which makes far less considerable cities a desirable goal to the travelling public: It possesses no charm to the stranger, it is said; it has no power of attraction, or, to speak plainly, it is tiresome.

However, that is a relative question and largely a matter of taste. Nevertheless, it is worthy of consideration whether Berlin really deserves so bad a reputation. I have never known any one who found Paris tiresome, and the man who should pronounce such a verdict upon Rome would have done better in remaining at home. St. Petersburg, itself—at least in the height of its winter season, as I have myself witnessed—is far from being tedious, and I have been told that even in the summer the variegated traffic upon the Neva and the merry life on its islands is very interesting and delightful. I have heard both strangers and natives merrily join in the Vienna folk-song:



THE SCHILLER MONUMENT.

Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt,
Giebt nur a Wien.

But Berlin, our good Berlin, is said to be tiresome—Berlin, with its twenty-odd theatres, its numerous concert halls, in which the best music of the world is to be heard! Berlin, with its museums filled with art treasures of all kinds, and the much-vaunted beauty of its streets and squares! Is it not sheer ingratitude or stupidity to utter such a slander?

Let us consider the matter coolly, and provisionally admit that Berlin has received a stepmotherly treatment at the hands of nature. The sand-box of the Holy Roman Empire it was once styled, while there yet was a Holy Roman Empire. It is situated, as all the world knows, in Mark Brandenburg, and Mark Brandenburg has not of late changed its character. Anyone can convince himself of that who has ever travelled toward Berlin and has

tossed himself despairingly about in his railway coupé in order to escape the sight of the endless monotony of sand and heather, of potato and wheat fields, and the scrubby plantations of fir and pine—especially when he recalls to memory the enchanting environs of Paris, or the melancholy brown waste through which he approaches the city pierced by the yellow Tiber and reverently looked down upon by the blue Sabine and Alban mountains.

many bridges leads to the castle San Angelo or St. Peter's cathedral. Who could imagine Paris without its Seine, St. Petersburg without its Neva, or Vienna without its Danube? But the Spree, though I accord due honor to its mercantile and industrial importance, might be fancied away from Berlin without materially changing the character of the city.

As a compensation, it has, to be sure, the Thiergarten, which extends from the Brandenburg Gate about two English

miles toward the sister city of Charlottenburg. This is a forest consisting of beautiful, tall, primeval trees and shady shrubbery, rich in enchanting views, adorned with an ever-growing number of magnificent statues, and intersected by well-kept roads and paths for pedestrians, horsemen and carriages, the like of which no city in the world can boast. It ought not to be compared with the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, or the Hyde Park of London. It is, as I have said, a cultivated forest, excellently adapted for lonely promenaders, freely offering its greensward and its shade to the people, when they wish to disport themselves of a Sunday; but it is not a place suitable for parade and show, where the "upper ten" can hold their glittering rendezvous; for such



IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

No mountains look down upon Berlin, either reverently or otherwise, and even though the Spree may rival the Roman river in the volume of its waters, the bull-rushes upon its flat banks do not whisper of Cæsar and Augustus, and none of its

purposes it lacks the broad roads and bridle-paths, the wide expanse of meadow; and, above all, the "upper ten" are wanting. I do not assert, of course, that Berlin has no aristocracy; but it has an aristocracy after its own kind, which is



THE ROYAL MUSEUM.

essentially different from that of London and Paris. In this difference we must seek the reason—or at least one of the reasons—why the stranger, in spite of all that I have said, only reluctantly resolves to grant Berlin the rank and title of a world-city.

But the explanation of this difference demands a separate article, in which the nature and character of the Berliner will be elaborately discussed and the above bruited question as to whether Berlin regards itself as a world-city will be finally decided.

SLANDER.

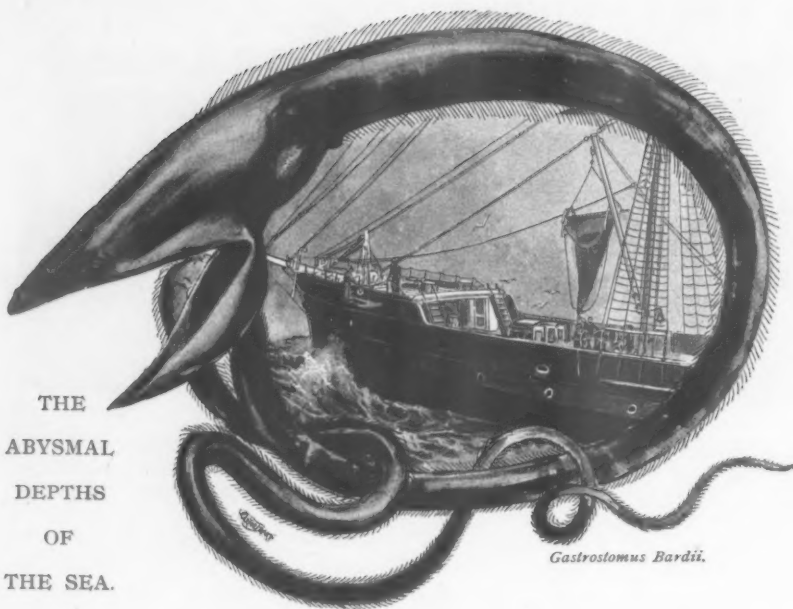
BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

FROM random converse, grave or gay,
A poisonous little lie was born.
Like many a lie that looks on day,
It failed to hold itself in scorn.
It preened each tiny and bat-black wing,
And felt for its nice, poignant sting,
And said, with secret gladness, "I
Am a full-fledged symmetric lie."

Mounting in air, it paused a while,
Then lighted on a gossip's lip;
The gossip, with indifferent smile,
Brushed it aside, yet bade it slip
Into an old beau's prattling mouth,
Whence wandering north, east, west and south,
It buzzed beside the ear, at last,
Of one who gazed on it aghast.

Slyly it buzzed a tale of taint
That smirched with blame the treasured life
Of one whose duteous deeds made saint
The unworded synonym for wife.
He caught the weak, slim, wasp-like lie,
Crushed it in both hands, watched it die . . .
But dying it dared this taunt to fling:
"My ghost lives on; my ghost can sting!"

THE
ABYSMAL
DEPTHS
OF
THE SEA.



Gastrostomus Bardii.

BY J. CARTER BEARD.



URING the storm, when the old dame lamented that she was surrounded by topsy-turvy waves, "with a' aboot wig-waggin' atween sky and suds, and nae bit steppin'-stane in sight," the skipper's soothing remark: "Do thee nae greet mither; tak' heart—we are near abune sax miles frae guid solid ground," would scarcely have been considered consolatory had the old lady surmised that the distance spoken of was supposed to extend from the bottom of the vessel to the bottom of the ocean.

How deep the ocean really is has quite recently been a much disputed question. To a person not familiar with the difficulties to be overcome, nothing, at first sight, seems simpler than a solution by dropping a plummet and counting off the fathoms of a measured line until bottom is reached and it ceases to run out; but in point of fact nothing is more difficult. There are several causes for this. It seems the friction occasioned by the line passing through the water, increasing with every fathom paid out, at last becomes so considerable as to retard the sinking of the plummet. It descends more and more slowly, and strikes into the bottom ooze so

softly that no indication of its having arrived at its destination can be perceived by the linesman, while the cord continues to run out, impelled by its own weight. It is also drawn by subsurface currents that sometimes carry it away in ever-increasing complications of bights and loops to an indefinite extent.

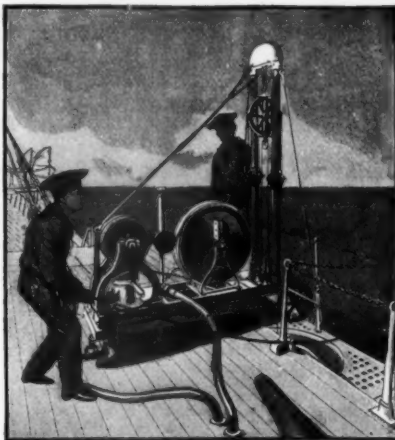
Lieutenant J. P. Parker, of the old United States man-of-war Constitution, attempted soundings in the South Atlantic a number of years ago, and ran out

nearly nine and a half miles of line without ascertaining the depth of water beneath him, a depth which was, in all probability, not half the length of the line paid out.

How this difficulty was conquered by Yankee ingenuity, after the maritime nations of the world had tried and failed, is now, of course, well known. It is an old story how, thirty-seven years ago, Midshipman Brookes of the United States navy opened a new world to investigation and discovery by a device, a trick, as simple, unexpected and effectual as that by which Columbus made his egg stand on end, a world, too, to which Columbus's was inferior, at least in area. So perfect is the method and so accurate are the results obtained by present improved sounding apparatus, that the exact depth of water, within a few inches, can be ascertained in the deepest places, and trawls lowered manipulated, and brought up, loaded with the spoils of old ocean.

The skipper I quoted certainly does not overstate the nearness of his vessel to land, for although our text-books of a few years ago give us to understand that the ocean is ten or even fifteen miles deep, it is definitely known that the average is less than two and a half miles and its greatest depth scarcely five and a quarter.

The new submarine world now explored and mapped out presents a very different picture from that painted for us by the poets. But a short time has elapsed since the bottom of the ocean was supposed to be the counterpart of the face of the earth above water—with hills and valleys, with precipitous mountains lifting toward the surface and profound gorges sinking to unfathomable depths. The ocean floor is far less diversified than the land. Here and there, to be sure, islands in mid-ocean are the summits of enormous mountains, rising, more or less abrupt-



MACHINE FOR SOUNDING IN VERY DEEP WATER.

ly, from a generally level surface, and the sea lying over a narrow, depressed region in the northwestern Pacific reaches its greatest depth. But this is exceptional; in its general character the ocean bottom consists of vast flat or slightly undulating plains.

An extraordinary circumstance that has been noticed with interest and that always creates surprise when first learned, is the entire absence of foreign matter in the deeper part of the ocean's floor. Of all the vessels lost in mid-ocean, of all the human beings that have been drowned, of all the marine animals that have perished, of all the clay, sand and gravel let fall by dissolving icebergs, of all the various substances

drifted from every shore by shifting currents—not a trace remains; but in their place water from 1000 to 2500 fathoms in depth covers the uniform deposit of thick, bluish, tenacious slime, called globigerina ooze.

A bit of this under a powerful lens is a revelation of beauty not readily forgotten. The ooze is composed almost



SOFT-BONED BLACK FISH. (*Malacosteus Niger*.)

entirely of the daintiest, most delicately beautiful shells imaginable. At depths greater than 2500 fathoms the bottom of the sea consists mainly of products arising from exposure, for almost incalculable periods, to the chemical action of sea water, of pumice and other volcanic matters. This finally results in the formation of the red clay deposits that are considered characteristic of the profoundest depths of the ocean. Carbonate of lime, which, in the form of the shells of foraminifera, makes up so large a part of the globigerina ooze, is here almost entirely absent.

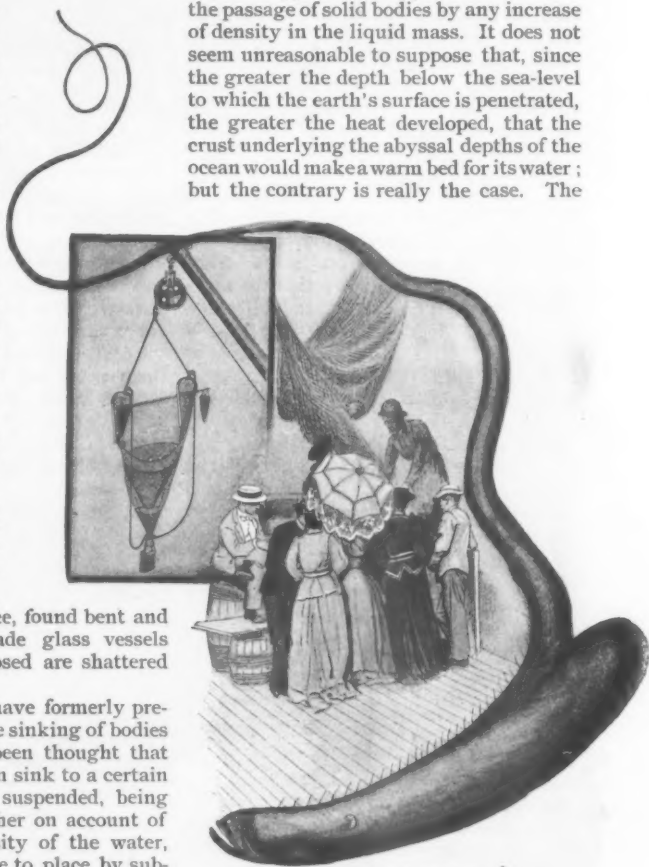
Sea water is very nearly a universal solvent, and before any shell, large or small, reaches the bottom of these tremendous abysses, it is chemically eaten up, literally dissolved—a result which the enormous pressure of the water must materially hasten.

At 1000 fathoms the weight of the water pressing on all sides of an object immersed to that depth is very nearly one ton to the square inch, or more than one hundred times that sustained at the sea level, and at the greatest depths the pressure is so increased that it would seem nothing could withstand it—in fact, heavy metal cylinders let down with the sounding apparatus are sometimes, on being drawn up again to the surface, found bent and collapsed; strongly made glass vessels which the metal enclosed are shattered into fragments.

The strangest ideas have formerly prevailed with regard to the sinking of bodies into the sea. It has been thought that vessels lost in midocean sink to a certain depth and there hang suspended, being unable to descend further on account of the pressure and density of the water, until, carried from place to place by subsurface currents, they finally fall in

pieces. Indeed, a book was actually published in England, sustaining this curious notion. It has also been supposed that the buoyant force of the water at considerable depths is enormous on account of reaction produced by the pressure of the water from above, and that all bodies lighter than water at its surface will, if forced to the bottom and detached from the weight that carries them there, shoot upward with great velocity.

These views, based as they are upon two qualities that are not possessed by water, are of course erroneous. For water is compressible only to a very slight extent, so that at any depth possible to the oceanic area no appreciable opposition exists to the passage of solid bodies by any increase of density in the liquid mass. It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that, since the greater the depth below the sea-level to which the earth's surface is penetrated, the greater the heat developed, that the crust underlying the abyssal depths of the ocean would make a warm bed for its water; but the contrary is really the case. The



INSPECTING THE CATCH.
BOTTLE FISH. (*Saccopharynx Ampullacens*.)

sun's heat is supposed to reach about 900 feet below the surface of the sea; certainly this depth marks a limit below which, from 1800 to 2000 feet, the cold increases until thirty-seven or thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit is reached. Beyond this the temperature shows very little change to the greatest depths.

"The bottom ooze is intensely cold," says Mr. L. Agassiz in a most interesting bulletin, recently published, "and it is a strange sensation, when one's back is broiling beneath a tropical sun, to have one's hands nearly frozen stiff from the cold mud which has to be handled while the contents of a trawl are being assorted."

As an instance of the cold and pressure at great depths, Mr. Agassiz speaks of letting down a bottle of wine 2400 fathoms. He does not, however, recommend this method of cooling wine as superior to the more ordinary refrigerator methods. "It came back to us cold enough, it is true," he writes, "but filled with muddy salt water which had been forced through the foil and cork to actually take the place of the original contents of the bottle."

Poets may no longer dream of

"reflected gems

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered there."

In place of the picturesque confusion once imagined, in which the mingled contents of innumerable grave-yards, jewellers' establishments and marine junk shops, "a thousand fearful wrecks," with "array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearls and inestimable stones" are scattered promiscuously over ocean's floor—there are enormous vacant areas, depressed plains, dull and featureless in their uniformity, stretching away from one continent to the other. Sunlight penetrates certainly not more than 200 fathoms, and cannot reach these depths, which are the everlasting habitations of night and silence. Time itself slumbers here, where all seasons are one and nothing occurs to mark the changeless years.

So incredibly slow is the rate of deposit that remains of animals inhabiting the present seas and parts of the teeth of long-extinct species of sharks and the bones of whales that perished before the advent of man upon the earth, are dredged up



DEEP-SEA CORAL.



SOUNDING IN MODERATE DEPTHS.

from the bottom where they have lain side by side. For here, as in the shallower parts of the ocean, organic remains are present which are absent from the intermediate depths covered with globigerina ooze. Perhaps, however, altogether the strongest and most interesting evidence of the slow rate of accumulation upon these deepest floors is the presence of what is called cosmic dust or meteoric spherules. These are composed of minute pellets of native iron that come from outer space beyond our atmosphere as component parts of meteors and gather in the course of many ages in appreciable quantities upon the red clay bottoms.

In the profoundest abysses of the sea are strange forms of life, that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by means of the United States fish commission vessel, the Albatross, has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting the upper waters may descend to about 1200 feet from the surface, but that below

this, to a depth of 300 or 360 fathoms, a barren zone intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure, and paucity of the life-sustaining element of oxygen, that induced an eminent zoölogist to say quite recently, "What we know of the greatest ocean depths forbids us to expect to find them inhabited by living organisms."

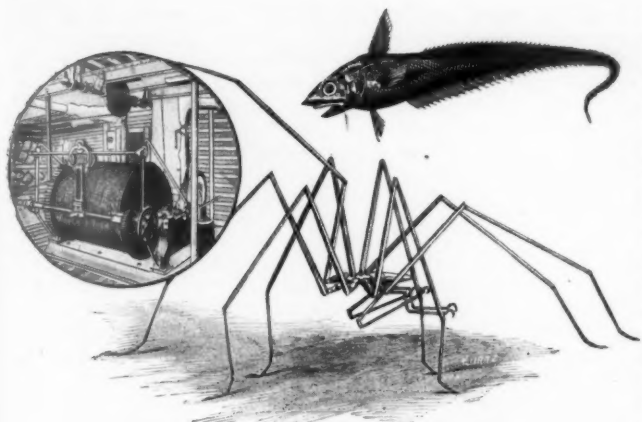
Here, indeed, survive forms of life, the like of which no inhabitant of the upper world, not even the sun himself, has looked upon before the dredgers of the Challenger, the Albatross, the Blake and similarly equipped vessels dragged up marine creatures from congenial cold and dark. Nature is often apparently careless of beauty and symmetry in these hidden depths, peopling them with strange and monstrous things akin to the formless obscurity in which they live. But with inexplicable caprice she also intersperses among them many a dainty production upon which is lavished not only a novel and

exquisite grace and beauty, but in most cases a splendor of apparently useless color, to which science can imagine no purpose or meaning. Another gift, that of phosphorescence, is much easier to understand. To creatures fortunate in the possession of eyes—for many deep-sea animals, fish and crustacea included, are without them—the lamp-bearers are prey to be pursued, mates to be sought or foes to be avoided. Many, if not most of these deep-sea forms glow with points of light. The corals diffuse a soft glimmer, the crustacea, vertebrates and mollusks are the glowworms and fireflies of the ocean depths, and show the brighter in contrast with the intense darkness about them.

It might reasonably be



LIVING LAMPS AND SEA LILIES.

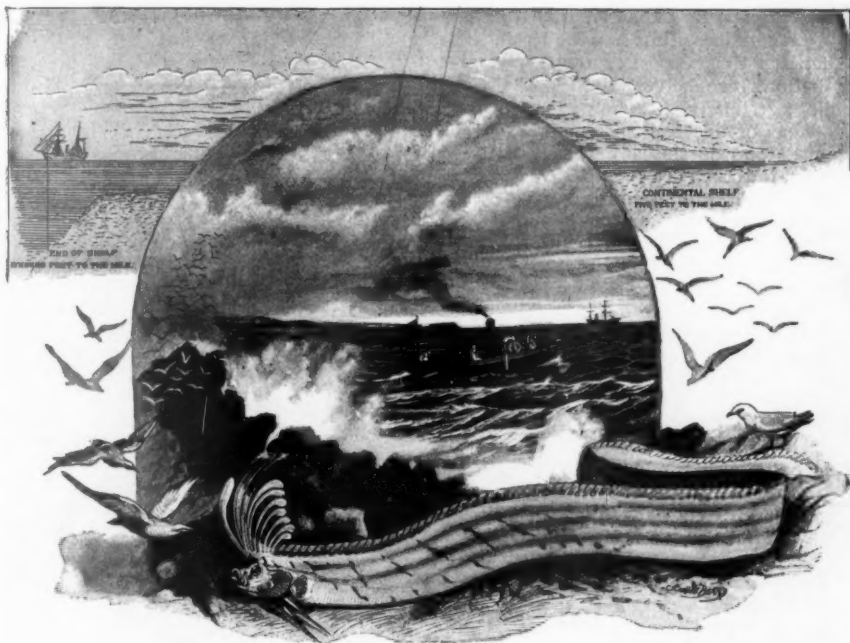


THE REEL FOR THE SOUNDING LINE.
ONION FISH. (*Macrurus Australis*.)
ALL-LEGS-CRAB. (*Colossendus Colosseus*.)

The most universal characteristic of these creatures is the looseness and flabbiness of texture they exhibit. Indeed they seem to need the excessive pressure of the water about them to keep their parts together, for when they are brought to the surface they are ready to fall to pieces. No more strength of envelop or firmness of flesh could prevent them from being crushed, but the fluids permeating freely all parts of their flaccid membranes and tissues create as great an ex-

supposed that these denizens of great sea depths would be built more firmly and strongly than surface animals to resist the pressure of the element in which they live, but it is just the contrary.

pansive force as the surrounding water and counteract the outside pressure. It is a problem, so strangely are some of them formed, how they can move from place to place; were they not entirely



MEASURING THE CONTINENTAL SHELF. SEA SERPENT OR RIBBON FISH.

below the disturbing element of wave action they would, to all appearance, be entirely helpless. Inhabiting these abysmal spaces, as completely cut off from communication with the upper waters as we are from the inhabitants of other planets, we can only vaguely speculate on their habits and judge their manners of life, from their somewhat remote analogies to the surface-species nearest akin to them.

Plant life is entirely absent from their place of abode, and although they doubtless prey upon each other, some original sources of food supply must of course be conjectured to exist. This is probably found in the organic remains supposed to be held in solution in the lower oceanic water levels, and which are directly derived from the marine forms inhabiting the upper waters. As the latter perish, they gradually sink and are partly dissolved by the pressure of the sea water and by the salts contained within it.

Along the boundaries of the deeper beds, ocean claims tribute of the adjoining continents. Rains and streams are continually washing the soil from the land areas and depositing it in the ocean. The detritus thus deposited forms extensive shallows or shelves that slope gradually at the rate of four or five feet to the mile, towards the abyss. Then the ocean bed plunges with abruptly declining sides, until the greatest depths are reached. However, the dip from the continental shelf to the greatest depths of old ocean can only be called a sudden plunge when compared with the very gentle grade of the shallows, for when the edge of the continental shelf is reached, the slope is only about 100 feet to the mile, or one in fifty-two, such a gradient would not be much of a hill on land, nor should we speak of the abruptly declining sides of it in comparison with anything but the very

gentle declivity of the continental shelf.

Within the shallow parts land and sea are continually changing places, and the general outlines of the shore altering. In the "irrepressible" conflict that has been going on since creation between land and sea, a conflict never to be ended as long as creation endures upon our planet, the line of battle has wavered between the opposing forces, sometimes giving way in one part and advancing in another, but abyssal depths of ocean furnish every proof that they have always, since the waters were first gathered together and dry land appeared, "remained the same and the continents have persisted." Not that changes have not occurred and large areas of land and water changed places, but the "central sea" has never been dry land, and the grand divisions of the earth are what they always were. Such at least is the careful conclusion of science at the present day.





PICKING COTTON.

IN OUR COTTON BELT.

BY H. S. FLEMING.

COTTON, though now the most extensively grown and used of all textile plants, was one of the latest to be brought to the notice of Europeans. Linen and woollen goods had been used from time immemorial; even silk had at an early period found its way in small quantities and at enormous prices, but the first historical notice of cotton dates in the third century before Christ, after the death of Alexander the Great. Seleucus, his successor in the southern Asiatic empire, found it desirable to cultivate friendly relations with one of the kings of Upper India and for that purpose placed a permanent ambassador at his court in Patna. Megasthenes, the official selected, was a man of marked ability and good education, and it fortunately occurred to him to occupy his leisure time with a description of the country in which he was stationed. In the part of his work dealing with agriculture, Megasthenes mentions cotton, gives a few details of the way in which it was raised and says that it was largely used for clothing. Even at that time, therefore, its manufacture must have been a long-established industry. It is probable that some of the cloth was

brought to Europe by the Greek traders of that period; if so, it must have been in limited quantity and for a very short time, as war in the East soon closed the road; and not until the enterprising Italian merchants of the middle ages reopened the trade did the cotton, calico and muslins of India enter permanently into the commerce and manufactures of Europe.

The plant in India was grown only to supply local demand, so that the surplus for export was necessarily small. There were no large plantations, but each peasant raised enough for his family, and it was either spun and made up by the women or turned over to the professional weavers. These latter were a distinct class, generally living in small villages. As usual in that country, the trade was hereditary; their loom was, and is, of the rudest possible construction; but the skill acquired by practice from childhood, combined with the proverbial patience of the Hindoo, enabled them to produce fabrics which have never been excelled or even equalled elsewhere, such as the famous Dacca muslins, a robe of which could be drawn through a finger ring. The occupation of India

IN OUR COTTON BELT.



by Europeans, and especially by the English, gave an immediate stimulus to the growth of cotton, and at the beginning of this century the export crop was about 10,000 bales. During the "cotton famine" caused by the civil war in the United States it rose rapidly, and in 1867 was nearly 2,000,000 bales; since then it has steadily declined.

China raises a large amount of cotton but furnishes none for export. Since the time when Marco Polo described the clothing of the people as made from "wool that grew on trees" the entire crop has been consumed in their own country, with the single exception of the once famous "nankeens." The Chinese plant is of the East Indian species and was in all probability introduced from that country, as, in their early annals, a cotton dress is mentioned in a list of presents to the reigning emperor, from which we may infer that the cloth was then both rare and valuable.



The progress of Egypt as a cotton raising country has been made during the present century and is due to the sagacity of Mehemet Ali, who exerted his power as pacha to force its cultivation upon the people. The first export in 1823 was about 6000 bales, and the official report for 1892 states the yield for the year as 4,750,000 kantars of 99 pounds each (equal to 931,000 American bales). In quality it is only inferior to the celebrated Sea island cotton. Egypt can raise four crops in three years and, owing to the annual flooding of the land, is little troubled by



insect enemies. Their system of irrigation guards

them also against the dangers of drought.

In America there are several varieties of the plant, all indigenous. They supplied clothing for the Indians at the time of the discovery of the country by Europeans, and in Mexico the cloth was manufactured in large quantities for home use and inland trade. Tunics thickly quilted with cotton were used as defensive armor by the warriors, and formed such an excellent protection against the stone-headed arrows and lances that many of Cortez's men discarded their heavy mail and adopted the native substitute.

One variety from Honduras, transplanted in Barbadoes and from there carried to the English colonies, has become known to the world as Sea island cotton, unequalled for length and strength of fibre. Another, probably from Mexico, found a congenial home in Louisiana, and the cultivation has been extended until now the cotton belt of the United States furnishes the world with its main supply of the staple. In the season of 1820-21 the entire crop of this country was 455,000 bales. In



PLANTATION TYPES.

1890-91 it reached 8,655,000 bales, and in the past season of 1891-92, the greatest ever known, 9,035,379 bales, of which sixty-five per cent. was exported, valued at nearly \$225,000,000.

The yield from the producing states is estimated as follows:

Texas.....	2,400,000 bales.
Georgia.....	1,100,000 "
Mississippi.....	1,335,000 "
Alabama.....	1,000,000 "
Arkansas.....	900,000 "
South Carolina.....	700,000 "
North Carolina.....	400,000 "
Louisiana.....	740,000 "
Tennessee.....	400,000 "
Florida.....	60,000 "

To produce this about 20,000,000 acres were planted, giving an average yield of forty-five-hundredths of a bale to the acre. More than 3,000,000 animals were required to till the ground and over 10,000,000 people—men, women and children—were engaged in the work. In addition to the fibre there were collected about 4,500,000 tons of seed. Formerly this was either burned or converted into a fertilizer, but it is now nearly all pressed to extract the oil, which is in large demand for industrial purposes and has entered to some extent into domestic and medicinal use. When pure it is colorless, has no peculiar odor or taste, is palatable, wholesome and

very much cheaper than the olive oil which it is supplanting.

The cotton plant grows luxuriantly in rich soil, but is extremely sensitive to frost, drought or excessive rainfalls, so that the acreage planted is a very unsafe basis on which to estimate the crop before it ripens. In Tennessee and the states bordering on it, to which this article especially refers, planting generally begins in April and late enough to avoid any chance of harm from frost. The first ploughing to break the ground is done in the latter part of March and, after levelling with the harrow, the plough is again used to "bed up" the rows; these are made three feet apart on hilly ground and from four and a half to five feet in the rich bottom land; the difference being that in the hills the plant does not grow so high or spread out so much as in the bottoms. The seed is planted by means of a drill or "machine cotton planter," as it is called—rarely by hand—and is sown very thick. As soon as the sprout has reached the "three leaf" stage it is "chopped to a stand," leaving the stalks twelve inches apart on hilly land and from eighteen to twenty inches in the bottoms. A double plough is then passed between the rows to build them up or "dirt the cotton," and from then until the middle of July a harrow or cultivator is used every ten days or two



QUARTERS OF PLANTATION NEGROES.

weeks to keep the ground well broken; by this time the squares, blooms and bolls are on the plant and the "laying-by" of the crop, which consists in passing a sweep plough between the rows to build them up higher, is the last work which the planter has until picking time.

The best possible weather to produce a fine crop would be a gentle rain every two weeks, plenty of warm sunshine and a late fall. Excessive rains cause the plant to run to stalk and drop the squares in which the embryo cotton lies, and, if occurring after the boll has opened, produce what the planters term "wet-weather blight" or "rust," which is a rotting of the cotton in the boll. Continued drought, on the contrary, deprives the plant of strength, retards its growth and causes leaves and bolls to drop off, producing in the full-grown plant a variety of blight known as "dry rust."



IN THE COTTON COUNTRY.



A GIN HOUSE.

Unfortunately, the cotton plant is very subject to attack from insect enemies; those which cause the planter most loss and annoyance are the "cut," "boll" and "army" worms. The cut worm is apt to make its appearance during a late and wet spring but disappears with a few days of warm, sunshiny weather; it attacks the young sprout and rapidly destroys the entire plant unless the weather changes. No sure means of getting rid of this pest has yet been found except ploughing and replanting the ground. The boll worm generally confines its operations to the southern part of the cotton belt, but is occasionally found all through it, to the great injury of the crop; it eats its way to the interior of the boll, destroying a part or all of the cotton in it, and the extent of its ravages cannot be ascertained until the crop is picked. The most serious of all, however, is the army worm, which comes early in August, just after the crop has been laid by, and within a few days after its appearance it will have stripped the stalk of its leaves, the smaller bolls, and sometimes even of the larger ones which are beginning to open. Although many methods have been tried to get rid of this worm, none have been successful, and there are few things which the planter dreads more or which cause him a greater loss.

The growth of the cotton plant is rapid. The sprout appears within a week after seeding, and by June the flowers come out, white on the first day, red on the second, and on the

third falling off, leaving in their place the tiny boll in which lie the hopes of the planter. If all goes well, this grows larger until ripe, when it opens and the cotton hangs out. The opening process lasts until the first sharp frost kills the plant, which, in a late crop, may happen before half the bolls are ripe. Generally a field is well opened by late August or early September, and then the pickers begin work. Early in the morning the farm wagon is driven into the field road, loaded with a stock of bags, which are scattered along in piles; each picker ties one by a strap over his shoulder so as to bring the mouth of the bag under his arm, and with the other end trailing on the ground, starts in between the rows, snatching the cotton out of the bolls and thrusting it into the bag till filled, when he drags it back to the road, takes an empty one and starts again into the field. The quickness with which a skilful picker can strip a plant is astonishing; when the cotton is not too scattering he will get nearly 200 pounds a day, and none but those who have tried the experiment of picking cotton can appreciate what this means. These

field hands are paid at the rate of from fifty to seventy-five cents per 100 pounds, varying with the condition of the stand and of the labor supply. Both old and young take part in the work, and alike will bear sunshine and heat with no sign of fatigue or distress; but it is almost impossible to get them into the field if the weather becomes damp and chilly. The sight of a visitor also stops work promptly till curiosity has been fully satisfied, and the concentrated gaze of thirty pairs of eyes is somewhat of an ordeal, unless the stranger is unusually case-hardened. Sometimes the more industrious of these field hands will pick cotton on a damp day and carry it to their homes to be dried, after which other members of the family will pick it free from leaves and pieces of the boll which cling to it.

From the field the cotton is carried to the "gin" house, weighed and stored until enough is on hand for several days' work. The "gin" is an evolution from the old method of carding to separate the seeds. It is essentially a series of circular saws with very fine teeth, on which the cotton is fed; these tear the fibre from the seed, dropping the latter and carrying



IN THE GIN HOUSE.

the other around to a brush which strips the cotton from the teeth. A blast of air from a revolving fan blows it to the "condenser," where the air escapes through wire gauze screens, while the cotton is delivered in a wavy sheet through an opening at the top. This is the improved type of machine; in older gins there was no condenser, the fibre was blown directly from the gin into the lint room and allowed

From the condenser the cotton is carried to the press and packed down till enough has been put in to make a bale. A coarse, strong bagging is placed around it and the press started, forcing it to the size required. The bagging is then drawn tight and six thin, narrow bands of iron fastened over all to keep the bale in shape; the screw of the press is released and the bale falls to the ground ready for market.

Everything here, also, is covered with loose cotton, and the men, especially those who stand in the press, have a most grotesque appearance.

Planters near the Mississippi or its tributaries find it much cheaper to ship by boat than by rail, so that their gin houses are generally placed at a convenient distance from the water, though not close, because, when the river begins to cut, the bank often goes in before there is time to move a house away. The steamboats usually stop at landings several times each week, and it is a beautiful sight to watch one of these big fellows coming in to the shore, with funnels pouring out dense black smoke and the woodwork below all a glistening white. Its arrival is always the event of the day, and the population turns out in a body to assist; the gangplank is thrown out and the negro roustabouts, or deck



FROM THE COTTON PRESS.

to settle from the air; but in that form it was so bulky, inconvenient to handle, and the danger from fire so greatly increased, that operators now are willing to incur the slight additional expense of the condenser, which has the advantage, also, of removing some of the dust from the fibre. The lint rooms are still found in old gins out in the country and are a beautiful sight when filled with a mass of cotton, with great streamers hanging from ceiling and walls, all a fleecy, dazzling white.

hands, rush on shore to get in the freight. They are generally men in the prime of life, who, from constant exercise, have unusual strength, and a 500-pound bale of cotton will, under their hands, tumble along the bank and over the gangplank as if there were no such quality as weight. Every man is on a run and for good and sufficient reasons, for through the bustle stalks the mate, handling his cane in a way that would be a credit to a sword master; and above all the uproar

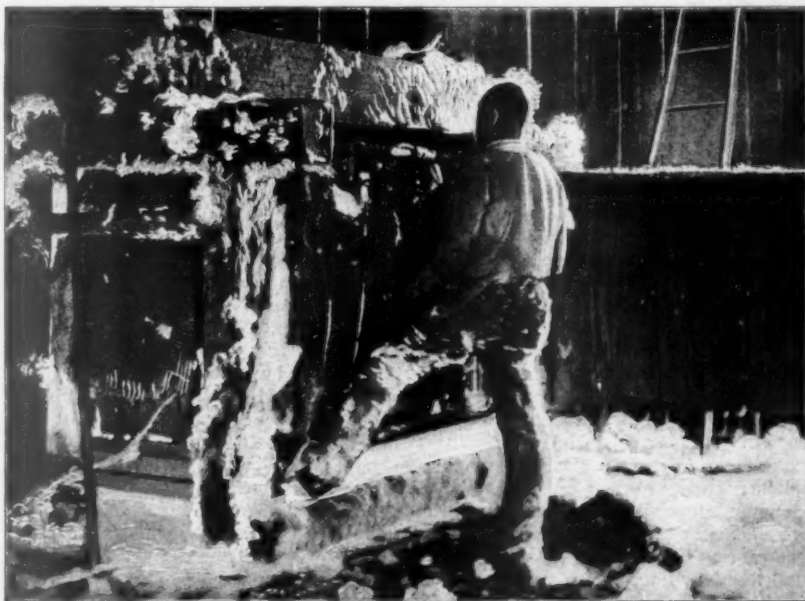
raises his voice, ordering, hurrying and oburgating the men in a way that can only be heard on these western rivers and with a vocabulary so large and peculiar that our latest dictionaries have not captured all of it.

Many amusing scenes occur at these landings. Sometimes a balky mule refuses to walk the landing stage, and, as there is no time lost in explaining the matter to him, half a dozen negroes take hold of the two ends of a rope, the loop is placed around the hind legs of the mule, the word is given and, before he has time to take breath for a tug, he is slid down the plank and along the deck like a whirlwind. His crestfallen look after such an experience is in ludicrous contrast with his demeanor on shore.

A trip down the Mississippi on one of these boats is thoroughly enjoyable. There are constantly changing views of field and forest, while at the landings are seen types of people who have no counterpart elsewhere in this country. The pilots have an endless fund of stories as to the tricks and manners of this big, treacherous river, and each landmark

brings out some new anecdote. Of course everyone has read of the wonderful memory or instinct of locality which these men possess; but to appreciate it one must be on the river some dark and misty night, when the whistle blows for a landing with no light or sign of land anywhere to be seen; and yet the bow will be run in the same furrow which it ploughed in the mud at the previous trip, and, with the aid of the powerful search and side lights with which these boats are all provided, will take on its load; sometimes piling the cotton so high that nothing but the hull and pilot house can be seen.

The system by which the planter procures his supplies and the money necessary to run him through the year from harvest to harvest is peculiar to the region of the cotton belt and deserves mention. Few planters have sufficient capital to purchase what they need during the year without securing an advance on their next crop. In order to do this they give to the cotton factor, or commission merchant who handles their cotton, such securities as they may have, or, as is



STRAPPING A BALE.



ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER.

oftener the case, when they have none, merely promise to send their crop to him for sale. From the proceeds the merchant is to deduct the value of the supplies furnished, with interest and also his commission. The account is balanced at the end of the year, sometimes leaving the planter a small margin. If the prices at which the cotton has been sold are high, he may make a considerable profit; but when as low as they have been for the past two years, or if his crop should have been short, there is little prospect of making even enough to pay his debts.

Cotton factors are practically divided into two classes: those who lend directly to the planter, and those who furnish to country merchants money with which to make such loans. The first class have a comparatively sure business, if careful not to advance more than the value of a minimum crop; while the latter, dealing with the merchants, have more chances to take, and not infrequently are caught by the failure of some of the men with whom they deal. But as a much larger business can be carried on in the second way than in the first, those who have the capital at command prefer it, and, judging from the rapidity with which some comparatively small firms have grown in a few years, make enormous profits from it.

The unprecedented yield of cotton during the past two years has caused the

price of that staple to drop to lower figures than ever before known in the cotton market, and this has led to many failures among planters and merchants; a drop in price of half a cent per pound is two dollars and fifty cents per bale, and to merchants handling from 20,000 to 75,000 bales represents a heavy loss. To the planter who has held his crop in the hope of securing a better price it is a disaster, and when it is remembered that during the past season the drop in price within five months was over eight dollars a bale, one can understand the great loss which it has been to planters, merchants and many industries in the cotton belt.

The country merchant who secures loans of money or supplies from the factor gives to the planters dealing with him credit to the extent of the probable value of their crop. At the end of the season the grower brings his cotton to the merchant, who buys it at the market price quoted at that time, and sends it to his factor in town to be sold. The amount realized is credited to his account. If the price should fall before it is sold, the merchant loses just so much, and should the amount realized not equal his debt to the factor he is closed out. Taking so many risks in this way the merchant is careful to charge enough for his goods to at least partially offset the chance of loss, and the difference in price between goods

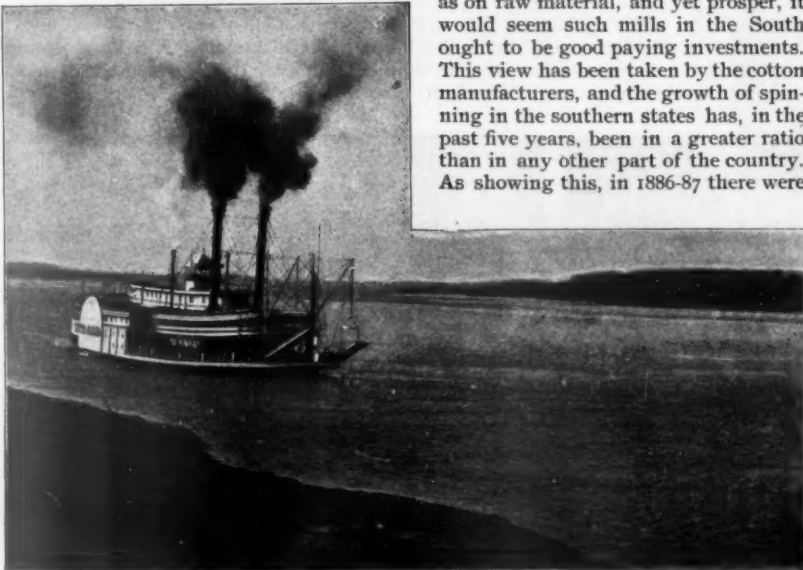
bought on credit and for cash is very marked.

In picking cotton it is not possible to keep it entirely free from leaves or dust, so a system of grading has arisen, based on the amount of foreign matter contained. Beginning at the bottom, these grades run, ordinary, good ordinary, low middling, middling, good middling and middling fair. Buyers again divide these by using the word "strict," to apply to any cotton running a little above the grade named, as "strict middling," etc. The difference in price between these grades varies with the supply of certain grades on the market, but may be said to average about three-quarters of a cent per pound, all quotations being based upon "middling upland" as a standard. The "upland" and "river" cottons, or short and long staple, sell at different prices even though of the same grade. Cotton with short staple is most largely used by American manufacturers, and is worked into the average run of goods. Most of the long staple is taken by England to be made up into muslins and fine cloths.

The cotton grown in Arkansas, upper Mississippi, Tennessee and northern Ala-

bama generally finds its market at Memphis. The city has excellent facilities, both by rail and river, for handling the crop, and stands second only to New Orleans in its annual receipts of spot cotton. The cotton is at once carried by drays to the large storage sheds owned or controlled by the factor to whom it is consigned, and is stored away after each bale has been sampled. The sample is kept at the office of the factor for inspection. When a sale is made, the purchaser goes to the shed, examines the bale to make sure that it is equal to the sample, and if satisfactory, sends it to the compress, where it is reduced from twenty-seven cubic feet in the plantation bale to twelve cubic feet in the compressed. This lessens the bulk for a given weight, enabling railroads and steamships to carry a load of full tonnage, and also diminishes the risk from fire, as the compressed bale is less inflammable than the more loosely packed one coming from the plantation.

English capitalists have found it profitable to build cotton factories in India, close to the source of supply, to save freights and expense of handling: and if mills in our eastern states can afford to pay freight on finished product as well as on raw material, and yet prosper, it would seem such mills in the South ought to be good paying investments. This view has been taken by the cotton manufacturers, and the growth of spinning in the southern states has, in the past five years, been in a greater ratio than in any other part of the country. As showing this, in 1886-87 there were



COMING IN TO THE LANDING.

13,500,000 spindles operating in the United States. Of these 1,225,000 were in the South and 12,275,000 in the North. In 1891-92 the total number of spindles was 15,277,869, of which 13,275,000 were in the North and 2,002,869 in the South.

As in all industries, there were at first a large number of failures, but now, though the number of factories has been so greatly increased, there are but few of them idle and most of these owing to temporary troubles with labor. This has encouraged others, and new mills, both large and small, have been erected and are operating successfully, as is evidenced by the excellent showing on their balance-sheet during the past year. During the next few years there will undoubtedly be as great an increase in the spinning capacity of the South as there has been in the past, and with it will come less trouble with labor than is now experienced.

And what kind of country is that which furnishes the world with its main supply of cotton?

There is no part of the United States about which the average citizen of the East or North knows less than he does about the southwestern states. It is only a few years ago since the attention of northern capitalists was directed to the great mineral wealth of the South, and the development of its resources in that direction has been wonderful; but little thought has been given to the agricult-

ural interests which are its main source of prosperity. It will not long be so. Already nearly all the western lands available for corn or wheat have passed under the plough, and with population rapidly overtaking production, our grain will soon be needed for our own supply. Then the movement of population will turn toward the South, where land is cheaper than in the northern states, and soil and climate more favorable. The newcomer may choose between the bottom land of the valley, the rolling country or the table land of the mountain. Forests can be cleared, whose timber will more than repay the purchase money, and whose virgin soil can produce the finest crops. All the conditions of success and comfort are here to a man who will use ordinary judgment.

It is generally the case that southern planters have paid little attention to anything except cotton. Many do not raise enough corn to carry their stock through the winter, nor vegetables to supply their own table. These are the men who are always falling behind, and then wondering why they do not prosper like other people. A thrifty farmer settling in the South on 100 acres, one-half in cotton, the rest in mixed crops, can find a ready market for all he has to sell, and will live not only as comfortably, but at less expense than in his old home—and such thrifty farmers are beginning to come.



PICKING THE COTTON CLEAN AT HOME.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



THE STORY OF A BOYS' CLUB.

MRS. PRIMROSE acknowledged that she was annoyed. She had undertaken to bring up the letters herself; there had been a very large mail at the postoffice; she had had to wait at the postoffice longer than she wanted, and this had revealed to her the presence of a great body of boys who had been dismissed from stores, and some who had come down from the factory village, who were sitting on the heads of barrels, and, as she said, "throwing the corks of ginger-beer bottles at each other," and for whom in general her heart went out with a great deal of anxiety. After Hiram had met her with the sleigh, and after she had begun to drive up to the house, she seemed to meet crowds of boys, not always sitting on the heads of barrels; some of them were standing at the corners of the streets. They seemed disposed to rush in any direction where there was any sort or sign of movement. She wished that they were all at home, playing checkers virtuously, or reading the *Youth's Companion*, or *Robinson Crusoe*. But she saw that they were not, and as she rode home, recollecting what she had been told about the addition to the factory and the number of new spindles, and what she could see with her own eyes about the building up of the shoe-shops in the valley, Mrs. Primrose was a good deal depressed as to the proba-

ble future life of the boys whose education for every evening seemed to be left to go on in that vague fashion.

All this happened before dinner. Dinner cheered her a little, but she was annoyed and depressed. The neighbors happened in, much as they are apt to do at that hospitable house. There was a good hickory fire, and everybody seemed disposed to talk. After the congress had discussed more personal matters, regarding the four homes represented, the talk fell on Mrs. Primrose's doubts, fears and anxieties about the boys who threw the bottle-corks and the other boys who were at the street corners.

"When the postoffice was only the corner store," she said, "when every mother's son of them all had to drive the cows home, and milk them, and carry the milk into the dairy, then they were well enough taken care of. They grew up decent boys and they became decent men.

"But since the pastures were cut up into lots, and the plank sidewalk gave way to brick, and the electric railroad ran out to the mills and the factory, and the village became a city—well, I do not know."

"Speaking as the world speaks," said Dr. Morton, who likes to plague her, "you think they will go to the devil, or are going that way already."

"Dr. Morton, as you know, I know of but two devils—debt and drink. I do think that nine or ten of the boys I saw at Rowland's this evening are on the way to one of these or the other."

And the doctor sobered down, and said he thought so, too.

Then followed, with varying turns and fortunes, that serious talk, so familiar to all the readers of these pages who have ever seriously faced the perplexity of the evening life of cities or of the larger towns.

Plenty of boys, at that very moment, were happy in such homes, and despised the cork-throwing and other loafing. But those boys were, of course, the boys Mrs. Primrose had not seen at the corner store and in the streets. And of course, as in all such discussions, even the most Arcadian of the debaters had to come round to admit that you could not have that thing as you wanted. The boys would not stay at home. Indeed, where home was four rooms in a factory tenement, one kitchen and dining-room, one sitting-room, ten by twelve, for father and mother, babies and boys, and two bedrooms without fires—who was to wonder if home were not made specially attractive?

If they were not at home, where should they be? In summer they had played baseball on the common till it was so dark that you could not tell a flying ball from a flying bat. There was a story that Grimes had hit a flying bat before the umpire would call it a draw, it was so dark. Then there was not much time left for loafing, and the boys were tired enough to go to bed, even to want to.

But now, the Tuesday after Thanksgiving—why, the sun set at five. At all the small shops they shut up at five, to save kerosene, and next week the mills were going to do likewise, for orders were short and they wanted to save gas and coal. Next week there would be four boys at the corner store where Mrs. Primrose had seen one today.

So, by an inevitable rule, they came round to the proposal of a reading-room. Hildebrand, who is a good fellow, says that when dainty people do not care to handle poverty or crime hand-to-hand, they always propose a reading-room. But Mrs. Primrose had the horror of reading-rooms which scorched cats have of fire. She re-

membered the People's Union reading-room, and how neat it was, and how light and how warm it was, and how nicely the books were covered, and how she used to sit there Monday evening, and Mrs. Harris Tuesday, and somebody else on Wednesday and Thursday, and so on—and how next to nobody came to read.

"It is too tony," said the only thoroughly vulgar boy who had ever been brought to give his views on the matter.

Mrs. Primrose decidedly voted against the reading-room.

"What I shall do," said Nathan Vickers, as he walked home with Jane, "will be to make a boys' club. That is not tony. I can have as many boys as I want. John will take hold one evening in the week, and I will make the dominie help, and Horace Flanders. And when we are started, you girls must come and play the piano." And this was the beginning of the boys' club.

They hired a loft over the corner store. To say true, Rowland was glad enough to let it to them at low rates, for the hope that he should be rid of the loafer boys. The custom had grown up that they might sit there while people waited for their mails—and he did not like to drive them out. Vickers & Flanders had the place cleared out. They enlisted Thomas Taylor. The carpenter was to make two gigantic tables on fixed stanchions, which piled up perhaps a fifth of the space. They begged and borrowed smaller tables of churches, and dominoes and games with cards, and at a clearing-sale of a bankrupt hotel, bought, dog-cheap, lighting apparatus enough for the whole concern. All these things were not put into the loft, without attracting the attention of the loafer boys below. And when the whole was ready, there were enough of them to come.

Vickers had worked under Cary in New York, and he avoided some mistakes. First of all, he sent an order to New York and another to Boston, to have fifty bound volumes of pictorial papers picked up for him at auction. He did not care whether they were English or American, whether they were ten years old or thirty. To the street boy a picture is a picture.

If you have separate papers they get torn to pieces. Bound volumes are more interesting, and last longer.

He began with half a dozen boxes of dominoes, a dozen sets of checkers, half a dozen sets of parchesi, and two tables for parlor croquet. He did not dare begin with common playing cards.

The first night he let in ten young fellows whom he knew. Some of them were in his own Sunday-school class, and of all of them he knew, that, as Lamartine said, in a similar case, that they would ally themselves to the side of order. Each of these boys had permission to bring one other. Each of them had a yellow ticket given him, which admitted him for one month, "unless forfeited," as the large letters on the ticket said. They were all decent boys, so that their hands were clean. But it was explained to them, that if any fellow had dirty hands or face, he must stop in the ante-room and wash. For this purpose a sink, three basins and a roller towel were provided.

When the boys assembled, with some curiosity, they found a large rough room, light, with a good fire in the stove. On the large tables were the fifty bound volumes of picture-newspapers. On the small tables were the lowest grade dailies from New York, Springfield and Albany, the Youth's Companion and the Illustrated American. Vickers inaugurated the "movement" with this address:

"Now, fellows, this room will be open at five o'clock every evening as long as the fellows behave decently. If any makes a row, I shall put him out and take away his ticket. If I am not big enough, there is a telephone down stairs and I shall call Rounders from the station. Those are the only rules now, except that about clean hands and faces on the ticket. If I want any more rules, I shall make them."

After this first night, the room was regularly opened, and every night twenty new tickets were issued. Nobody came in without a ticket, not even to look on. In one or two nights fellows who had no tickets crowded the outside steps, up which you mounted to the loft. But Rounders, the policeman, soon settled any notion of theirs, that they were to be permitted to "disturb the meeting." And gradually, as more and more tickets were given out, there were fewer of the loafer Arabs or hoodlums to make attacks on the door and run away. In truth, the public opinion of the street dis-

approved of them, and after a week or two the services of Rounders were not needed.

What one saw was a very large room, as full as it could comfortably be, of boys of all ages from eleven upward. Most of them were turning over the leaves of bound picture-newspapers. Twenty or thirty were playing dominoes or checkers. A dozen were sitting round the stove and talking. Always, Vickers or Flinders, or some other of the founders of the club, was present; generally two or three passing up and down among the groups, welcoming new comers, or talking to the group at the fire.

After a little, forty or fifty books found their way to some shelves which one of the boys made from a dry-goods box. Most of them were old volumes of Harper's bound. But beside these there were Swiss Family Robinson, Robinson Crusoe, and a whole set of Masterman Ready, contributed by George Ayers. These proved to be a good property. No one was permitted to borrow one, but any fellow might help himself, and sit and read. Eventually they added O'aver Optic, and some of Lever's novels.

One night, without any previous announcement, a piano was heard, as Susan Claws played in the loft over the next store. There was an iron door between—iron, for sake of danger from fire. The boys all stopped, and when Vickers said anyone might go in who chose, sixty or eighty left his room and went in. Miss Claws played some of the airs they were used to at school, and some of the fellows got confidence enough to sing "John Brown's Body," and "Marching Through Georgia," and "Gayly the Troubadour," and "Ho, Ho, Vacation Days." She tried to teach them "Star Spangled Banner," but they could not compass the air, and did not know the words.

This was the first phase of the Boys' club.

But Vickers was not satisfied with this. As they talked over it at the doctor's on Twelfth Night, after the children had had their cake and nip, he said:

"There are 211 names on the roll. And we have had more than 160 of an evening.

"But so far, all this encourages loafing—it humanizes it, but it does not suppress it.

"Thus far all these fellows get something for nothing. The devil is always trying to persuade them that they can run their lives on that line. But you know they can't.

"So we shall begin next Monday to put on the screw. Gently, yes, with a silent glare; but still the screw.

"A lot of them want to try the piano themselves, and Susy, good soul, as a great favor, will accommodate eight of them two evenings a week. I bought, for eleven dollars, an old piano for their practice, in Westfield yesterday, and it will come on the freight tomorrow.

"I have partitioned off four rooms from the 'music room,' and there I shall have fellows with writing books in one, with drawing-books and tools in another, with clay and modelling tools in another, and in that outer room, on the north side, I have eight workbenches, with vises, and

with carpenter's tools. There the better boys are to work—at regular hours—three hours a week at the outside.

"It will be the greatest conceivable privilege to have a red ticket. No one who has not a red ticket shall go to the piano school, or the singing school, or the debating club, or the drawing school, or the carpentry class, or the modelling room, or the writing school. It will be the greatest of favors to have a red ticket, which will admit to either of these schools.

"But, before Easter, the tickets will all be red. There will be no yellow tickets. No boy will come to the club unless he does something himself, to come nearer to God, or to be more useful to man. I am not going to bring up loafers with my spoon-victuals."

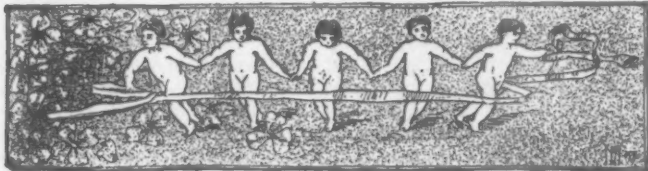
Of the issue of this "new departure" of the Hoodlum club I will tell at another time.

BELATED BLOOM.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THOUGH late Spring like a miser kept
 Much wealth of bloom,
 And hoarded half her treasures up
 In Winter's tomb,—
 Yet 'neath the sway
 Of queenly May
 Earth seems the richer for delay.

Spring has grown bountiful at last.
 Her penitence was wrought
 In raindrops ringed with fragile gold,—
 The tears that April brought;
 With reformation sweet,
 In vernal grace complete,
 She lays her gifts at Summer's feet.



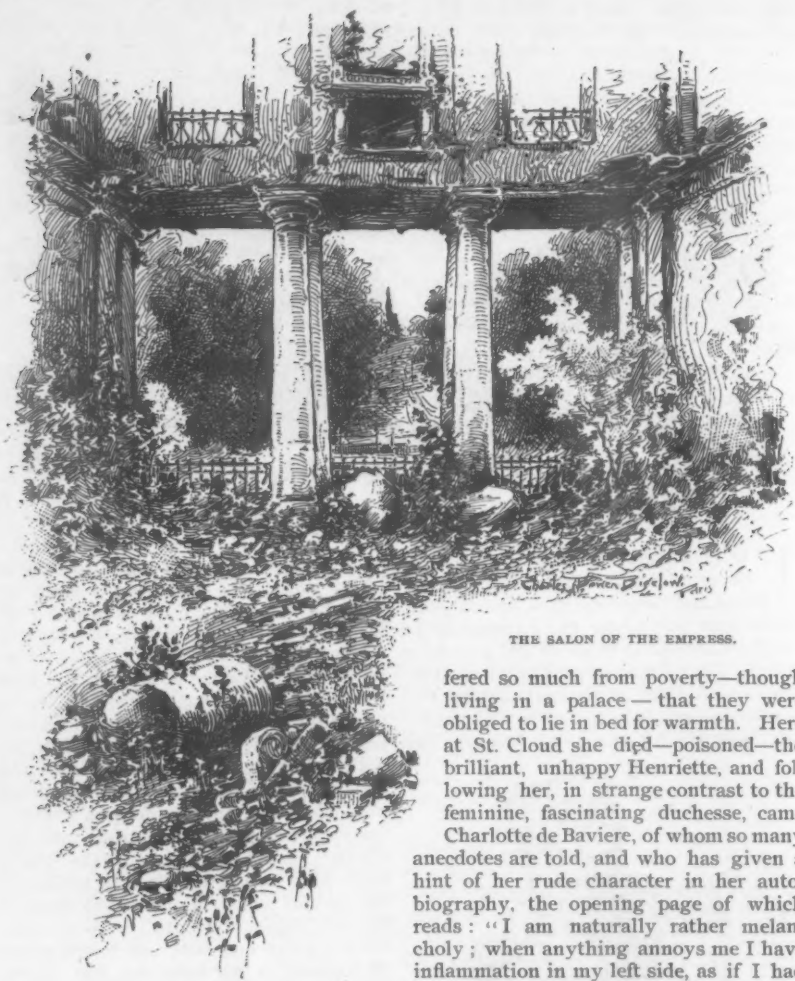


IT is in accordance with the spirit of the republic that the one-time palace of kings and emperors, St. Cloud, should have been put under the hammer as so much old building material and sold for a song. That Frenchmen should wish to remove all trace of the old château, the scene of so much humiliation and suffering, is surely not unnatural, but even the

most indifferent can but regret the undignified end of this beautiful old place, enshrining the memory of so many half-forgotten great ones. From the days of Gérôme Goudi, the Italian banker and follower of Catherine de Medici, St. Cloud has been a charming place; here he received his queen with royal magnificence, when the gardens were superbly decorated with silken flags and banners after the Italian style. Hither, either through an innate love of nature or fashion's whim, came men of wealth and taste, and fine country houses sprang up in the neighborhood of the court. Here in a villa of the Goudis' ended the wretched reign of the last Valois, Henry III., "whose sceptre was a cup and ball, and sword a tuft of feathers"—murdered by the priest, Jacques Clement, and here within the hour after his assassination, that soldier of shining renown, bold Henry of Navarre, was first greeted as king of France. As a palace of the kings, the historical rôle of the château began really during the reign of Louis XIV., "when the nation swam aimless and easy, as a wayward feather, down the full tide of jest and epigram." Hervard, whose property it then was, had sold it to the king in obedience to royal command,



FRAGMENTS.



THE SALON OF THE EMPRESS.

at very much under its value, and greatly against his will. The king, after this forced sale, presented it to his brother, Phillipe d'Orleans, or "Monsieur," as he was called in the court jargon, and to this royal home, enlarged and embellished by its new owners, until it rivalled Versailles in luxury and elegance, "Monsieur" brought his bride—beautiful Henriette of England.

One wonders whether in the midst of this sumptuousness, she lived over the old, sad days when she, with her mother, suf-

fered so much from poverty—though living in a palace—that they were obliged to lie in bed for warmth. Here at St. Cloud she died—poisoned—the brilliant, unhappy Henriette, and following her, in strange contrast to the feminine, fascinating duchesse, came Charlotte de Baviere, of whom so many anecdotes are told, and who has given a hint of her rude character in her autobiography, the opening page of which reads: "I am naturally rather melancholy; when anything annoys me I have inflammation in my left side, as if I had dropsy. Lying in bed is not my habit; as soon as I wake, I must get up. I seldom take breakfast. If I do, I only eat bread and butter; I neither like chocolate, coffee or tea. Foreign drugs are my horror. I am entirely German in my habits, and relish nothing in the way of food but the cuisine of my own country. I can only eat soup made with milk, beer and wine; as to bouillon, I detest it. If I eat any dish that contains it, I am ill directly. Nothing but sausages and ham restore the tone of my stomach. I always wanted to be a boy, and having heard that

Marie Germain became one by continually jumping, I used to take such fearful leaps that it is a miracle I did not break my neck a thousand times."

So writes this eccentric German princess, the mother of the Regent Orleans, to whom beautiful St. Cloud would not compensate for her lost Germany, but where she nevertheless lived on discontentedly after Monsieur's death. Here her son received Peter the Great in 1717, and later his grandson, Louis Phillipe d'Orleans, gave a fête which I believe no words can adequately describe.

During Mazarin's time, though, were given a series of brilliant fêtes, outdoing in splendor all former revelries of that gay court, which was at its best in the days of the bombastic Louis XIV.

In 1785 the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette came home to St. Cloud, and here she lived during the uproar of

the first days of the Revolution. It is of St. Cloud, that sunny, leafy paradise, she speaks when, writing to her brother, she says: "I feel more a queen in my gardens than anywhere else. My trees and my flowers do not fatigue me, like the etiquette and representation does, when at court I am surrounded de sourires intéressés." At the back of the château one finds the petit parc she so loved, and here the Parisians come of Sunday afternoons, to romp in the grass in a perfect ecstasy of fun, each happy group a little sermon of content.

Under the empire, St. Cloud was the scene of memorable events. Here occurred the coup d'état which made Napoleon first consul, and here he lived much of the time through preference. Josephine passed many happy days in the old château before she returned to Malmaison, a woman of scorn and sorrow. For the two



THE LAST CORNER.



GATEWAY TO THE PRIVATE PARK OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Napoleons the palace served as a frame for the same events. The imperial crown found the prince president at St. Cloud, as it had found the first consul. In one of the rooms, now but a memory, Charles x. signed the papers which led to his downfall, and here were spent the fatal "Days of July." Here Blücher slept, booted and spurred, in the bed of Napoleon. On the 18th of July 1870, Emperor Napoleon III. dined in the château for the last time. To stimulate the ardor of the soldiers of his guard—for war had been declared—he ordered the playing of the Marseillaise. It was the last echo of revelry in the palace of the kings. Here, in the beautiful gardens, Eugénie parted from her husband and son, she understanding little of what war with Germany meant, and believing the French all-powerful. They never saw St. Cloud again. The imperial band had played the funeral knell. Within a few months it was burned and sacked, whether by the Prussians or the French themselves is a disputed question. The Prussian troops, having been authorized to take whatever they fancied as a souvenir of the country, decked themselves with the costly furs and rich stuffs from the empress' wardrobe, they having been abandoned in the precipitation of her flight.

What a superb illustration of the awfulness of war was that torrent of fire, and is this touching old ruin that nature has so tenderly cared for! Ferns spread their delicate green fronds over the stone work. Ivy mantles the "frost-flung and broken walls." The roofless rooms are grass-grown and brimming over with flowers and staunch young trees. Nature seems to have woven a garland for the departed, and the leaves and blossoms murmur their pathetic elegy. It is this rare old place, so eloquent in memories which echo down the years, that the French rulers have put under the hammer. The work of demolition goes slowly but steadily on, through rain and shine; fragments large and small are sold by piecemeal to chance tourists and to those of the French who possess something of the feeling that makes the whole world kin. The touching relics invite our lingering.

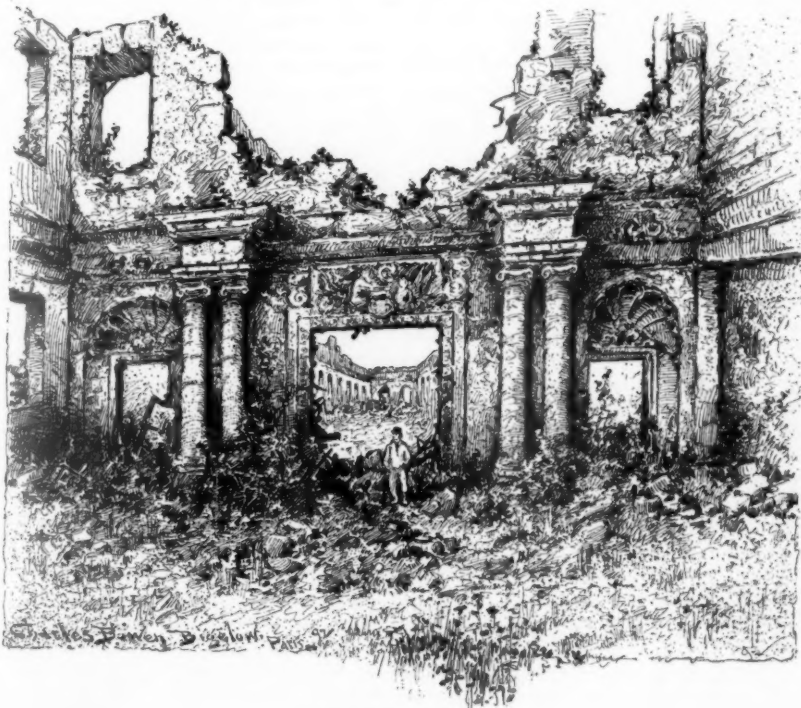
Exquisite bits of chiselled marble, beautiful sconces and other fittings of old, fire-reddened, wrought-iron, portions of slender columns, still overdrooped by tender foliage, countless statues copied from the antique are in this growing pile. A Mercury and a number of the muses, alas! having broken noses. The stairway d'honneur will, I understand, be shipped to a New York capitalist, and dainty nine-

teenth century maidens will flit up and down the steps which for generations knew the tread of royalty.

We pass once more through the remaining rooms, through the salon of Mars and gallery of Apollo, into the apartments of the sovereigns, from the windows of which there is a matchless view of Paris, on to the chapel where Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria, and where Napoleon III. was christened. Descending the broad stairway we stand directly back of the horseshoe fountain, and stretched out before us are the spacious gardens laid out by Le Notre. Innumerable paths stretch out before us, radiating from the broad tree-canopied avenue whose head is the fountain. One may wander for hours alone by solitary footpaths and through the tangle of ferns and ivy that grow in wild profusion, or sit and dream in the leafy forest, half bound in by sculptured balustrade and dotted here and there with statues of nymphs and goddesses. This

was the spot that Watteau knew; here he grouped his lords and ladies habited as peasants and shepherdesses.

Standing there, leaning over the fountain-rail, dreamy, far-away, wrapped in a delicious sense of ancient, half-remembered things, we become suddenly aware that the din of the hammers has ceased, and turn reluctantly to go. As we pass through the salon of the Prince Imperial, a row of rocks huddled in one of the battered old windows look down upon us like so many curious children. The sunset dashes the sky with gold and crimson streamers, and in the distance Paris is half drowned in purple haze, with here and there pale gildings of lofty spires and domes. The river curls gracefully on, laden with many boats and lighter pleasure craft. The somber chateau is in deep shadow, save where the sun's last rays light up some detail of its outline—a carved window, a rich cornice, a pillared portico. The memory conjures up a thousand spectral forms.



THE SALON OF MARS.

The sovereigns, with the lords and ladies of the court, come issuing silently from the palace doors, and again in rich brocades and laces they sweep the shadowy stairway. Following these spirits of the proud, come restless ghosts, "fops o' the court," with simpering faces and priceless jewels on knee and shoe. The twilight deepens, and still imagining that we hear gentle voices answering gentle calls, we pass out and down through the fragrant woods.



THE FRUIT OF SORROW.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

LIKE the gray twilight sorrow steals
 Into our lives, and night comes on—
 The last ray of the sun reveals
 The heights beyond—unwon.

The gates which open as the day
 Goes forth, admit the dark-robed night,
 So enters sorrow by the way
 That joy hath taken flight.

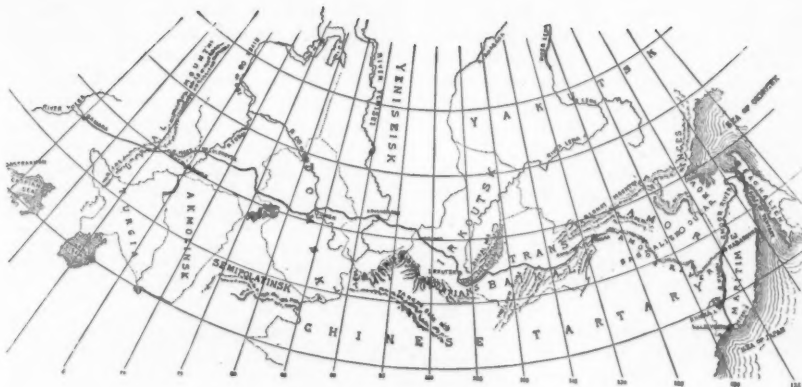
But joy is first—as day must reign
 Before the twilight brings the gloom—
 We know not sorrow and its pain
 Till joy lies in the tomb.

The night is peace—so sorrow bears
 The cup of strength, and drinking deep
 Our hearts respond unto the prayers
 "Amen"—and then we sleep,

To wake refreshed and greet new dreams,
 And hold them true until the sun
 Fades in the west and purple beams
 Tell that the day is done.

And though dark sorrow comes at last,
 Like twilight in its veil of gray,
 Remember, when some night is past
 Will come eternal day!

So, sometime, when made strong again
 With sorrow's draught of pain and ruth,
 The hope that lightens hill and plain
 Will be the dawn of truth.



THE GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

BY VALERIAN GRIBAYÉDOFF.

THE century now fast drawing to a close will pass into history as the era of wonderful engineering feats. While other periods may claim other triumphs, the present stands alone in its record of mechanical achievements so fruitful of blessings to our common humanity. Contemplating the monuments of engineering skill with which the world has thus been enriched, one becomes impressed with the conviction that the Trans-Siberian railway, now well under way, will when completed form the crowning work of the age. It will be a splendid culmination of the mighty task begun by the Trans-Caspian railroad, of uniting in bonds of friendly intercourse the Occident and the far East. When our own Central Pacific road was first opened for traffic everyone regarded it as the acme of engineering enterprise, and yet, vast undertaking as it was, it is easily eclipsed by the Trans-Siberian route, which in the matter of mileage alone will exceed its American prototype by nearly one hundred per cent.

For several years past the American public have been regaled, mainly through English sources, with views and speculations concerning the construction of the new railroad. The subject has been discussed at length in the English press and the opinions there expressed have reached this country by cable and exchange, to be rehashed and rehearsed in our own public prints. Yet there has been a conspicuous lack of data touching the actual condition and progress of the work itself—a lack that may be partly attributable to the remoteness of the field of operations but which is mainly due to the constant exercise of that jealous care with which Russia guards from the outer world all information concerning her internal economy. The present article has been suggested solely by the fact that the writer is in a position to give to English-speaking readers some authentic account of what brain and hand have already accomplished and are daily accomplishing for the realization of the dream



Mr. Valerian Gribayedoff has had a striking and adventurous career since at the age of fourteen he lost his father, a Russian military officer. He had already become a much-travelled youth and a polyglot, having been educated in England, France and Germany. A year later he made a visit to Buenos Ayres, lost his passports, and was impressed as a drummer boy in the Mitre insurrection. His artistic work, which has led to his present well-defined position among our illustrators, began on his return from South America to Europe, where he studied art in London, Paris and other continental cities, after which he returned to his native Russia for a sojourn of several years. In 1879 he invaded Manhattan Island in the capacity of journalist, at the same time making use of his really marvellous power of fixing in pen and ink the shades of expression of the human face. Mr. Gribayedoff was so closely identified with the introduction of illustration in New York daily journalism that he has been called the pioneer of that movement, now extended to such great proportions.

of the great Russian soldier and patriot, Nicholas Mouravieff,—the linking of the Baltic and the Pacific with bands of steel; and the accompanying political advantages to Russia of establishing and maintaining over her remote Siberian provinces that firm hold which alone can secure her in their possession.

The idea of a Trans-Siberian railroad really originated in the desire of the Russian government to create modern facilities of communication between Siberia and her great base of supplies, Russia proper, so that in times of emergency the rapid transportation of troops and munitions of war might be effected with certainty and despatch. The danger to which the empire was exposed by the want of such facilities was demonstrated during the first days of the Crimean war, by one of the earliest incidents in the campaign. Shortly after the commencement of hostilities in 1854, the naval forces of England and France attempted to effect a landing at the town of Petropavlovsk, Kamschatka. The marines and blue-jackets who composed the invading party were repulsed with great loss, but the incident called the attention of thoughtful military observers in Russia to the serious consequences that would have ensued had the attack been successful. In that event the entire seaboard would have been at the mercy of the enemy and enabled him to exact his own terms for consenting to an evacuation at the close of the war. Though England missed her opportunity Russia learned a lesson from the affair. The persistence

of the watchful Mouravieff, governor of Eastern Siberia, prevented the subject from being entirely shelved, and now after a lapse of more than thirty years his warnings have borne fruit in the noble enterprise which is day by day approaching its completion, to further the development and political security of Siberia and, not least important, to draw together in a union closer than has hitherto been considered possible the



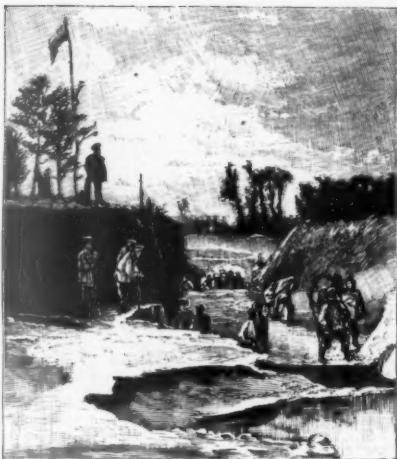
WORK ON THE ROAD NEAR VLADIVOSTOK.

commercial interests of Russia and the United States.

The Imperial ukase commanding the construction of the railroad was issued May 19th, 1891, and from what can be gathered concerning the deliberations which preceded it, the decision was arrived at but a short time previous. The council of the Czar was very much divided on the question, some prominent military members claiming that the vast expenditure necessary for the purpose might be better applied to the construction of fortifications and the manufacture of munitions of war. The European political situation they argued, demanded such a course. Those who supported the scheme and eventually carried the day, pointed out that a railroad of the kind proposed was as much a measure of military precaution as the building of fortifications and no less vital to the national defence. They instanced Sebastopol, and the memorable circumstances of



SETTLEMENT OF EXILES CONDEMNED TO HARD LABOR.



A CUTTING NEAR PODGOROD.

its siege, to show that the lack of railroad transportation precipitated the fall of a fortress which had only needed the prompt arrival of reinforcements to ensure its integrity. Another objection raised in the council was the proximity of the line to the Chinese frontier. It must either closely approach the latter during much of its outlined route or else take a more northerly direction whereby its mileage would be largely increased. If the tracks were laid too near the Chinese border they would be in danger of destruction at the hands of Manchu bandits, or perhaps Chinese troops might be ordered to remove them. These latter objections, however, were overcome in consequence of the efforts of Russian diplomacy at Peking, and the relations of the two great empires became so friendly that at one time the proposition was seriously discussed of permitting the railroad to run through a certain portion of Manchuria.

A glance at the accompanying map will show the reader the line of the railroad as far as it

has been actually laid out up to date. The first sod was cut in the summer of 1891 at Vladivostok, in the presence of the Czarewitch upon his arrival from Japan. Vladivostok, as the majority of American readers are aware, has for some years been a formidable fortress—the result of the indefatigable labors of Russia's best military engineers. It is situated on a promontory called the Golden Horn, which juts out into the Gulf of Peter the Great. It is, in every sense, to Russia's Pacific possessions what Sebastopol was, and has again become, to her Black Sea littoral.

The first section of the road ends at the station of Grafskaya on the Amoor, 400 versts from Vladivostok, passing through what is known as the Ussuri region, so called from the river of that name which flows into the waters of the Amoor. A rich and picturesque region is this, and although its mineral wealth is everywhere apparent, years will be required to develop it. Of this I will speak later on. Irregular and diversified in its natural features, the great Ussuri-Amoor section presents a succession of wooded declivities, rocky bluffs, deep depressions, and bright glimpses of silvery water where numerous streams glide through open spaces in the landscape. To avoid as far as possible extensive tunneling, otherwise rendered necessary by the nature of the ground, the engineers have built embankments skirting the declivities.

At a point on the Amoor bay, several miles north of Vladivostok, the sea, by a deep indentation, cuts into the natural line of the road. It was at first decided to

bridge this inlet, and steps had already been taken with that end in view when operations were suspended in deference to the objections of the naval authorities who saw the possible danger of such a course, and pointed out the ease with which a hostile fleet, after running the gauntlet of the guns at Vlad-



AN EXCAVATION NEAR VLADIVOSTOK.

ivostok, could succeed in demolishing the bridge. In consequence of this discovery the bridge scheme was wholly abandoned and the line was curved around the shore of the inlet some distance back from the water's edge. This disposition of the difficulty has been satisfactory only as the better alternative in a choice of evils, since pessimists still declare that the powerful naval armaments of today, directed by a sagacious commander, would still have that portion of the railroad comparatively at their mercy. Always provided, of course, as in the former case, that the attacking vessels managed to escape demolition while passing under the fire of the vigilant Vladivostok forts. The importance of the whole matter ranks it as the prime difficulty with which the strategical engineers have so far had to contend in the accomplishment of their

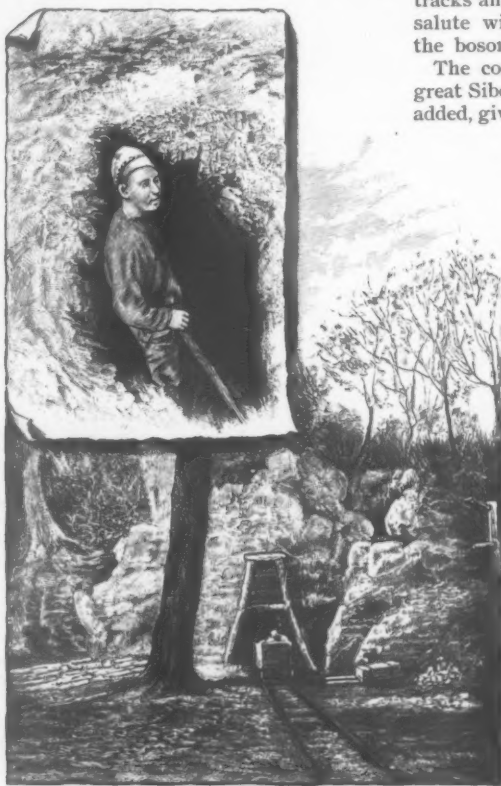


AN EMBANKMENT IN THE FOREST.

onerous task. Latest reports show that in spite of the many obstacles financial, physical and mechanical, the progress of the road is regarded as having been rapid and the completion of the 400 versts is looked forward to at an early date, when the first locomotive will pass over the tracks and exchange a strident welcoming salute with its floating prototype upon the bosom of the great Amoor.

The cost of the Ussuri section of the great Siberian road—and this, it may be added, gives a standard for the estimation of the entire expense—will be 24,000,000 roubles, being at the rate of 60,000 roubles per verst, which price includes way-stations, bridges and embankments, etc. The labor on the earthworks will represent 600,000 cubic sagenes (a sagene is the old Roman fathom of seven feet); of this 150,000 cubic sagenes were completed at the end of the year 1891, in addition to 11,000 cubic sagenes of solid stone work.

Over 6000 men are steadily employed on the railroad, only 400 of whom have been imported from Russia; 800 are regular convicts from the mines; 450 exiles under police supervision; 2000 Chinese laborers, and 2500 regular troops of the Russian army. The labor question was a serious problem to the authorities, fraught with numerous difficulties and, strange to say, some of the phases with which Americans have become famil-



A COAL MINE ON THE BUTCHAN RIVER.



BLASTING COAL.

iar in the south and west were repeated in that remote corner of the world. The employment of convicts antagonized all classes of their fellow workmen and occasioned violence and disorder. The Russian laborers especially revolted against the association. The disaffection even spread to the military, a fact furnishing sufficient proof of the extent to which it prevailed. To add to the perplexities of the situation, escapes among the convict workmen grew so common that predatory bands of the self-liberated criminals soon infested the district, terrorizing the community by the daily commission of murder, robbery and arson, and keeping the governor's hands full hunting them down. The best workmen were the troops of the Czar, the imported Russians ranking next, but the latter presently began clamoring for higher wages and continued to evince so democratic a spirit that the authorities finally decided on returning many to their homes. Of the Chinese and Kirghiz laborers, it may be said that while much inferior to the Europeans in powers of endurance, the pay they received and the cost of their maintenance was comparatively trifling.

I have already referred to the mineral wealth of the Amoor, or, more correctly speaking, the Ussuri coun-

try. This consists in numerous mines of gold, silver and platinum, known for years to have existed; but still more important for the practical development of the country are the recently discovered deposits of anthracite and bituminous coal. When this particular section was annexed to Russia in 1858, the discoveries of precious metals caused an outbreak of gold fever, on a smaller scale, though very similar in its manifestations to that which overspread the

United States during the period of the mad rush to the auriferous fields of California. Scores of Russians left their homes to join the stream of fortune-seekers, braving the fatigue and peril of the tedious journey via the Suez canal, pursuing what was to too many an ignis fatuus luring them to doom. The discoveries, however, only added strength to the desire of all patriotic Russians to preserve the Siberian coast from foreign aggression. And yet all realized the impossibility of Russia's holding the country permanently, or, while it continued hers, of ever utilizing its natural riches, in the absence of coal for the generation of steam power.



THE FIRST DWELLING IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUTCHAN.

The government, therefore, instituted a diligent search for the desired mineral, both for the use of its war vessels and for the working of the gold and silver mines. Experts had decided that the physical aspect of the region suggested the presence of coal beds, and this view proved correct, for the seekers were early rewarded. The finds, at first of small extent, were located in the vicinity of the town of Possiet, near the Chinese border, their subsequent development devolving on a young naval lieutenant named Nazimoff, detailed for that purpose by Admiral Likhacheff, commanding the Pacific fleet. Unfortunately, the Possiet mines became exhausted by the end of two years. Other sections were at once prospected, notably the island of Saghalien, where some coal was found, though little of the kind adapted to the firing of steamships. The railroad question was now being discussed in the Imperial Council, and incidentally the subject of coal supply came in for some share of attention. An imperial commission was finally appointed to, push

the investigations, and under the auspices of the Grand Duke Alexis exploring parties were organized to prospect the Ussuri country. Mining engineers Ivanoff and Akimoff commanded the expedition which started for the southern Ussuri region in 1888, and after a long and widely extended search discovered vast deposits of the very finest anthracite—the particular kind available for locomotives and steamers. Among the varieties was one entirely smokeless.

Meantime Lieutenant Nazimoff, mentioned as the developer of the Possiet mines, had risen to be admiral of the Pacific fleet, and he displayed a deep interest in the result of the explorations, especially with reference to the question of coaling war-ships; as a consequence of this, the cruiser Admiral Nakhimoff and the sloop Manchur received their supply of fuel from Siberian fields in the summer of 1890. The success of the experiment was quickly assured, and in 1891 the *Pamiat Azova*, flagship of the Pacific squadron, had its bunkers filled from the same source, and on this vessel the Czar-witch completed his tour of the world.

One of the richest of the newly discovered coal mines is situated near the bank of the river Sutchan, that empties into the Bay of America, sixty miles north of Vladivostok. Work on this mine was pushed with extraordinary vigor, the government expending thousands of roubles on improved machinery of latest English make. One hundred and fifty cubic sages are already worked, the labor employed comprising Russian soldiers and Chinese laborers, and a narrow gauge railroad is now being built that will transport the coal some forty versts to the Nakhodka creek, on the Bay of America, there to be loaded into lighters and conveyed to Vladivostok. Eventually, this short line will connect with the regular Siberian route and thus directly supply the locomotives of the latter road. One of the illustrations accompanying the article shows a trench of the Sutchan mine, opened by the engineer Ivanoff. It is from this mine, yielding the purest anthracite, that the majority of the war-ships are receiving their supplies. In the foreground of the picture we see doughty old Admiral Nazimoff personally superintending the work of the coolies—a labor of love, for



ADMIRAL NAZIMOFF SUPERINTENDING THE WORK.

the dream of the admiral's life has ever been the founding of a mighty Russian fleet on the Pacific. I have devoted this space to the coal question, because it is really the most vital among the many attendant upon the development of Siberia and the construction of her railroad.

As to the completion of the Trans-Siberian road, it is difficult to prophesy a date. The sanguine say five years will witness the event, while others, less optimistic, claim that twice that period will be required. I have so far dealt with the eastern terminus of the line, and its progress from that point. From the western end the advance has been less marked. At this writing, the line in Russia ends at Tcherliabinsk, to which it was extended from Samara about twelve months ago. The next étape will be Yalutorovsk, on the Tobol river, a branch of the Obi. From there the line will continue to Tomsk and thence to Krasnoyarsk. Running from the latter place southeast to Irkutsk, it will bend around the southern extremity of Lake Baikal, thence reaching northwards along the banks of the Amoor till it joins the Ussuri section at Graffskaya.



MENDING THE ROAD.

Small argument is needed to demonstrate the important influence the railroad will exercise upon the commercial relations maintained by this country with Russia. The Russian press is even now discussing the merits of a scheme to construct a line of steamers from Vladivostok to San Francisco, touching en route at Japanese ports. Such a line, connecting at Vladivostok with the com-

pleted Trans-Siberian system, would constitute a direct highway between the entire area of the United States and the great centers of Russian trade and population, besides opening up to us the inexhaustible field for investment offered by the riches of Siberia. It is a matter for surprise that American capital has not heretofore been attracted to a region of such promise, more especially as Russia would look with favor upon the growth of American interests where English investors would for political reasons be excluded. Time, however, cannot fail to repair such an omission, nor to make this enterprise the final link in the traditional bond of friendship that binds together the two great nations who, according to the prophets, are destined to dominate the world.



CHINESE LABORERS DIGGING EARTH FOR AN EMBANKMENT.

CONQUERED.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

WHEN Mrs. Trevor died, there were many ominous waggings of the head. The gossips said she had at last given her husband an excellent chance to disgrace himself. What particular form of divagation it would be that this injudicious gentleman would now visit upon the unoffending heads of his anxious relatives, found no formula in expression.

"Disgrace" is a good enough everyday word to fling about. It is appalling and conclusive. There is no doubt about it that Mr. Trevor had been a target for calumny. Why he should be so, was difficult to determine; possibly, because he was so very good-natured.

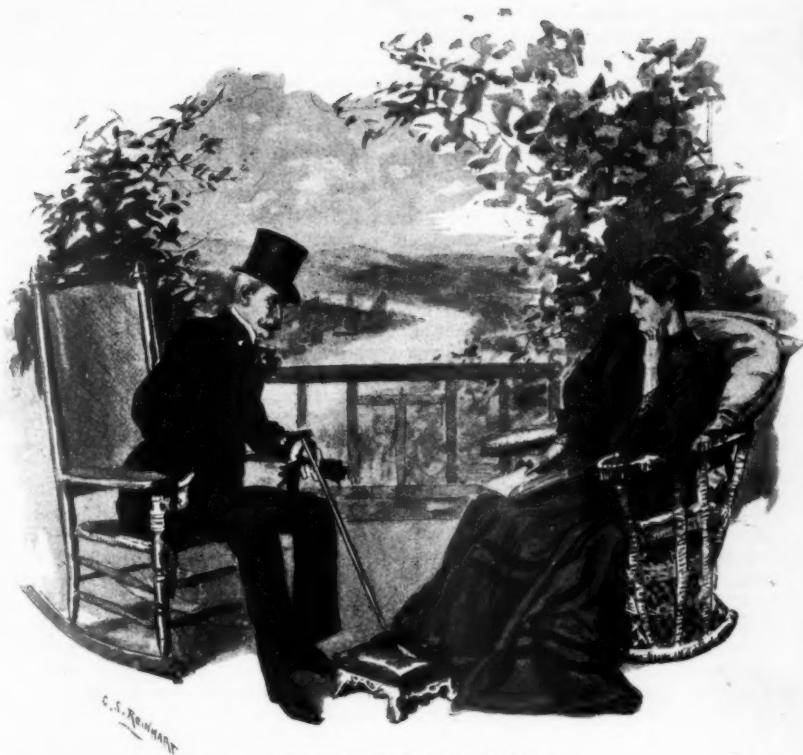
Such stigma, however, as may have rested upon Mr. Trevor senior's, reputation for respectability—there was a young Mr. Trevor, who had a handsome wife—remained vague and obscure. Some aspersions had been cast upon his morals, now and then, as they are inevitably on successful people, who have aroused rivalries and therefore enmities. They had generally been quickly stifled. Like every rich man, he was credited with certain foibles and follies which might or might not have facts behind them. His wife did not appear to be greatly disturbed by them. She was an intellectual woman, and she was highly educated; her husband, although a man of ability, was not. From her earliest married years, she had treated him indulgently, as one does a child or an inferior—with a care, however, not to strain this attitude of leniency too far. She desired to inspire him with a certain wholesome awe. She was authoritative. The love of material blessings was not entirely

left out, however, of Mrs. Trevor's composition, and she seemed, notwithstanding her lofty ideals, to fully appreciate all the good things that were provided for her.

There were those that said Mr. Trevor was neglectful of his wife. In her early life, however, this neglect could not have been pronounced. The lady had borne her lord a large family of sons and daughters, of which feat she spoke with pride. They were now all married. Mrs. Trevor was one of those persons who commands everybody's respect, the admiration of a few, but are not beloved. It had never been supposed that her husband entertained for her a large degree of affection. If she suffered from this, she made no sign. Pity is the scourge of proud natures. Mrs. Trevor was proud. She had made no confidences. She had seen that her sons were prepared for college, being herself fully equipped for this task; that her girls were taught to dance and sing and paint, were well dressed, knew the right people, and were thus fitted for social honors. If she had choked their impulses with the sterile sands of egotism, had made them a little hard and selfish, they were at least well-mannered and distinguished. She looked upon her husband as an unconquered, untamed remnant of natural man, and had imbued his children with a certain undisguised contempt for "papa." She had always seen to it, however, that his table was properly set, his friends properly received, that he was properly fed and warmed and skilfully nursed when he was ill. She attended regularly to her church and charities, and was met at such functions



Mrs. VanRensselaer Cruger, better known to the reading world as "Julien Gordon," has made her striking success as a novelist within the past four years. It was the pleasant mission of *The Cosmopolitan* to publish, in 1890, the first contribution from her pen to magazine literature, "A Successful Man," "A Diplomat's Diary" and "Vampire," constitute, with it, the three longer stories, which gave the author her first reputation. Though Mrs. Cruger's ancestry augured well for her possession of genius—she is a grandniece of Washington Irving—her training for the phase of art she has chosen, that of studying American types, has come through a somewhat unusual evolution. For she was born in France, spoke the French language before the English, and received a European education. Nor has her environment as a leader in the world of culture and society concentrated in the American metropolis, been that which often results in the production of sincere and talented artists.



"WHAT SHOULD HE SAY TO HER?"

as society exacted from her position and her wealth; yet, if this lady's loving kindnesses were hardly "cruel," they were certainly not gentle. There had been a degree of rigidity in her attitude, of aggressiveness in her sacrifices.

When she was dead, it was almost a relief. The community drew a long breath. It is just possible that her lord was a little relieved, too.

His daughter Mattie undertook to console him in his bereavement. Mattie was full of faults, but she had somehow escaped the family failing of selfishness. She was very human, and she was fond of her father.

A young gentleman, whose advances to this youngest and favorite daughter (the Mattie in question) Mr. Trevor had discountenanced, said in the club, one evening, shortly after Mrs. Trevor's funeral:

"The old goat will marry Jessie Fallon

now; he has been after her; now she will be after him."

Jessie Fallon was a young woman who danced a certain eccentric dance and sang a still more eccentric song at a popular concert-hall. She was reputed to be alluring and clever. She never wasted any time on the impecunious ardors of early youth. She was, at any rate, extremely good-looking.

This remark wandered down the club steps and up the avenue, and flew in at open windows near which fair matrons sipped their cups of tea in the soft airs of a languid spring. It grew and increased, and waxed portentous, until there was much clacking of tongues. "It would be so horrid for Mattie!"

Mattie lived at home. She had been a spoiled and wilful girl, had made an unworldly love-match, and had found it convenient to remain in the parent-nest. Her

unprosperous husband, who was a poet, thought the Trevor mansion sufficiently comfortable. (He was one of those beings whom nature seems to have essentially fitted for the rôle of son-in-law.) He was making of it a career. When he was not in the travail of composition, he ran errands for his wife or for his wife's mother, answered notes for the head of the household, and played head-nurse to the baby in moments of domestic upheaval, when necessity demanded. In return for this exemplary conduct, he was given a sumptuous bed-chamber and study in the third story, and had excellent things to eat and drink at his command. The poems were supposed to pay for his clothes. Mattie alone knew that they did not. Mr. Trevor pretended not to suspect it. His worst enemy had never called him ungenerous.

A year passed and found Miss Jessie Fallon no nearer reaching the goal of her ambition, which was said to be the securing unto herself of a wealthy and à la mode husband. She still sang and pirouetted, chalked her nose and rouged her cheeks, and kicked and shrieked, and stood on her head at the concert-hall over the café, while Mr. Trevor still wore black crape on his hat, and did not yet discard his sombre hose and gloves.

A few months after his wife's death he had joined a quiet card club, consisting of about five married couples of his acquaintance, persons he liked well enough, but whom, under happier circumstances, he rarely met. Mattie had persuaded him that he could not go with propriety to men's dinners under twelve months, much less to "mixed" ones, as she called feasts which women grace, and that he must not be seen at the opera—of which he was fond—until his term of mourning should have expired; so . . . he had consented to play cards once a week with these quiet friends, as a distraction to his grief, when he had any time to waste away from his club.

There was a retired army officer and "his lady," as the hotel clerks have it; a middle-aged banker of Knickerbocker ancestry, with a whimsical wife, at whose house the reunions took place; a broker of sixty-five and his unmarried daughter of forty; two or three other men of leisure or affairs, as the case might be—persons who did not go into the world, yet whose

eyes and ears were open with sufficient alertness to its performance. To these people Mr. Trevor was a coveted and desirable acquisition. He was their only man of fashion. He had the prestige of a certain usage of the world, with an easy joviality which pleased. The rumor that he was a black sheep, which had reached the members of the card club, but enhanced the self-approbateness of their own white consciences. They congratulated themselves on having a catholic spirit, on being men and women of the world, who, so long as a man conducted himself with propriety while in their midst, would not put him to any crucial test of private behavior.

Ah! . . . there is just one person I have forgotten to mention, who glided in silently and unobtrusively every Saturday night, and took her seat at one of the card tables. The whimsical wife of the banker soon managed that it should always be at the same one with Mr. Trevor, an arrangement which the maiden of forty looked upon with some disfavor. The hostess was a woman of charm, through a certain graceful and mischief-loving humor. If her physical attractions, which had been of no mean order, were now somewhat dimmed, her humor had not deserted her. Was it not a drop of this quality which lurked in her manoeuvre? The guest whom she managed to thus assure as vis-à-vis to Mr. Trevor was a lady, by name Mrs. Gardiner Fenton. Everybody, of course, knew the Gardiner Fentons. The name was enough, no introduction was necessary. Mrs. Fenton's daughters had been belles of two successive winters, and now that they were both married, were still reigning beauties. When one looked into their mother's face, it was not difficult to fathom whence they had drawn their comeliness. I say that Mrs. Gardiner Fenton needed no introduction; yet, curiously enough, Mr. Trevor, although he had seen her daughters in the world, had not met her before. If her daughters had inherited their beauty from their mother, the reader need not therefore imagine that at this moment of her life Mrs. Gardiner Fenton was, strictly speaking, beautiful. She was not. If Julie de Récamier Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos drank of the fountains of eternal youth, and were fondly

loved and desired at ages when other women are content to be grandmothers, certain it is that their peculiar secrets were unknown and unpractised by Mrs. Gardiner Fenton. She was fifty, and she looked it. She even acknowledged it. She exclaimed one day, over the game of euchre that was in progress, that the following Saturday would be her fiftieth birthday, and that she should be greatly offended if her hostess did not provide a cake with fifty candles to welcome her. She was taken at her word, and fifty wax lights greeted her soft eyes on the occasion. Mr. Trevor had been gallant and had sent a magnificent nosegay of red roses, which she found lying upon her chair. She buried her face in its fragrance, and rewarded the donor with a faint smile. Their eyes met; she blushed. At fifty, Beatrix Fenton could blush like a young girl. In many things she was one still. There are certain women who have kept at seventy a certain virginity of soul; others have lost it at eighteen. Possibly it was this retained innocence which made her sons so fond of her. Had she been a saint or a Madonna, they could not have given her a more worshipful affection. Of sons, she had two, now men, launched in life, and then there were the daughters of whom I have spoken. She lived in her beautiful home in New Jersey, where she owned ancestral acres, and she only came to town to pass her Sundays with her daughters. The Saturday card party was her one dissipation.

Since her husband's death, which had occurred twenty-three years before, she had never been to a ball, and she had never worn a color. A gay aunt had chaperoned her girls. At the wedding of her daughters she had indeed compromised by appearing in white and mauve, and her elegance had then been commented upon. Striking she certainly was. She was tall and stately, with a full and rounded figure, which, in girlhood, had been called willowy, although it was so no more. She did nothing, however, to enhance its fine outlines. Her gowns only fitted moderately well, as she was too indifferent to try them on often, and was therefore the despair of the dressmakers. She usually wore high-necked black silk or velvet, with the addition, on certain occasions, of white lace and pearls. She rarely showed

her arms or her bosom. When she did so, it was very moderately; they were seen to be of dazzling fairness and still fresh and firm. The throat was devoid of that dark circle which the years usually dig beneath the larynx; but, as I say, persons rarely saw aught but her face and her hands; these were delicate and white. Her hair was worn in an old-fashioned ripple, down close on each side of her temples, and fastened in a knot at the back of her head. It was of a very light silky brown, and still thick. There were few gray hairs among its natural waves, but some there were. She wore them neither with coquetry nor vexation; she had hardly noticed them. Her forehead was high and spiritual; her eyes were large and expressive, rather tender and gentle than brilliant. Her nose was superb, straightly and nobly chiselled. Her mouth was sad, the lips a trifle worn, turned up a little at one corner when she smiled. This, with the tremolo of her low voice, gave an inexpressible pathos to her rare laughter. Her soft cheeks were not as rounded as once they had been; a pale pink rose sometimes burned on them, but like her smile, was fugitive. Withal that time had treated her so kindly, Mrs. Fenton looked nearly, if not fully, her age. Her manner, her aspect, was that of one who has long since ceased to wish to attract. The wish had never been emphatic. She had at no age been what is called a man's woman. She was not very clever and she was not fascinating. It is to be supposed that her husband had loved her. His had been her first offer and her only one. Since her widowhood, no man had dared to say a word of love or even of admiration to her. They instinctively felt more like uncovering or kneeling before her than making love to her, if they felt anything at all. To most men she was simply the mother of children; an admirable lady, refined and virtuous. Yet that girlish timidity which lay in her character did not stamp her as eminently the mother.

It is even possible that her children loved her more warmly than she did them. She met their affection, particularly when it was demonstrative, with a certain protesting gratitude. Hers was not an intense temper. She was placid and serene, fulfilling all her duties with regularity,

but with a certain nonchalance. Small natures, whose egotism asks too much of life, turn sour. She had indulged in no vivid or exaggerated dreams, and so the dregs of her nature, when stirred, were sweet. She had never asked too much of fortune or of men, hence she did not dislike humanity. She took little interest in public affairs. The motives and convulsions of empires and republics, diplomatic combinations, the clash of arms, the slaughter of men, the shock of ideas, left her without curiosity or emotion. The forum, the camp, the mart, were mere words to her. It is probable that Thucydides' description of the final destruction of the Athenian host, would have left her cold. She read little, only a few novels, and, in periodicals, such articles as might while away and amuse an idle hour. She could speak lucidly of what she read, but with no marked critical acumen. Nevertheless she had opinions. She was one of those women whose household is well ordered. She had taste; she loved her flowers and her garden. Nurtured in luxury, she was more simple than extravagant. All her pleasures had been innocent. Mrs. Fenton was not given to speech; in fact she was usually silent. A good listener, she was interested, but hardly sympathetic. She lacked the imagination requisite to this last quality. She pitied suffering, because she was essentially womanly, but she did not strongly realize its throes. With men she was reserved and even shy. In her intercourse with them she was perfectly natural, absolutely free from all artificiality. She had escaped the half kittenish, half humiliated challenge of the middle-aged woman who will not abjure conquest. This painful exhibition of moral weakness has doubtless often driven serious men from drawing rooms. Was it this entire absence of vanity in a woman of his world which first piqued and then enchanted Mr. Trevor?

II.

Certain it is that upon the evening, when she blushed such a white-rose pink and looked up at Mr. Trevor with her little half-smile on the corner of her pure lip, the man felt the strangest thrill traverse his heart. It left him shaken as if a knife had struck and pierced right

straight into his breast. He had not known such an emotion for many years. It worried him all the way home. He was six or seven years older than Mrs. Fenton, but he had all the vanities of a much younger man. He dressed youthfully; he not only followed, but led all the newest fashions. He chose for his friends men twenty years younger than himself, and, in the world, affected to devote himself to extremely young women. He was secretly annoyed if at dinner parties he was placed between two dowagers, preferring the youthful crudity of brides and maidens of eighteen to the prestige of important and commanding personalities. If the idea of a second marriage had presented itself to him, he would have instantly selected a woman of the age of his youngest daughter. It seemed, therefore, incredible to him that the slightest attraction of sex could exist in a woman who had just acknowledged herself half a century old. It was preposterous, even unpleasant. He drove away the memory; yet it returned to haunt him. He dreamed of her at night, of those deep eyes in whose soft and quiet depths one might find peace and pardon—nay, consolation for a misspent and frivolous past.

On the next Saturday he met her again. He found himself unexpectedly and unaccountably agitated. She was not in the room when he arrived. He hoped she would not come. But when she did not, he could hardly repress his sorrow and his dismay. He told himself he was a great fool, mourning or no mourning, to make an old fog of himself with these bores, and the only person who was worth coming to meet evidently tired with the entertainment herself! She did come, at last. . . . And when his eyes were again raised, it was in fear lest hers should not be kind. They were neither kind nor the reverse. The unconscious object of his week's reveries had been sublimely forgetful of his very existence, and she looked at him now very much as she looked every morning at the gray cat that came to get its milk at her white hands. The particular animal which Mr. Trevor represented to her had, in her estimation, a somewhat undesirable complexion.

She had heard things said against him, and, as an intelligent and wicked cynic has told us, "Calumniate boldly, for some



" 'SHE MUST BE ENCOURAGING HIM FRIGHTFULLY.' "

of it will stick;" some of it had been sufficiently bold and had in this case "stuck." She considered him a foolish sort of fellow, affecting the airs of youth, given to foppery and to other less innocent pursuits. She decided that his early success in affairs had been more the result of chance than the fruits of character, which shows that she was, in fact, not clever. There are few chances in the

course of events, and those who seize them to their own advantage are the able ones of earth. On the whole, however, she had thought of him very little.

Mr. Trevor did not relish being treated and looked at in this way. It vexed his spirit of charmer, for it must be said that if there were those who, through envy or malice, laughed at him, he had laid successful sieges, in his day, to feminine

hearts, and was still quite capable in such investment of victory. He was good-looking; elegant, a prince with money, full of sympathy, and had that species of vitality which, in spending itself, seems to bring cheer into dullness, life into lethargy. His faults, such as they were, had been more harmful to himself than to others.

One morning Mrs. Gardiner Fenton was sitting alone on her veranda, with a book idly lying upon her knees. Visitors were scarce at any time in her secure retreat, under her trees, and at this hour almost unheard of. Her son, a rising architect, the only one who still lived at home, had gone into the city, as he did daily. Her household cares had been dismissed for the day; she had ordered her carriage, to pay some visits in the afternoon. Now she was debating whether she would go into the garden and look after her flowerbeds, or stay quietly and finish her novel in the shade of the flapping awning. It was a warm morning, so warm that she had ventured to sit out. There was a suggestion of approaching summer in the breeze.

Suddenly a hack from the neighboring station rolled in at the gate. It appeared and disappeared several times through the shrubbery, until it finally drew up at the steps. A man sprang out. The butler hurried through the hall. From her place of vantage she could see them both. She recognized her visitor. It was Mr. Trevor.

A moment later he stood beside her. He murmured something about being in her neighborhood "on business." Now, Mr. Trevor had long since retired from active affairs. This perfunctory explanation was accepted, however, without comment. Mrs. Fenton remained unflustered and undisturbed. She did not run in for a veil, smooth her hair, ring for a lace parasol. She stayed exactly where she was, with a streak of harshly revealing sunlight falling on the part above the fine texture of her pale forehead and playing havoc with such loveliness as time had left to her. The fretwork of lines about the bistre orb of her large eyes darted out in bold relief. Her eyelids were heavy and a little red; her cheeks were white. After a while, the warmth of the sun, or perhaps some other warmth, she wotted not, brought into them that glow which

his roses had first left there, and which, to Mr. Trevor, seemed ineffably pathetic. Whence sprang that mysterious blooming, whose roots lay somewhere in the soul. In his? or hers? No fresh and peach-like bloom upon a child's young face; no rich, bright promise of dawning maidenhood; no burning tell-tale flush of passionate womanhood had seemed to hold for him one-half the majesty, significance and fascination of the lost color on this faded lady's cheek.

Lost! lost! And did it not come back for him, and would he not find, nay, fix it there forever? As he looked at its fluctuation, at the tired eyelids, and bathed in the reposeful lull of that strange influence which she alone exerted over him, there arose in the man's heart, to choke and strangle him, a curious sensation. His hands trembled, his ever ready flow of verb and adjective, of exclamation and compliment, expired in the utterance. He felt a sudden longing to fall at her feet. What should he say to her? The question clove him. It acted upon him like a cold douche. He pulled himself together, and talked of the weather, the news in the morning "World," for which its editor had paid his thousands, while she invited him with cold formality, to stop and breakfast.

"No, I will not intrude longer upon you, I only stopped in passing; forgive the intrusion. Pray, accept these violets."

He detached, as he spoke, his large boutonniere, and gave it into her hands.

"I am off to the train; I shall breakfast at my club when I arrive. Good-bye—farewell."

She urged him no farther, and they parted. She expressed no surprise at his sudden invasion. To him her reticences seemed more pregnant than words. They made her sublime to him. She had no fussiness, no assertiveness, none of the woman's tormenting and excessive desire for talk, argument, parlance. Had she felt annoyance at his visit? In vain he racked himself as he thundered home over plain and ditch in the smoky, stuffy train.

Had she?

When he left her, she remained for sometime with her hands folded together in her lap. The wind blew her hair about.

In her mind was this thought: "I knew he would come, but hardly fancied that it would be so soon." And then she rose and went into the house.

So Beatrix had guessed her power. She had seen that he trembled. Did she like it? After awhile a frown gathered in two sharp lines between her eyes, "One wouldn't like to be made ridiculous," she murmured, as she moved about her room. But she did not, as nearly every woman would have done—glance into the mirror, no, not once.

He, in the meanwhile, found himself continually possessed by her image. She seemed to him like that sister of Alcina, and Morgana, who taught Ruggiero to master the hypoglyph with book and horn. Ah! wondrous potency! And when he remembered Jessie Fallon, it was with a shiver of mingled disgust and shame! If she should know, even guess what his life had been! She, his only friend! He thought of her thus, as a friend, aye, a divinity, at whose altars one might long to bring an humble offering and to pray.

His daughter Mattie was surprised on the following Sunday when her father suggested driving with her to church. He continued to attend in the family pew regularly after this. It had been a source of regret to his woman-kind that "papa" had "no religion;" but now he became suddenly devout and asked odd questions upon theology and the ritual—questions which rather bothered the young woman herself. He remembered that his mother had had him confirmed when he was twelve years old, and it was with some compunction that he turned away from the altar and joined the outgoing crowd upon the day of communion.

About this time the lady whom I have called whimsical, and whose name was Mrs. Urquhart, dropped in to see Mr. Trevor's daughter one afternoon. During this visit she led the latter to understand that her father was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Fenton's place.

"You had better look out for your papa, my dear," she said. "He is quite infatuated."

Mattie was greatly amused. But when the report took shape and substance, and rolled up, and everybody began to talk about it, she ran around to see her married sisters.

"Well, I don't know what we are expected to do about it," said young Mrs. Fothergill; "It is better than it might have been; she is a lady; but, of course, it is all nonsense."

"A lady?" said Mrs. Gregory Gray. "I, for my part, think she is disgracing herself."

"Why, I don't suppose, sister, that such an idea has ever entered her head. She is the quietest poke of a woman," said Mattie. To her, her father's future was of more importance than to her sisters.

"Pshaw, they are the worst when they get going," said Mrs. Fothergill; "I hear that papa just heaps her with flowers and things."

"She must be encouraging him frightfully," said Mrs. Gregory Gray. "I should think Mary and Lola would be just furious." These were Mrs. Gardiner Fenton's daughters.

"She is probably a designing woman," said Mrs. Fothergill, decidedly.

They had been brought up to the view that all behavior was right or wrong, correct or incorrect, as if it were not much else besides these. Have not rare flowers of exquisite breath sprung up in wretched soil? Have not gracious things thriven out of disorder?

"All Lola and Mary care about is amusing themselves," said Mrs. Fothergill.

"Why, she must be nearly a hundred," said Mrs. Gregory Gray.

"She is a lovely-looking woman for all that," said Mattie, "and father is most changed"—

"Changed! Fol-de-rol," said the others in concert.

"He was always good enough for me," said Mattie, a little hotly. "I never thought dear mamma understood him."

The sisters parted with a certain consternation.

That very day a man and woman were walking slowly beneath the shadows of a leafy arbor; she was leaning lightly on his arm; he had a rapt look; they were in earnest conversation, or at least he was speaking. It was always he that spoke, and she that listened. This listening had become unconsciously to herself a part of her life. Mr. Trevor had continued his visits. The plea of business had soon been dropped from these strange love trysts. Sometimes he stopped only an

hour, sometimes half the day. They breakfasted then *en tête-à-tête*, took a quiet drive across the fields, or sat in the garden together. He never spent a night; he was not asked to do so. He sent gifts of flowers, books, *bon-bons*. She thanked him, no more. She never wore the flowers; they were disposed in vases in her drawing-room where all might see and enjoy them. She was a woman who did not seek herself even in this homage that was poured so lavishly at her feet.

III.

Today he was as usual pouring out his heart to her. "It was the most curious thing," he was saying, "the effect produced upon me that very first night that we met, by your lightest word. You had the queerest influence over me. I wanted to weep. When with you I feel as if I were in church; that is why I have begun to go to church again; it brings you near. Why, I haven't prayed since I was a child."

She sighed and remained silent.

"I want to tell you everything, but I dare not. I fear to revolt and disturb you. My dear creature, you have no idea what you have done for me. Why, my life was worth nothing to me, and you have lifted me right up. You just looked across the table at me and spoke some gentle word, and I was aghast at myself, at the world. Am I boring you?"

He paused, hesitating. She shook her head.

"My poor wife was an excellent woman, excellent; immensely clever; a great woman. But there was no sympathy between us; we could not pretend to it."

Then he uttered this cry: "Ah, why didn't we meet before, you and I?"

"It is surely not too late for us to be very good friends," she said to him softly and lightly.

His fingers sought and closed over her own. "Friends, Mrs. Fenton? Shall it never be more?"

"Would you render me absurd?"

"Absurd!" He flushed to the roots of his forehead. "This is all my feeling means for you—absurdity?"

"It means," she said, "more than you know."

"My God! Dear, dearest, will you not

put this dear little hand in mine forever then? Will you not marry me?"

"I shall never marry again."

"And is this your last word?"

"My last word."

"What do you mean to do with me, then?"

He looked so forlorn, with a sort of boyish discomfiture so incongruous in a man of his years and assurance, that the ghost of that fleeting smile which spoke to him a language none other should ever read—he liked this monopoly—rose to her mouth.

"Why, why," she faltered, "I am not the arbiter of your fate."

"Are you not?"

"You frighten me."

"What a child you are!"

Then they both laughed, she a little mournfully.

"Indeed, indeed, by what right, Mr. Trevor, do you put this responsibility upon me?"

"Dear, let me tell you; it just came; I cannot explain it. But it is true what I say, that you seem a child to me; you are not in the least the sort of woman I ever admired before. I must always tell you the plain truth; I must be frank. If anyone had told me that I should love a saint—. But that is just it. I hate now every woman who is not just like you; and there are none, so, you see, I am your slave."

"Hush."

"Can I come again next Monday?" It was usually on a Monday that he came to see her. She gave him no answer.

"Let me come, let me come! Do not drive me away; see, I will not tease you; I will do you no harm," he said, with heat.

"Yes, come then."

"Will you take my arm to the end of the walk? Lean on me; it cheers and comforts me a little bit."

He guided her with tenderest homage and respect to her own door.

"Au revoir." He waved his hat to her and he walked away.

"Good-bye."

It was almost a weariness to her, this excitement. And yet, and yet, she did not break with him, not entirely. She told herself that she was very weak.

Her daughters spoke together of "mamma's adorer," and asked her once some

questions. Her son wrote to his brother in the West: "Old Trevor is sweet on the mimmy; sends roses and such like. What a comedy!"

He viewed the whole affair as a vast joke; he certainly could not take seriously the thought that his mother was indulging in a flirtation, and as to marriage, the mere idea would have sent him into an uproarious laughter.

Nevertheless, Mr. Trevor continued to come. He looked thin in these days, and worn; his appetite was gone. One day he complained of feeling poorly, of palpitations. Mrs. Fenton ministered to him; made him a warm draught herself; arranged a pillow on the sofa behind him; hovered about him as women do on such occasions.

Her breath, sweet as an infant's, touched his hot brow.

When he left that day, he pressed her hand in his at parting. Did he feel a slight, very slight pressure in return?

All the way home he tortured himself with the question: Had she really pressed his hand, or was it all imagination? Being pessimistic, where she was concerned, he was inclined to think himself the dupe of his desire. With all the beautiful, sparkling and even naughty young women whom he had known in his life, he had felt none of this self-distrust. It had been left to this woman of fifty to make him humble. He lived in constant fear of shocking her delicacy or of disturbing that soft serenity which he revered. He remembered the sensitive lines of her face, the reserve of her manner, and wished he might go back and look up forever into those sweet, sad eyes.

He liked to be teased about her; he laid traps for such teasing to his daughter. When Mattie asked him if he had been to Mrs. Fenton's, he would answer enigmatically, like a very school-boy proud of a first love affair. His other daughters maintained a cold silence with him on the subject, and an attitude of marked disapproval; but Mattie was beginning to sympathize. Who knows? perhaps Mattie had fathomed under the flippancy of her father's exterior, the unspoken tragedy of a lonely heart—a heart bursting with affection and constantly rebuffed, craving happiness in the emotions and fighting blindly to satisfy them.

If it is hard for a rich man to penetrate into heaven—and we have high authority for the assertion—it is equally difficult for him to conquer love for himself and not for the benefit which he may confer. Mr. Trevor may have guessed this. Hand seeks hand; heart pants for heart. This desire for requital cannot be sinful since to the human the human was given. The answer to man's cry of loneliness was the incarnation.

"She does not care for him, poor papa," thought Mattie, and she felt sorry. She had always been prone to think of him as "poor papa"—why, she could not have made clear. He was so different now. Mattie was penetrating the hidden motor of this change. Even the beloved club was almost abjured. He still dressed scrupulously, but with less dandyism; and his jovial manner had gained a certain dignity, more becoming a man of his age. She did not think, however, that he looked well in health, and she spoke of this to her sisters.

Two days after his last visit, some flowers came by express addressed to Mrs. Fenton; they were still wet, as though with dew; among them lay, in a tiny envelope, a card. Upon it was written:

"To the sweetest woman on the earth, from her grateful and devoted servant."

She read it over two or three times.

"It is extraordinary," thought she; then she added, after a pause, "What a perfect gentleman he has been to me!"

She began to ponder over his visits and to wonder, if they were discontinued, how greatly she would miss them. With a certain unexplained presage of loss, "I should miss them," she thought. Her sudden appreciation of her dependence on him was not expressed in dramatic phraseology. Perhaps it was no less forcible. Dithyrambs belittle.

The lamps were brought in. One of the servants came with the mail. She turned indifferently to the evening paper; she would have time to scan its headlines before her boy arrived, and it should be the hour to dress for their dinner.

A name on the first sheet arrested her hand; her eyes closed, and then opened, dilating in swift terror. It only took her a moment to scan it all. Mr. Trevor—the announcement was made duly sensational—had fallen, dead of the heart, at his

club that afternoon, as the sheet she held was going to press. His body still lay there, unclaimed by his family, in one of the upper chambers. There were various hideous details upon which the paper gloated.

She seemed to see the awful loneliness of the figure on this club bed. She could realize its stiffness under the sheet with which they had covered it. She remembered the warm clasp of his hand upon her own. How did it look now?

Her son arrived. He kissed her. He spoke of Mr. Trevor's death. He gave her a few more particulars.

"You will miss his visits, mother," he said, kindly; "he seemed awfully fond of you; he wasn't half a bad fellow. Let me see—he can't have been sixty; he was a vigorous-looking man. Bless me! did he send you all those roses today?"

She said, "Yes," and then her son left her. She threw a lace scarf over her hair, a wrap about her shoulders, and went out into the dark.

The twilight was over. The moon was rising; it shone rayless, opaque, between the trees, like some great ball of blood-red brass. There were driven clouds in the sky, but the wind made no sound; over all lay the brooding stillness of the creeping night. The air was a little chill, and she drew the lace up closely under her chin. She hurried down the leafy alley, where they had walked so often, he pleading his suit, she listless, saying nothing, often cold, hardly ever really kind—always thinking of her position, her children, the possible advent of a neighbor, the certain espionage of her servants; of what was ridiculous in the situation; of everything, in fact, except that a human soul had cried to her, and that she had answered its demands in so niggardly and miserly a fashion.

Chained, as are women of her type, by prejudice and custom, she remembered all the chivalrous devotion which, now for two long years of a life which was so quickly ebbing, he had lavished upon her. He, a man whose name a hundred women would have been glad and proud to bear! Then suddenly she thought:

"I will be nicer to him next Monday. I will explain" —

Then a swift pang shot through her veins, and she knew that the Monday

would come, and then another, and yet another, but that no Monday, now or ever hereafter, would bring her friend and lover back to her side—never, never, never again.

A sudden anguish she could not account for, a sense of something irrevocable, final, bottomless, hopeless, inaccessible, held her in its grip, and a voiceless, smothered cry rent her breast. Tears gushed from her eyes—sad, bitter waters—which fell upon her hands and seemed to wither them.

To her children, no doubt, she was valuable and dear. Her western son wrote to her of his ventures in cattle and horses, of his new granges for wheat, of the sheep, their shearing, their health and diseases, of the fresh tracts of land he wished to add to his already increasing acres. He had asked her to advance money to him for this purpose. Her daughters told her of their pleasures; she was a constant witness of their happiness and prosperity. When she went to their homes, she found them full of plans and projects; they had hardly time to listen to her own. One of them was building a house; the other was soon to become a mother. These things filled the whole horizon of their world. Her youngest son, when not engaged in the ardent pursuit of his career, was quick to seize the latch-key and hurry to a neighboring country-seat, where a pair of bright eyes fascinated and held him, so late, sometimes, that his mother, tossing wakeful, feared some harm had come to his horse and himself upon the lonesome highway.

Yes, she was precious, no doubt, to these, as we are prized by those to whom we listen patiently, claiming no great return of sympathy and interest. Her few relatives, her neighbors, had for her a mild regard. She was to them a habit, a pleasant one—perhaps. She knew that they discussed her faults together, with an insistence not devoid of a pleasurable note. She knew it, as we know certain things intuitively—knew that they said she was lazy, devoid of proper ambitions, lacking in hospitality.

The world she had allowed to pass by. To it she was indifferent, and, therefore, it was beginning to ignore her. She had been a little surprised to find herself once or twice uninvited to some great function

at which, when her daughters were still with her, she would surely have been bidden. Tonight, in the midst of this great emotion, the memory of this slight arose and stung her. Was she being forgotten, forsaken, left out?

Demosthenes tells us that old and insignificant sprains and wounds revive to give us pain when some new malady befalls us.

There was no doubt of it, then, to the world; yea, even to her children she was, after all, but an old woman—to be cared for, no doubt; to be loved within limits. To the latter she would soon become a cause of solicitude—who knows? perhaps an incubus. But she knew that to him she had seemed young and beautiful. He had craved her companionship

beyond all other. In it he had been invigorated and elevated. He had held her hand in his, and its touch had given him strength.

For the first time in her life, despair fell upon Mrs. Fenton—such despair as she had never reached before; no, not at her husband's grave had her lament been so irremediable. Then she had still possessed the protecting affection of a mother, and her own children had been dependent and helpless. She herself, in those days, had been young and strong. The loneliness of age came forth and stood and looked at her now with hungry, eager eyes. It pulled at her skirts, blanched her cheek, laid its chill upon her forehead. To the man who was dead her very presence



"MR. TREVOR HAD FALLEN DEAD OF THE HEART AT HIS CLUB."



"TEARS GUSHED FROM HER EYES."

had brought a benediction. He had never forgotten her. To him she had seemed most lovable, and, if she had seemed young to him, in his presence she had indeed felt so. She thought if he were only near now, she would lean just for one moment upon his breast and cry, "Forgive, forgive, forgive!" and at least thank him once for loving her so much.

But she would never so speak to him, because he was dead. He had thought that he owed her gratefulness, but she knew now all he had given to her and how little she had given to him. He had often asked her—childishly, she had then thought—to call him by his christian name, and she had as often refused, moved by that conventionality which had always been the main-spring of her every action. Now she suddenly kneeled upon the damp grass and with streaming eyes called him by his name, first in a whisper, then more loudly—nay, by every tender appellation that a loving woman can invent with which to invoke an absent loved one whom she has wronged and pained. She leaned her head against a tree trunk, and it was here, in desolation, that she sobbed forth to him a last farewell.

She did not appear at dinner, and her son did not intrude upon her privacy that night.

* * *

In the Trevor household there was great confusion. Hurriedly summoned, young Mr. Trevor and his handsome wife, Mrs. Fothergill in her rich dinner dress, Mattie with her hair upon her shoulders, Mrs. Gregory Gray in a tea gown, were gathered together where the father lay. A physician and nurse were undressing the lifeless body, which an ambulance had, by special permission, been

allowed to remove to the dead man's home.

"There is some hard substance here against the heart," said the physician.

"Why, it is a picture!" said Mattie's husband, with a foolish surprise.

Mrs. Fothergill, frowning, took it from her brother-in-law's hand. It was a photograph of Mrs. Gardiner Fenton. It represented her as many years younger than she now was, sitting on a balcony, in a somewhat strained and sentimental pose, for which the artist, not the model, was evidently responsible. Mrs. Fothergill made a slight grimace through her tears:

"It is that that woman; what shall I do with it?"

"Give it to me," said Mattie.

* * *

Upstairs, the poet, a few hours later, was sitting in his pajamas at his desk, writing an "Ode to Death." He had penned the first two lines, but could get no farther. His bare feet, which were thrust into the same slipper, were cold; his brain vacuous.

"The critics," he reflected, bitterly, "no doubt think an Ode to Death a very easy thing to throw off; but I'll be hanged if it is as much of a joke as they imagine. If it is, I wish they'd just come on and

do it themselves." . . . "And I'm nearly frozen, too," he muttered, after a pause, under his breath.

He hoped that Mattie would not come to the door and find him here. She might think him heartless. At such a moment he could hardly make her understand the extreme coyness of his muse and that he dared not discourage her advances when she was in the least amiable.

But Mattie was not thinking of her lord. At midnight, when the lonewatcher, whose duty it was to be wakeful, had fallen into a doze, the young woman stole in on tiptoe, looking like a ghost in her long, white peignoir. She neared the bed where lay her dead father, and, quickly opening the shirt which covered his heart, she thrust the photograph again upon his silent breast, under the flowers which already profusely covered it. The hastily procured waxen tuberose and violets filled the apartment with their cloying sweetness.

"There, dear, you shall have her," she said, in a tone with which one would grant a favor to some fretful and indulged child; and, as she spoke, she laid a tender hand upon those sunken eyelids which never more would flutter at her approach.

FOR MUSIC.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

SWEETHEART, my song is come
To music's rosy gates,
And there, a beggar, dumb,
Impatiently it waits,

To feel your eyes above,
And pray to them to give
One little glance of love
Unto a fugitive.

Oh! Haste then with the key,
For when those red lips part,
Guided by melody
My song may find your heart!



"JUNE," BY MRS. N. G. BARTLETT.

WOMEN EXPERTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY CLARENCE BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

I RECALL, reading, some years ago, an entertaining book on cowboy life, the title of which I have forgotten. In the preface the writer amusingly tells how, on a ranch, he and six companions, of whom four were Mexicans, concluded to submit to a trifling fine for each instance of profanity occurring among them; the proceeds to be devoted to a subscription to some newspaper. The sum was speedily raised.

Next came the question of a choice. The three Americans earnestly desired some periodical containing general news and useful information, but were promptly outvoted by the foreigners, whose unanimous choice was a pink illustrated weekly, on the ground that, though unable to understand the language, they, at least, could read the pictures.

The work of the skilled camera-artist is such—so natural is the posing and arrangement—that all can "read the pict-

ures." Hence, figure studies and genre work claim far more attention than formerly. On the other hand, so high is the standard at the present time, that artistic conceptions, to find favor among those qualified to judge, must be represented in almost perfect technical work. In addition to careful and delicate manipulation in development, various printing processes have of late years come to the front, giving a wide range in choice as to the appearance of the photograph, and consequently full scope to the taste and judgment of the worker. Pure blacks and whites are gained by the use of platinum, while a sepia tone can be produced in this process by the addition of mercury. The cold blacks of bromide paper are warmed with uranium, and the artistic matt surface of ordinary silver paper, upon which the gloss of albumen is wanting, is given a purple brown by the union of platinum with silver.

It must then be evident to all, that innate taste and careful work contribute largely to the success of the expert in photography. Other important factors are: endless patience and eternal vigilance. Unlike the gun, the racquet and the oar, the camera offers a field where women can compete with men upon equal terms; and that some women have so successfully striven should encourage more to follow in their lead, especially as the only distasteful portion of the work—the staining of the fingers—can now be entirely avoided. Still, it cannot be denied that fewer women than men produce good work in photography. For this it is difficult to assign a cause. A taste for the beautiful is supposed to be innate among women, and surely as much leisure time falls to their share as to the other sex. They are more familiar with every phase of child-life, than which nothing is more beautiful in a photograph, while none can deny to them a greater delicacy of touch. If I were compelled to hazard a suggestion as to a cause of the inferiority of many women in camera work, it would be that a lack of concentration and sustained effort often stands in the way of complete success.

The progress made by women in photography during the past few years has been rapid, and one by one the great photographic societies, at their exhibitions, have discontinued the "medal for women," and have applied to them the standard of merit required among the best workers of the opposite sex. At a recent exhibition in England, so superior was the artistic and technical excellence of the photographs of a certain woman, that before awarding the medal it was necessary to convince the judges that the work was that of an amateur.

The Countess Loredana di Porto-Bonin, an amateur of Italy, had no less than eighteen pictures hung at the Vienna salon of 1891, sharing the highest honor with Mr. Davison of England. It is probable that this distinguished amateur could frame some of her pictures with the medals she has gained.

Mrs. Clarke, of Louth, has been very successful in various English exhibitions where the sexes meet upon equal footing, and quite recently, in a competition, the well-known English experts, Valentine Blanchard and H. P. Robinson, declined to decide between her work and that of a



"THE STILLNESS OF SUNSET," BY MISS CLARKSON.

camera-worker of the opposite sex, awarding to each a medal of gold, with divided honors. What the foremost American amateurs among women are doing in photography is perhaps not as well known to all as it should be; and that their work may serve as an example to others and that a knowledge of their methods may

thusiasm women workers with the camera, the use of which she advocates and makes clear in the columns of a photographic journal of which she is associate editor, in various other periodicals and in papers read before many photographic societies.

Miss Barnes, who is a practical worker, took up photography in 1886, winning a diploma at the joint exhibition at Boston in 1888. At the joint exhibition at New York in 1891, Miss Barnes was again successful, winning one of the three medals awarded for lantern slides; while her "A Study in White" took second prize in a recent newspaper contest. Miss Barnes' specialty was interiors until the completion of her attic studio two years ago.

One of Miss Barnes' specialties is lantern slides, which she makes in an eight by ten camera, with adjustments for larger sizes. For the testing of slides she has a large oxy-hydrogen apparatus. Miss Barnes uses no less than fourteen lenses arranged to fit into different cameras—a great convenience.

Miss Barnes writes of herself: "It does not seem as if I deserve much of the commendation so kindly given, for anyone who is willing to learn from experience could do as much. I am not likely ever to give up the work, now that it has grown such a part of me as to overshadow all my previous art training in painters' studios, and almost to quiet my music, and I owe much to its help in a time of great trouble as a valuable mental restorative."

In July, at the invitation of its secretary, Miss Barnes attended the photographic convention of Great Britain, and read a paper on "Amateur Photography in America," spoken of by some of the photographic journals as the feature of the convention. At the annual dinner women



"WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG," BY MISS FARNSWORTH.

materially aid their sisters of the camera to attain an equal standard of excellence, reproductions of some of their beautiful pictures are given, with brief accounts of those who made them.

Miss Catharine Weed Barnes, of Albany, is one of the best known and most en-

were admitted for the first time, Miss Barnes sitting on the president's right and replying to the toast, "The Ladies."

During her sojourn abroad Miss Barnes read, by request, papers before the Birmingham society, the London and Provincial club and the Photographic club of London.

Photographs sent to the Vienna salon of 1891, were subjected to a crucial examination. The jury, all artists, did not temper justice with mercy, and from thousands of prints submitted, but very few were chosen.

While all our best women camera workers were not competitors, but two of those represented were awarded the grand diploma. To the beautiful figure studies of Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett of Chicago (Chicago Lantern Slide club, Chicago camera club, Photographer's society of Chicago) this honor was accorded.

Mrs. Bartlett is practical as well as artistic, and her helpful articles contributed to current photographic literature are the fruits of careful and repeated experiments, and not, as is too frequently the case with the work of many writers on photographic chemistry, mere suggestions upon which

others are expected to spend time and energy which the author is unwilling or unable to bestow.

Mrs. Bartlett prepares her own platinum paper, which few among the best workers successfully attempt, and her prints on matt-surface silver paper, toned with gold, are famous.

Mrs. Bartlett has lately devoted most of her leisure time to the photography of children. With the aid of a camera she has illustrated a number of jinglets from Mother Goose, engrossing the text with pen and ink, which, under the title of "Old Friends with New Faces," will shortly appear in book form.

The authorities of the world's exposition have appointed Mrs. Bartlett chairman of the committee of the woman's department of photography of the world's congress auxiliary.

Mrs. Bartlett has but once been represented at an open exhibition in this country. In Chicago in 1889, she received the society medal and a special prize in addition for best printing in platinum. The landscape, "June," shows what Mrs. Bartlett can achieve with the aid of the camera.



"THE FARMER'S GIRL," BY MISS CLARKSON.



"A CLASS AT THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE," BY MISS JOHNSTON.

The career in photography of Miss Emilie V. Clarkson of Potsdam, New York, has been carefully watched with appreciation by those interested in the camera as a means to an artistic end. Miss Clarkson, who is a graduate of the Chatauqua school of photography, a member of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, and of the Postal Photographic club, began her work in photography in the fall of 1888.

"I was always very fond of drawing and painting," she writes, "especially figure subjects, but to accomplish anything in that direction a thorough course in drawing is necessary, also a certain degree of talent and genius which I soon discovered I did not possess, and rather than be a mere dauber I turned my attention to photography, for by its aid I found I could compose figure compositions, my specialty, without the talent necessary for drawing them."

After a year's apprenticeship with a four by five camera, Miss Clarkson, as is

nearly always the case with good workers, aspired to greater things and procured an outfit, including a six and one-half by eight and one-half camera, with three lenses and a rapid shutter, and an eleven by fourteen enlarging and reducing camera. Miss Clarkson very modestly writes: "One thing I will say which a good many cannot. I have no fault to find with either my apparatus or my materials, so that when anything goes wrong (and mistakes will occur even in the best-regulated families) I know that it lies with myself." Miss Clarkson prints in platinum or on plain salted paper, toned with platinum.

She has received as prizes a Steinheil group lens for best portrait work in a Chatauqua exhibition; seven prize cards from the Postal Photographic club; a bronze medal for superiority of genre work at the exhibition of the Society of Amateur Photographers at the American Institute in 1891, and a diploma for lantern slides at the Boston exhibition, May, 1892.

"The Stillness of Sunset" and the "Farmer's Girl" are representative specimens of Miss Clarkson's work with the camera.

Miss Sarah J. Eddy, of Providence, Rhode Island, a member of the Providence camera club, the Postal Photographic club, and associate member of the Boston camera club, took up photography, not alone for her own amusement, but to give pleasure to others, and has successfully carried out her purpose by the distribution of her photographs among hospitals and charitable institutions.

Miss Eddy does her own printing and is an adept in the use of the beautiful platinotype process. She writes: "I feel that photography is only one of the many modes of expression for artistic feeling and that its possibilities in that direction are very great. I care most for photographs of figures, children and animals especially." Miss Eddy's work was awarded a diploma at Boston last May, and several other prizes have come to her from the Postal Photographic club.

About the only test of excellence applied to photographs, by a large majority of laymen and by a goodly number of less advanced amateurs in photography, is sharpness of focus. While it is needless here to discuss the merits or demerits of the impressionist or fuzzy school, it must be confessed that a photograph or a sign-board upon which the lettering is distinctly visible is less to be commended, artistically, than some skilfully arranged genre picture, although each separate hair of the head may not stand out in relief. In artistic photography there are assuredly factors other than focus, and among these may be cited originality of conception, posing, draping and lighting.

Some of the most beautiful photographs, chosen, through strikingly artistic effect, for

reproduction in the principal photographic magazines, bear the name of Miss Emma Justine Farnsworth, of Albany. The work of Miss Farnsworth has never as yet been exhibited, though upon two occasions, when entering a photographic competition under the auspices of an illustrated newspaper, it has been successful. Miss Farnsworth's specialty is genre and figure studies, and in these difficult branches she has every opportunity to exercise a forte wherein lies her greatest strength, namely posing, lighting, and arrangement of drapery. Her endeavor is to make photography artistic, and her method of work is never to have the sun from behind, an exception to the general rule in photography; by which are attained striking effects—or failures. Miss Farnsworth boldly takes the risk and is



"CUPID," BY MISS FARNSWORTH.

successful. By the use of a large "stop" (a perforated disc of metal, inserted between the lenses, to regulate the amount of light reaching the plate), soul and values are obtained in her camera work and needless sharpness and detail avoided.

Miss Farnsworth is fortunate in possessing friends who fully enter into the spirit of her pictures, and the good use she makes of them as models is evidenced by the photographs, "When the World Was Young," and "Cupid," the latter illustrating a portion of the thirty-fourth ode of Anacreon:

"To Venus quick he runs, he flies:
'Oh, Mother, I am wounded through—
I die with pain, in sooth I do!'"

An artistic training, with a thorough knowledge of technical detail in photography, are united in the person of Miss Frances B. Johnston, of Washington. Miss Johnston, moreover, possesses a facile pen, and her descriptions are as graphic and as spirited as is the camera work which they describe. Miss Johnston's pictures are well known to the readers of the principal magazines and periodicals, and her recent papers on the Mammoth Cave and Through the Coal Country with a Camera, illustrated by photographs, some taken underground, created much favorable comment.

Photography of interiors, one of Miss Johnston's specialties, is a peculiarly difficult branch, and to succeed in it is worthy of all praise. Indoor portraiture, another branch where Miss Johnston has achieved success, is more easily attempted than brought to a favorable conclusion. The portrait of Secretary Noble at work, published in *The Cosmopolitan* some two years ago, was considered a very creditable performance in photography.

Miss Johnston develops her work and prints in silver and in platinum. Her photograph of the interior of "A Class at the Art Students' League," illustrates superior work.

Of her career and methods in photography Miss Johnston writes: "On my graduation I went abroad and for two years was a student in the Paris ateliers, having an ambition to become an illustrator. On my return my interest in art matters was unabated and led me help organize the Art Students' league. I taught there

for a short season, but not enough to deserve mention. About this time I began newspaper illustration, and on the suggestion of a friend invested in a camera. I soon found that I had a big field of work of a character which is in constant demand, and at the request of a well-known magazine I began to write descriptive articles. For nearly a year after I purchased my outfit I knew absolutely nothing of technical photography, and made negatives by the dozen by simply making the exposure and leaving the rest to the trade photographers. While my pictures were successful from the start, I was still quick enough to see that I must understand the details of the work thoroughly. I gradually began to rub off the sharp corners of my inexperience, and my way was made clear when, through the courtesy of the officials at the United States national museum, I was offered a course of instruction in the museum laboratory.

As much of my work has been interiors, I use a rapid plate and a quick developer. My hobby is 'art in photography,' but outside of a study of detail and arrangement in my pictures, I have been enabled to do but very little, even experimentally, in this line, as I have been kept so constantly busy with the work in hand. It is another pet theory with me that there are great possibilities in photography as a profitable and pleasant occupation for women, and I feel that my success helps to demonstrate this, and it is for this reason that I am glad to have other women know of my work. I began to publish my illustrations in 1889, and I feel that I may have a pardonable pride in the way I have extended my work in these short years.

Expression in photography is a branch ventured upon by few, and by fewer still successfully. Miss Cornelia J. Needles, of Philadelphia, a member of the Postal Photographic club, has in her attempts in this particular met with some remarkable results.

Miss Needles' specialty is studies of children, and this branch was taken up after an apprenticeship in the various departments of photographic subjects.

Of photography as applied to children, Miss Needles writes enthusiastically: "What artist," she says, "can improve on a child's own pose or arrangement of



"DAY DREAMS," BY MRS. J. O. WRIGHT.



"TWO SISTERS," BY MISS SLADE.

playthings? Compare with the graceful and much more animated positions of today the stiff, unnatural poses of our own baby portraits taken in the days when to have the arms plastered at the sides, and to be perched in a perilous position on the arm of a chair or a sofa with the 'wait for the bird' expression was the height of the photographer's desire. If mothers knew how much more natural a rumpled dress and disordered curls appear than stiffly starched garments and hair carefully arranged, children would go to the photographer from the nursery direct."

"I believe the day will come," writes Miss Needles, "when a successful field will be open to women photographers making a specialty of nursery pictures taken at home; children at play suggest subjects innumerable which, with home surroundings, must be more highly prized than even the best poses of the gallery."

Miss Needles' flash-light picture, "An Evening Dip" shows how well her theories are put into practice. I trust I violate no confidence by divulging that for the copyright of this photograph Miss Needles has declined a good, round sum

from a prominent firm dealing in soap.

It may not be generally known outside of those immediately interested or actively taking part in amateur photography, that each spring an exhibition of photographs is held, alternately, either in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, under the auspices of the home club, the Society of amateur photographers of New York, the Photographic society of Philadelphia, or the Boston camera club, as the case may be.

The exhibition of last spring, held in Boston, was of peculiar interest, owing to the universally high grade of work there shown by photographers of this country and abroad.

Among women experts distinguished by the judges, a well-earned diploma was awarded to the beautiful sepia and maroon toned genre pictures of Dutch subjects, exhibited by Miss Elizabeth Almy Slade, of New York.

Miss Slade, who was successful at the joint exhibition of 1887, also, was the first woman to be elected a member of the society of amateur photographers of New York. The entire work in photography is done by Miss Slade, and her lantern slides contributed to the International

Lantern Slide exchange have excited great interest, not alone from their artistic merit, but since, through extensive travel abroad, subjects have been selected not afforded to those on this side of the water. Among the most striking is a slide of "The Midnight Sun."

"The artistic side of photography," writes Miss Slade, "especially appeals to me; the technical is only a means to an end. Figure subjects interest me greatly, and the method I have adopted in regard to posing, especially with children, I have found usually successful. I never attempt to force them into a pose; merely tell them to stand or sit near the spot I have chosen for my picture and wait until I am ready to take it. Then I arrange my instrument, and in this process the model becomes interested and forgets his or her self, taking some natural pose which often requires no alteration, and when I see that such a one has been taken, ask that it be kept for a minute, always taking such pictures with as short time exposure as possible."

Miss Slade's range of work in photography covers landscapes, marine and street scenes, including old buildings, interesting from a historical point of view; also the copying of paintings for artists whose criticisms she most highly values. The "Two Sisters" was posed, developed and printed by Miss Slade.

With the camera, as with the gun, the one behind is the principal factor of success.

A good example of what can be achieved in a comparatively short space of time when an innate, artistic sense is combined with a willingness to work is seen in the success of Mrs. James Osborne Wright, of New York.

Mrs. Wright took up photography in January, 1890, having at the start a substantial outfit suitable for photographs five by eight inches in size. As is the case with nearly all ambitious camera-workers, the five by eight gave way to a six and a half by eight and a half, which in its turn yielded to an eight by ten.

In printing Mrs. Wright uses only the



"FEEDING THE CALVES," BY MRS. J. O. WRIGHT.

platinotype "as combining permanence with the highest artistic effect, yielding according to the quality of the negative the sharpness of a line engraving or the softness of a mezzo-tint.

Mrs. Wright so well and so clearly gives her views on artistic photography, including such valuable hints for advanced camera workers, that they are presented in full:

"Being conversant with every phase and condition of nature, and always spending half the year in the country, I much prefer out-door to studio work. Landscapes, if studied with full appreciation of light and shade, peopled with figures to picture current life; animals and plants either as separate studies or combined with scenery, open an endless field to the imagination. After one has reached a certain facility of expressing artistic meaning by photography it is well to have some motive other than the production of mere prettiness for the work.

"I think the illustration of one's favorite books is a motive that many will appreciate. It is nothing new, the illustrating of books of travel by photographs, but the photographs so used are largely

the glazed and changeable silver prints of commerce, bought of a local photographer, which at best look incongruous, inserted in a well-printed book.

"How fascinating, then, when on a trip abroad, to take a good hand-camera, and with a book at hand such as Holmes' One Hundred Days in Europe, Hawthorne's Note Book, or Winter's Shakespeare's England as a guide to photograph what he has described therein. To fall into the author's moods and see as he sees.

"A country history, the historical record of a village, may bring your work nearer home, and if you prefer to rely wholly upon the imagination you may choose a romance and compose groups to illustrate it. Only remember not to try to portray by photography abstract people or ideas, for the effect may be theatrical, but never artistic.

Mrs. Wright is a free lance, belonging to no club. Her exhibit at Boston last spring, among which were some beautiful illustrations to Lowell's poems, was awarded a diploma.

"Sunday Morning," "Feeding the Calves," and "Day Dreams," are specimens of Mrs. Wright's work.



"AN EVENING DIP," BY MISS NEEDLES.

AN ITALIAN CAMPO SANTO.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

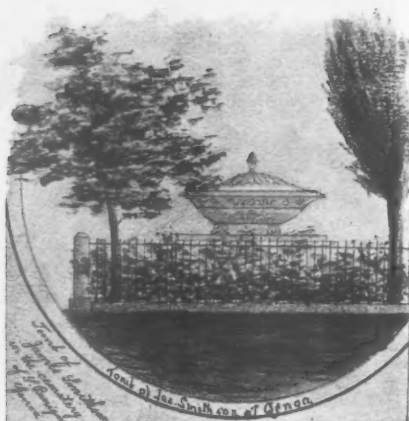
THE Egyptian pyramids, the Roman catacombs and the American mounds, in the tombs on the plains of the Euphrates, and in the midst of the Andes, in Greece and Great Britain, Italy and France, ingenuity has been enlisted, mechanics taxed, art commanded and illustrated ideals transfigured, to express the pride of man, to tell the glory of him; his vanity in works performed; his grief over irreparable losses; his longing to be remembered; that "dust to dust" may not imply the annihilation that is oblivion; his desire that there may be wrought forms of remembrance that shall not perish; his anxiety to associate with himself something material and enduring; his hope in a spiritual intelligence quenchless and lofty and pure as a star.

The highest degree of earthly immortality has been achieved by the Egyptians, and the greatest grace and charm have been identified with Italian sepulchres. The obelisks transferred from the Nile to the Tiber are, in their second service, as memorials of faded ages, the enigmas rather than the records of empires whose lost histories still leave vast outlines that tell shadowy stories of prodigies.

The eloquent author of Rome in the Nineteenth Century says, when the moon beams have shone on the beautiful solitude of the Trinita di Monte he has gazed on the stupendous obelisk pointing to the skies, and thought: "among the works of many there are none more sublime than these; their formation is lost in the earliness of time, and they



BOY AND GIRL AT THE TOMB OF THEIR FATHER.



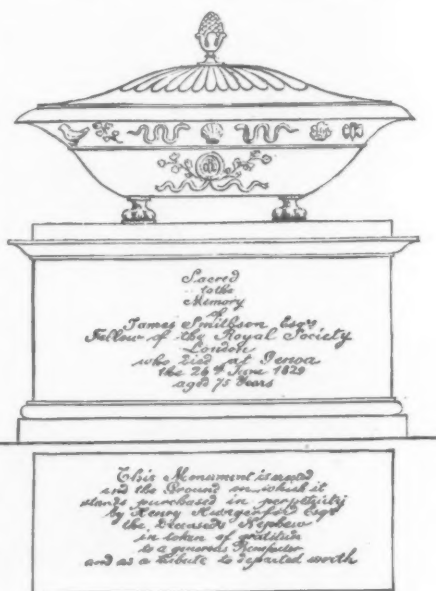
will probably last until time be no more. Formed of the most imperishable of materials, they are fashioned by the being of a day, but they have remained while countless ages have gone down to the dust. They have survived all that mankind deem the most stable—laws, languages, institutions, nations, dynasties, governments and gods. They are the work of a people now no more, the monuments of a religion passed away, and covered with the characters of a language that is forgotten."

When Rome was the world her sepulchres were numerous, conspicuous and splendid. The magnificent roads that led to the imperial city were lined with tombs, and there were wonderful homes of the dead, with long aisles and chapels, and tiers of graves cut in the red volcanic rock, but there is no name certainly identified with a tomb that bears a semblance of its original purpose, from Augustus to Constantine. If there is an exception it is noted in this paragraph of Eustace: "Illustrious persons were allowed tombs in the Campus Martius or its neighborhood, and these monumental edifices at length swelled into superb mausoleums, and became some of the most majestic ornaments of the city. Of these the two principal were the sepulchres of Augustus and of Adrian, and though both belong to the ruins of ancient Rome, yet they still form, even in their shattered and disfigured state, two very conspicuous features in the modern city." The same writer says the mole of Hadrian retains not a trace of its sepulchral destination,

"nor is there one of the thousand mouldering tombs which are scattered over the Campagna that can boast even a name."

There have been rescued recently from the tombs of Egypt kings and priests of ages that were to old Rome periods of ancient history, not merely absolutely identified as the remains of individuals, but with their very features preserved, with manifest characteristics of expression, and of these photography has made a ghastly revelation. The general verdict, however, will be that it would be better to perish as the Cæsars than to survive like the Pharaohs. Better the dignity of undistinguishable ashes than to display withered faces in a museum. At least if "imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay has stopped a hole to keep the wind away," his clay was not identified. It is quite possible one may meet, in the Chicago Fair, the ruler of Egypt who, when in pursuit of Moses, lost his chariot in the Red sea. There is yet time for transfers from the Boulak museum at Cairo to the Oriental department at Chicago.

It was for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels that





the crusades were invoked. In those marvellous romances of history the Italian cities, Venice, Genoa and Pisa took a strangely prominent part, and commercially profited through the fanatical enthusiasm of their people. Northern Italy was filled with the legends, the traditions, the authentic recollection of those times of religious exaltation evolving adventure in the Holy Land, and it was one of the dreams of Columbus to become so opulent through the discoveries of the Indies that he might equip and command christian armies in the conquest of the Holy Land of the East.

The Pisans were fortunate in the aid they gave the crusades, and bore away venerable relics from Jerusalem, of which

they were themselves despoiled. But the treasure they gained, which they regarded hallowed and chiefly prized, was earth from Calvary, with which they burdened a fleet, having transported it over the hills of Palestine and up the Arno, to deposit it in their Campo Santo, that the nobles of the city might moulder in soil that was sacred—and they did so for centuries—but some generations ago further interments were prohibited, as the sanctity of the earth did not prevent it from becoming poisonous. The spot is in the walls that inclose the old burial place behind the cathedral. Over the dark earth wave dismal cypress trees, but no disfiguring monumental stone is distinguished, and the mellow bells of the chime on the famous and lovely leaning tower fill the air with mournful music, and the silver lamp in the cathedral still vibrates on the long cord from the ceiling, as when Galileo studied it, thought of the principle of the pendulum and the majestic movement of the earth, and formed the ideas and made the calculations that introduced him to sorrow and to glory, and at last made the cathedral and the mountains his monuments.

Rome has for 2000 years had celebrity for tombs. Under the high altar in the massive and glittering Church of St. Peter is the Apostles' tomb, and over it a hundred silver lamps are perpetually burning. Whatever else is true, it is on the site of Nero's Circus, where was shed the blood of the Christian martyrs. St. Peter's has, until recently, been the burial place of the pontiffs, and abounds in magnificent sepulchres; but the remains of Pius IX. were not permitted permanent repose within the stately and gorgeous walls, although the last of the English Stuarts sleeps there, "The Chevalier St. George," called "James III."

JACOBUS III.

Mag. Brit. Scotiæ. France et Hib. Rex.
Vixit annos 78, obit 1766.

In the grand old Pantheon, once the temple of all the gods, the one ancient edifice in Rome over which hangs the original roof of stone, the church of all the saints for 1160 years—as it was for all the gods as long—are many tombs, the simplest of them that of Raphael, born



1483, died 1520. In his early youth he heard of the new world beyond the seas. His name, with a few words that poetically tell of his career, is carved on the wall, and that is all. Opposite is the dark bronze coffin, ponderous and splendid, with sword and sceptre and crown and laurel wreath, all grand and impressive, of Victor Emanuel, to whom the Italians lose no opportunity of ascribing the freedom and unity of their country. The tomb of Tasso is in Rome. The pyramidal sepulchre of Caius Cestius, on a basis of ninety feet square and 120 high, once incrustured with white marble, is on the Prati del Popoli Romano, and two sepulchres are nigh; that of Keats—a stone on which is carved a lyre of broken strings, over the epitaph "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The other is the tomb of Shelley, with his name and this:

" Nothing of him that
doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea
change
Into something rare and
strange."

The distinction of Florence in tombs is that of Michael Angelo and of Galileo, though the mausoleum of the dukes of Medici is of gloomy magnificence. The Capello de Depositi was built by Michael Angelo, and the finest tomb represents a man falling to sleep and a woman awakening, while there is the figure of a Lorenzo sitting pensive, his head on his hand, over the marble that contains his dust. Michael Angelo's tomb has this inscription:

Sculptori, Pictori, et Architecto,
Fama omnibus potissima,
Vixit ann. 80.

We read on Galileo's tomb:

Nulli Ætatis suae comparandus,
Obit 1641.

In Westminster abbey, and various churches and cathedrals of England and Ireland, there are evidences that since Christianity and civilization have fashioned shrines and sepulchres, there have been waves of barbarism—periods when the destroyers have been abroad, vengeful and ruthless. In Ireland the story is told that the soldiers of Cromwell took delight in breaking off with the butts of



WIDOW WITH HER SON AT THE TOMB OF HER HUSBAND.

their muskets the noses of figures in the churches, and it is a grewsome thing to find the solemn faces of saints and warriors made grotesque by the loss of the noses, shattered and knocked away with the scandalous violence of rude blows. Even the forms of lovely women have not been spared. Whether the iconoclasts of Cromwell deserve all the evil reputation given them, there should be historical research before the confirmation of public condemnation; but the invasion of stately

temples to mutilate the marbles raised in memory of saints and heroes is not an offence to be lightly forgiven. There is a peculiar atrocity in the annihilation of commemorative art, but the consciousness of an excess in venomous mischief is a fascinating stimulant to a barbarian who masquerades as a civilized creature, and if there is a violation of the sanctity of the grave it is but an inducement to the malevolence of the depravity that would assail the beautiful because of a passion for degradation and deformity.

The American citizen, walking through the southern corridor of St. Paul's in London, pauses thoughtfully and respectfully, if he is not a ruffian, before the marble image, delicately cut, of a strikingly handsome young man who died far away "while doing his duty," when he reads the name of Major General Sir Edward Pakenham, who fell at the battle of New Orleans we still celebrate on the 8th of January. There are many heroic figures in St. Paul's and Westminster that are likenesses, and Nelson and Wellington,



A FIGURE BEFORE A TOMB.

whose dust is entombed in the crypt of the former, are familiar, on foot and on horse-back. Napoleon, in imperial style, again stands on the Column Vendôme, and his face stands forth, weather stained, on the Arch of Triumph, while his remains are in the immense porphyry sarcophagus under the golden dome of the Invalides. We have Washington, colossal and nude, sitting in front of the national Capitol, and a wooden copy of Houdon's statue, made with exact measurement, the reproduction of the size, shape and dress of the Father of his Country, stands in the old hall of the House of Representatives with a strange assemblage of our worthies, several of whom have been the helpless, unavenged victims of artists, ambitious in conception beyond ability of execution.

The grandest sepulchres have been erected for the living rather than the dead. Many morbid ambitions have turned to tomb building, and sought in it recompense for disappointment. We have American millionaires who in the construction of monuments celebrated themselves. The lesson of the nameless memorials that litter the desolate land about Rome is one that might prove

wholesome in its bitterness. We do not have to go far to find how soon we are forgotten, or to ponder deeply to know the boon of forgetfulness. A grave on the Hudson that is one of the most simple, in the little stone that marks and the low hedge that guards it, bears the name of Washington Irving, who rests by his mother's side in the midst of scenes his pen made classical. When the pomp of great cities is no more, still the bright waters and cloudy highlands will tell of him, and the gentle radiance that his genius shed shall lend its magic to the landscape. When Lowell was buried, the low-spreading boughs of a favorite tree were drawn aside and tied with ribbons that the grave might be prepared, and when his form was placed in it the constraint upon the branches was removed, and they swept back to shade and shelter from the gaze of the curious the earth that received him to its bosom. There is something in this, accepting the veil of verdure for the grave, and welcome of the absolute retirement of the clod that was once animate, that has a significance beyond all show, and a pathos no splendor imparts.

While Rome is the city of tombs, and Florence the home and workshop and temple of art, and Pisa has the sacred soil, and Bologna has a throng of sepulchres that have the gift of beauty, it is in Genoa that the most remarkable evidence is found of development in the artistic decoration of graves. The city is in many ways entitled to the name she bears—the Superb. The climate is singularly alluring, soft and brilliant. The mountains that inclose her form a barrier that guards Genoa from the chill of the Alps, and the Mediterranean tempers the airs of distant Spain and Africa. The orange trees glow with green and gold in the winter, and the palms and ferns receive the sunshine and repel the frost. It is to Italy and to southern France that the invalids are sent from the harsh climes of northern Europe—and they often go too late. Here, on one of the old streets nigh the harbor, is the house where Daniel O'Connell died, and a tablet with medallion in the wall by the window where he breathed his last revives recollection of his strenuous life and strong career, so peacefully closing at last on this sunny shore.

On an eminence that commands a charming view is the tomb of Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, a noble monument of one who was himself a mystery, and giving his fortune with a genial trust to do good in a distant land, made his name one of happy relations for all time—a household word in the mouths of the countless millions of a great nation.

The long line of low arches and weather-beaten walls of an aqueduct, bearing the tribute of mountain springs to Genoa, is on one side of a white road leading into the foothills where the Apennines stand back for a little space from the sea, and on the other side a shallow stream sparkles over wide beds of gravel and polished



A MOTHER AT THE TOMB OF HER HUSBAND AND SON.

stones, where the washerwomen toil. After driving for half an hour into the country there is an inclosure of many acres, heavy walls, plain and grim, on the exterior, and within marble halls and colonnades, inclosing a field of graves under a multitude of crosses, and decorated with offerings some of which are quaint in their crude simplicity.

Quickly the unique reputation of the Campo Santo of Genoa is explained, for many of the tombs are marvels of art, and are surprises in beauty and in taste. Beside this, dingy and crowded Westminster abbey becomes as a second-hand store of funeral bric-à-brac; and the things that are curious in startling originality of design are more notable than those that are attractive through delicacy of workmanship. First, one sees that art still lives in Italy; that whatever she has lost, her sculptors are not unworthy their surpassing inheritance of glory. Indeed, art is like the sunshine in the air, and an inspiration for the people from the cradle to the grave.

Here in the palace of the dead the human figures, as always, are of the highest interest, and they alone would declare to the competent observer that in the race whose fathers conquered the old and discovered the new world the vital forces are found still with the "fatal gift of beauty." The marble that is so dexterously and divinely cut is as of the perfect purity of snow new fallen and drifted, and whether it is the cunning of the hand that carves or the daintiness of the material, there is



WIDOWER AT THE TOMB OF HIS LOST WIFE.

in the work an airy grace, and only the clear lines tell that the forms are not conjured out of crystals but chiselled in stone. On one side, the corridor is open to the golden air, on the other walls as of pearl rise to the stainless roof.

There is the sepulchre of a father, and at the door his son is in his arms and weeping, receiving his blessing. They are parting at the gate of the grave. There are children mourning by the tombs of their parents, perfect likenesses, charming attitudes, sorrowful expressions. There are widows and widowers mourning for lost companions, and it is not unknown that men and women

who have found second mates walk where their dead repose, and see themselves in melancholy attitudinizing.

The story is told of a Frenchman—France is far away and affords the needed perspective—that a friend said to him: "I saw you at the funeral of your wife, and sympathized with your grief." "Ah," exclaimed the mourner, "you should have seen me at the tomb—there I was terrible!" It must be with an odd sense of posing in a dramatic situation that a lady, who has buried a husband and figures as a pensive statue at his grave, takes a second man who has had the happiness to win her, and presents herself to him, a statuesque affliction over the dust of the dear departed. More sculptured widows than widowers are found in the Genoese Campo Santo, and the guides who know the ways of the world and the fashion of the times point out those who are dis-

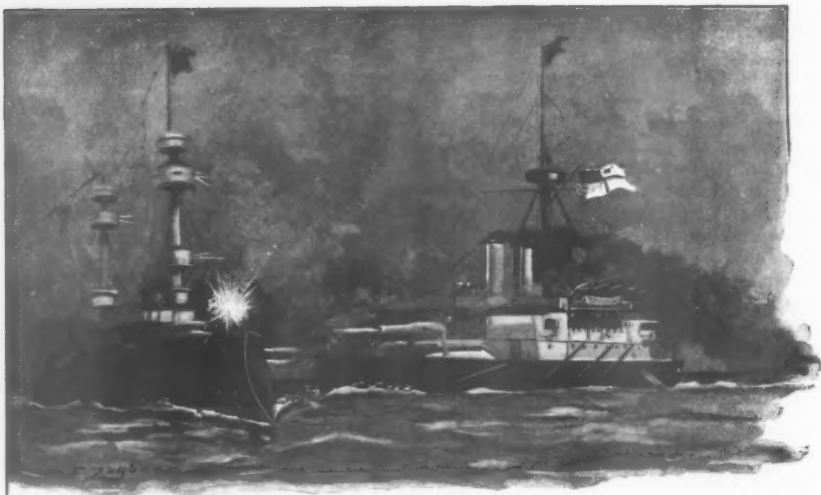
tinguished for harvesting a crop of second affection, and wind up the stories of the survivals of love and repetitions of matrimonial experiment by telling of the streets upon which the originals of the marble mourners reside, with the occupation in which they are engaged, adding anecdotes that are apt, and aid the formation of character that is picturesque. The portraiture of men and women in business clothes the sculptors achieve are only too accurate, having not infrequently the authentic severity of photography; the hardness discoverable in what may be termed, with conventional inaccuracy, the living statuary, disappears in the draperies that seem exquisitely soft, and to sway with the gentle undulations of graceful movement. The flowers are as lilies and pale roses, the laces all of fairy texture. There is a young girl who seems to float over the flowers upon which

she walks, angels robed in mist, women's forms almost undraped, but clothed in a radiance of purity that shields the loveliness that is sacred, from the gaze of the uncouth. There are majestic figures full of nobility, speaking of high courage and generous daring and devotion, and of mournful fate and grievous destiny. One turns away from the Campo Santo of Genoa with a sense of deep experience, touched with sadness, conscious that, though art may be longer than time, and adorns with shapes of humanity and suggestions of divinity the gates of death, it is not art that can ask in triumph, Where is the sting of death and the victory of the grave?

Italy, Europe, Asia, America, the continents and the islands of the sea are graveyards; the earth with all its oceans is a tomb, and there is nothing imperishable except the invisible.



FATHER AND SON PARTING AT THE GATES OF DEATH.



THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY CAPTAIN S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, R.N.

THE successive phases by which we passed, in the creation of an iron-clad fleet, from the Warrior with her four and a half inches of iron-plating to the Alexandra protected by twelve inches of the same material, was accompanied in the turret system by an advance from the seven inches of side-armor given to the Monarch to double that thickness in the Dreadnought.

The increase of weight in ordnance had been no less rapid, from guns throwing a solid round shot of sixty-eight pounds to the thirty-eight-ton gun hurling a projectile of 800 pounds. Such a weapon had, of course, a power of perforation to which the former could lay no claim; but beyond this was the terrible effect of a shell of such enormous size bursting within any portion of the ship. No experience was at hand to gauge the result, but all agreed that if armor would only keep out the shell, the entrance of shot might be viewed with comparative indifference. And to attain this seemed a reasonable expectation. For to give the shell an internal capacity sufficient for a large

bursting charge of powder, its exterior walls cannot be of great thickness. Hence the missile will break up against a hard substance of sufficient thickness to offer strenuous resistance. If the latter is insufficient, the shell will pass through intact. The shot, on the other hand, being nearly solid, holds together and enters the ship, it is true, but without the power afterwards of doing the same damage.

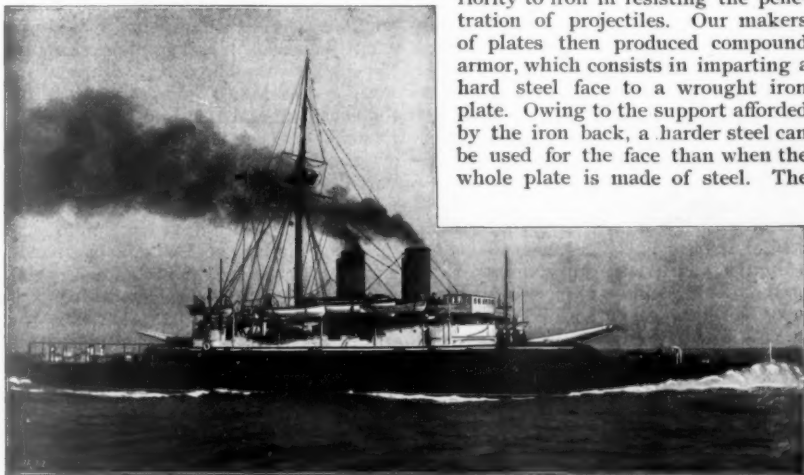
It might be thought that artillerists would have been satisfied with what they had achieved; but they were spurred to fresh exertions, and the construction of a gun weighing eighty tons was the result. This monster was fed with 450 pounds of powder and a bolt of iron weighing 1700 pounds. At 1000 yards it could perforate twenty-two inches of wrought iron. It was evident, therefore, we should have to increase the thickness of our plates, or use some material that offered greater resistance than wrought iron. Both alternatives were adopted. It was decided that in the next ship there should be protection at the water-line of twenty-four inches of iron, in two plates of twelve

inches, with a layer of wood between. But as every square foot of such a coating weighed 1100 pounds, it was no less apparent that any extensive application of it could not be carried out without enormously increasing the size of the ship. Instead of having a complete belt of armor at the water-line, as in previous ships, it was accordingly decided to limit it to the middle part of the side for 110 feet opposite the machinery, so as to keep out the heaviest projectile in this locality. Thus the ends, for a length of 100 feet, were without armor on the side and offered no hindrance to the entrance of shell. But in order to reduce the damage from this cause, and to prevent water which might enter at this part from flooding the ship, a water-tight armored deck was carried to the bow and stern from the termination of the side-armor. The armament consisted of four eighty-ton guns, mounted in pairs in two turrets. These turrets were not placed on the middle-line, as in all former ships of this type, but diagonally across the vessel. This enabled them to occupy less space, and admitted of a shorter citadel, which in its main features was the same as in the Dreadnought. This reduced citadel had to be brought within the limits of the side-armor, so as to give adequate protection to the machinery for loading and directing the guns.

The diagonal position of the turrets would, it was considered, enable the guns in each to be fired right ahead and right astern, as well as on both sides, which is obviously impossible where one turret is directly behind the other. But the advantage is theoretical only, because portions of the ship's structure prevent absolute right ahead or astern fire from both turrets at the same time. The old method is therefore preferred by naval officers.

Such was the *Inflexible*, launched in 1876, and her displacement when completed for sea was 11,500 tons. She appeared to represent the highest development of offensive and defensive power; but the design did not pass without severe criticism. The chief onslaught was made by Sir E. J. Reed, who had been succeeded as chief constructor by Mr. Barnaby. He considered the long, unprotected ends as most objectionable and a source of danger when subjected to a heavy fire. A special committee on the ship, however, reported that the liability had been exaggerated, taking into consideration the chances of a naval action.

I alluded to the necessity of something better than wrought iron to resist the growing energy of the gun. The manufacture of steel had been improving annually, and in some experiments at Spezzia, in 1875, it showed marked superiority to iron in resisting the penetration of projectiles. Our makers of plates then produced compound armor, which consists in imparting a hard steel face to a wrought iron plate. Owing to the support afforded by the iron back, a harder steel can be used for the face than when the whole plate is made of steel. The



RODNEY

latter material, when unsupported in the above way, is liable to break up under heavy blows, so that hitherto we have usually preferred compound armor. It was first used for the turrets of the *Inflexible*. They had sixteen inches of armor, consisting of first a seven-inch iron plate, then a layer of wood, and lastly a compound plate nine inches thick, of which three and a half inches formed the steel face. The displacement of the *Inflexible*, as stated, was 11,500 tons, of which no less than 3500 tons were absorbed by armor and backing. The speed was somewhat less than in the *Dreadnought*, for at that time we considered fourteen knots a useful maximum for battle-ships.

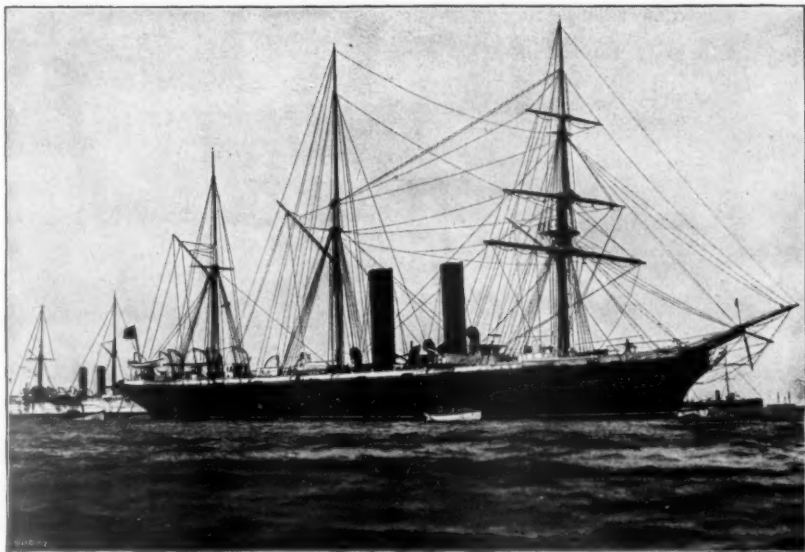
It will be observed that this leviathan—as in such a light was a war-ship of these dimensions viewed only a few years ago—was limited in her armament to four guns of great power. Their ammunition had passed beyond ordinary appliances in handling. Hitherto by means of tackles we had been able to hoist a shot to the muzzle and insert it without difficulty; but for a projectile weighing 1700 pounds some other method was indispensable. We then had recourse to hydraulic loading. This simply consists in utilizing water pressure in a series of pipes, actuating pistons, after the fashion of a *Bramah* press, such pistons being made to hoist the ammunition to the gun and push it home by means of a rammer worked in the same way. The same power is applied to elevate or depress the gun, turn the turret, and, in modern guns, to open or close the breech. By such means not only can the largest ordnance be manipulated with ease, but the number of men employed is much reduced.

The *Inflexible* was one of the vessels employed in the bombardment of the forts at Alexandria; but the damage done by her guns was not in proportion to their power. For such service a greater number of lighter ordnance would have been more effective. On the other hand, she was only struck by two projectiles, both entering the unarmored portion of the hull. Unfortunately, one of them—a ten-inch shot—produced a serious casualty. Penetrating the after-part, it took off both legs of the carpenter, who had gone to shut the door of the captain's pantry; it

then struck an iron bollard and was deflected vertically upwards, when, passing through the deck above, it finally inflicted severe injuries on a lieutenant in charge of some light guns. Both men succumbed to their wounds.

The special weakness of ships whose hulls outside were to such an extent denuded of armor that it might be concentrated in a patch of enormous thickness was not lost upon foreign naval constructors. They saw that, associated with a few heavy guns, there was also a field for lighter ordnance in attacking the unprotected parts. This led to ships being provided with an auxiliary battery of small guns, mounted on the broadside. Nor were their own designs free from the above defect, because, while not—in many cases—removing the armor from the ends, in order to carry the requisite thickness at the water-line, they had been obliged to dispense with it above the belt. Thus a considerable area was left unprotected.

The *Inflexible* principle was followed in four other vessels: the *Colossus*, *Edinburgh*, *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, but with a reduction in armor and armament, so that none of them exceeded 9500 tons. We then adopted a new type known as the *Admiral* class, from their bearing the names of distinguished naval officers. One feature of the preceding designs was adhered to, namely, the limited belt with a thickness of eighteen inches. But compound armor instead of wrought iron was adopted so that it had greater resistance to penetration. The principal armament was disposed in two pear-shaped barbettes—one at each end of the vessel. The difference between the barbette and turret systems is as follows: the turret is a revolving tower with embrasures or ports in the side through which the guns project. Hence only that portion of the guns outside is exposed. The barbette is a fixed tower of less height, and the guns are placed on a turn-table within so as to point over the top of the barbette and revolve in any direction. While therefore all the mechanism connected with loading and movement is protected by the wall of the barbette, the whole of the gun above is more or less exposed to hostile fire. On the other hand, there is a considerable saving of weight, because we dispense with the upper portion of the



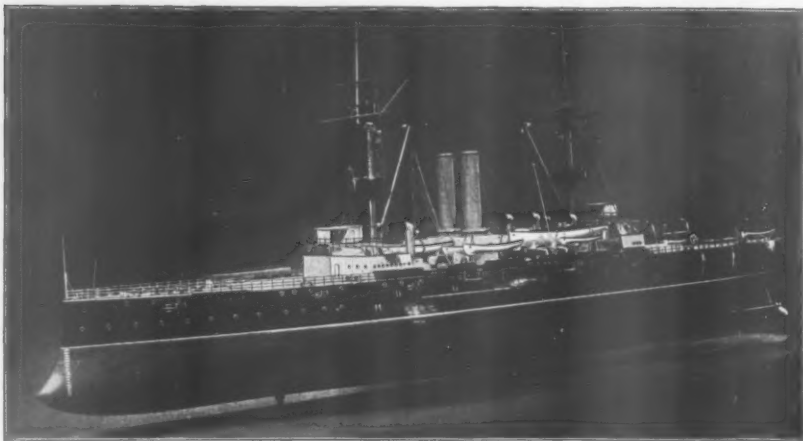
IRIS.

heavily armored wall surrounding the two guns. Each turret of the Inflexible, with its ordnance, weighs 750 tons, and this enormous mass has to be rotated by powerful machinery; whereas the barbette is built into the hull, and only the turn-table carrying the guns is required to revolve. A series of heavy blows might in the former case stop free movement, and so render the guns useless, while the barbette could sustain severe damage without deranging the turn-table. Another great advantage of this system is that it enables the guns to be placed at a greater height above the water, so that their projectiles are not so liable to strike the crests of waves close to the ship; and in bad weather the guns are more efficiently worked.

Of the Admiral class we possess six. They vary in size from 9200 to 10,600 tons. This is chiefly due to the difference in armament. The smallest, the Collingwood, has four forty-five-ton guns; the Anson, Howe, Rodney and Camperdown four sixty-seven-ton guns, and the Benbow two 110-ton guns as the principal ordnance; while in all, the auxiliary battery consists of six-inch guns on the broadside between the barbettes.

In speed and coal stowage these vessels are superior to most of their contemporaries. They can maintain fifteen knots in fairly smooth water, and, with their bunkers full, could steam across the Atlantic and back at ten knots without replenishing their fuel. Their weak point, doubtless, is the extent of unarmored water-line open to the attack of the smallest projectiles. It would have been preferable to give less thickness of armor and to have carried it further along the side. Another defect is the low freeboard forward, which, when steaming against any sea, is quite awash. If all these vessels carried four thirty-ton guns in place of their existing heavy armament it would lighten them about two feet, which would be a great advantage.

A final defect to be noticed in the Admiral class is the entire absence of protection to the auxiliary battery. In action a considerable number of men would be employed within this enclosed space, and shell would play great havoc among them. The idea was that thin armor would, as against heavy shell, rather add to the mischief by offering sufficient resistance to ensure bursting after penetration; whereas no armor might cause free pas-



MODEL OF THE RAMILLIES.

sage through both sides. But on the other hand, thin armor would cause all small shell to burst harmlessly outside, and such projectiles would reach the ship in much greater numbers. That this view appears to be correct, is evident in the design of our two new so-called second-class battle-ships, Centurion and Barfleur. Though of the same displacement as the Benbow, viz., 10,600 tons, and having two barbettes, one at each end, they will carry four twenty-nine-ton guns instead of two 110-ton guns. The auxiliary armament will consist of ten 4.7-inch quick-firing guns—five on each side—but mounted on two decks, to give greater distribution as a safeguard against the effects of shell. Those on the lower tier will be enclosed by stout steel walls, forming a casemate, while those above will work behind thick steel shields. Thus guns and crew will be protected against all light shell. The armor proper will consist of a belt with a maximum thickness of twelve inches, but 200 feet long, out of a total length of ship of 360 feet. Above this belt there is four inches of steel to a height of nine feet. The armor is thus spread over a greater surface, with a reduction of thickness. All guns can be worked by hand, and the number is increased from ten to fourteen. The speed is to be eighteen knots instead of seventeen, and the coal capacity will be about the same as that in the

Benbow. These vessels may be easily designated as first-class cruisers, for they will be coppered and capable of acting in distant waters.

On the same principle, but on a larger scale, are under construction seven out of eight of our new first-class battle-ships: Ramillies, Royal Sovereign, Repulse, Revolution, Revenge, Royal Oak and Empress of India. To obtain increased protection and a more powerful auxiliary armament, the displacement will be 14,150 tons, exceeding by 2000 tons any ship we have yet built. By this addition these ships are able to carry an armored belt 250 feet long with a maximum thickness of eighteen inches. It does not extend the full length of the ship by about sixty feet at each end. To have carried this out would have necessitated less thick armor amidships, which was not considered desirable. This belt is eight and one-half feet broad, of which three feet is above the water-line at load draught. In addition, and above the belt, the broadside is protected with five inches of steel to a height of six and one-half feet, and for a length of 145 feet, thus affording armor protection for nine and one-half feet above the water-line. A three-inch steel deck also extends the whole length of the ship, being carried down just below the water-line at the ends.

The armament consists of four sixty-seven-ton guns carried in two barbettes at

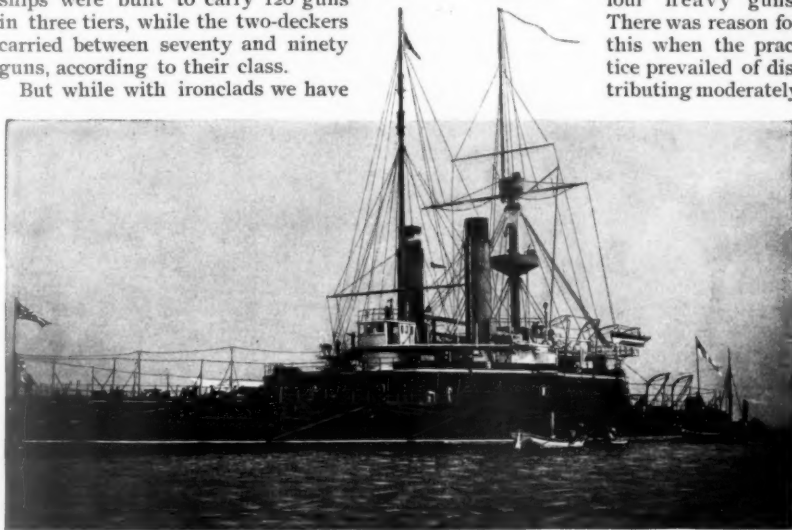
opposite ends of the ship. Between them is placed the auxiliary battery of ten six-inch breech loaders, five on each side. In order to obtain greater dispersion and reduce the effect of hostile shells, these guns are carried on two decks, four below and six above, all being protected by stout steel shields. It is curious to observe in this arrangement an indication of a return to the old two-decker, though more for the purposes of defence than offence. It is obvious that the most powerfully armed ship would lose much of her value without adequate speed to close with an enemy desirous of avoiding a combat. In these vessels machinery is provided to give them an extreme speed of over seventeen knots. This is ample for a battle-ship, though in cruisers a higher speed is desirable.

Taking them all round, the new constructions will be splendid specimens of naval architecture. Each represents, on the day of readiness for service, the expenditure of about a million sterling; and when we consider that their disablement may be produced by a single successful blow from a ram or torpedo we may doubt the wisdom of concentrating so much in a single ship. When the gun alone decided a combat there was reason for developing this arm to the fullest extent, and hence ships were built to carry 120 guns in three tiers, while the two-deckers carried between seventy and ninety guns, according to their class.

But while with ironclads we have

advanced from 9000 to 14,000 tons, the gun power has not increased in the same proportion. The great addition has been chiefly in protection, for, while the *Warrior* carried 1300 tons of armor and backing, the dead weight carried by our new battle-ships will amount to no less than 4500 tons. This is provided to meet the above-water attack, while below the belt no adequate provision can be made to withstand the shock of a powerful torpedo or ram. I should prefer, therefore, greater distribution of force, and though it may be desirable to have a few vessels of exceptional power, the greater number should be of moderate size. It may be put practically in this way. For 120,000 tons of material we may have eight vessels of 15,000 tons, or twelve of 10,000 tons, giving you four more rams and additional torpedoes, though individually each ship is weaker in guns and armor. I imagine most admirals would prefer the numerically larger squadron. But while thus developing the system of mounting guns afloat en barbette, we have not given up our early love, the turret ship. The favor always accorded to the Dreadnought and her sisters led us to seek improvement also in this direction. A defect in that class hitherto had been that the whole of the armament had been comprised in

four heavy guns. There was reason for this when the practice prevailed of distributing moderately



NILE.

thick armor over nearly the whole of the hull, which it required powerful ordnance to pierce. But in concentrating an immense thickness of iron on a small area, to protect the so-called vitals, a large target was uncovered and open to the attack of light guns. Such weapons had then to be provided.

In the Nile and Trafalgar we see the original turret ship with the addition of an auxiliary battery and increased protection. They carry two turrets, as in the Dreadnought, each containing two sixty-seven-ton guns. Between the turrets are placed eight 4.7-inch guns—four on each broadside. The length of ship is 345 feet, out of which at the water-line there is a belt of armor 230 feet long, with a maximum thickness of twenty inches. For 190 feet amidships the armor is carried up to form a citadel, enclosing the bases of the turrets, and on the upper deck above are the 4.7-inch guns. Before and abaft the belt there is a three-inch steel deck extending to the bow and stern. The extreme speed is sixteen knots.

The total displacement of these vessels, with all weights complete, including 900 tons of coal, is 12,500 tons. Of this total no less than 4400 tons are devoted to protective armor and backing, or nearly one-third of the whole weight. This accounts for the comparatively weak armament associated with such dimensions. Though 2000 tons larger than any of the Admiral class, the gun power is not augmented. It may be reasonably advanced that the defence has received undue consideration in the Nile and Trafalgar, and that power to deal heavy blows is as important, if not more so, than the ability to sustain punishment.

As many distinguished officers prefer the turret system to the barbette, one out of the eight new battle-ships of 14,150 tons—the Hood—is being so constructed. That is to say, she will carry her four sixty-seven-ton guns in two turrets, instead of en barbette. In all other respects she will be similar to the other seven vessels. Comparing this latest type to the first of her species—the Monarch—we find an increase in the displacement from 8100 tons to 14,150 tons. Weight of armor and backing carried has advanced from 1600 tons to 4500 tons, while the arma-

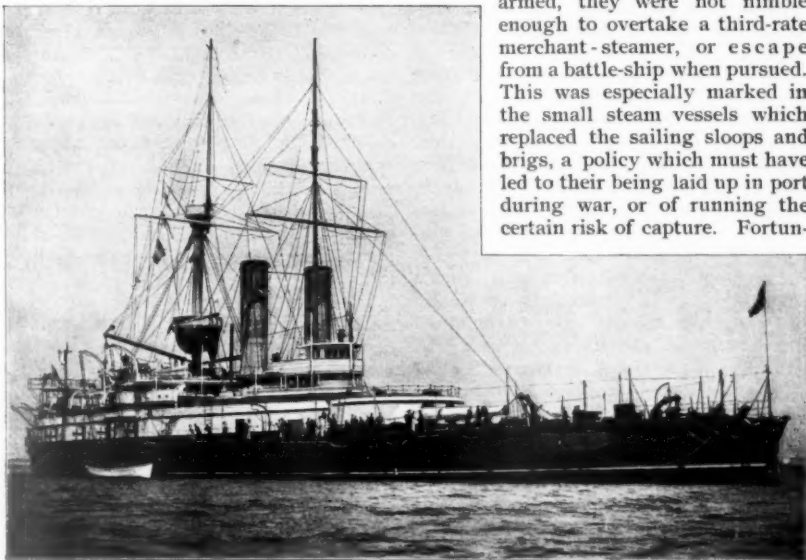
ment, which then consisted of four twenty-five-ton guns, has been replaced by four guns of sixty-seven tons weight, and ten of five tons. One other phase of the turret ship deserves notice. In most of this type it has been considered desirable to mount a pair of heavy guns at each end of the hull, so as to provide adequate stern fire as well as ahead. But at an early stage of ironclad construction it was held that, in view of utilizing the ram at any moment, vessels would ordinarily present their bow to the enemy and fight in this position. If dimensions precluded two turrets, then the one aft should be sacrificed. The single turret forward would endeavor to cripple the foe with its guns, and his discomfiture be then completed by a rush with the ram. This idea was carried out in the Rupert, a small ironclad of 5000 tons. It was repeated in the Conqueror and Hero of 6200 tons, and since extended in two much larger vessels, the Victoria and Sanspareil. These two are of 10,500 tons, and each has a single turret forward, mounting two 110-ton guns. Recognizing, however, that a hostile vessel should not be able to pass across the stern with impunity, a twenty-nine-ton gun has been placed aft, though without the protection a turret affords. A further addition to the armament has been made by giving twelve six-inch guns—six on each broadside. The weight of the turret, with its eighteen inches of armor, 220 tons of ordnance, massive platforms, etc., exceeds 800 tons; so it cannot be elevated a considerable height above the sea. Aft the structure is more lofty and provides roomy accommodation for the officers. The appearance of these vessels has been likened to a half-boot, and the description is not inaccurate—especially as regards the Conqueror and Hero, which are short and carry a lofty superstructure aft.

Though battle-ships form the first line of maritime power, they must be supplemented with other types, possessing different attributes. Scouting for the enemy's squadrons, the protection and destruction of commerce, and conveying information of an important nature, are a few of the duties which devolve upon what are now termed cruisers. They have replaced the frigates and sloops of former times. Blockade of a port was usually maintained by the vigilance of such ves-

sels. Their superior sailing qualities enabled them to keep close in and note any movement on the part of the enemy, of which speedy intelligence was conveyed to the line-of-battle ships, perhaps ten or twenty miles out at sea. The superior sailing qualities of the frigates enabled them to retain their station; for if a strong force came out to drive them off they ran out to sea, but returned when pursuit was given up. This pursuit, in fact, soon came to an end, because the enemy knew that if carried too far he might be cut off by the heavier ships beyond. For a frigate to attack a line-of-battle ship was recognized as hopeless, and never at-

two-decker. This should be remembered by those who think a number of cruisers would be equal in power to a few battle-ships.

When steam frigates were constructed, we did not in all cases strive to maintain with the new motive power that superiority in speed over the battle-ships which gave to the old frigates their chief value. Hampered by former traditions, we clung to a form of construction which gave us an excellent type of vessel for the ordinary duties of a naval force during peace, but which, owing to a deficiency of speed under steam, would have been of little value in time of war. Though well armed, they were not nimble enough to overtake a third-rate merchant- steamer, or escape from a battle-ship when pursued. This was especially marked in the small steam vessels which replaced the sailing sloops and brigs, a policy which must have led to their being laid up in port during war, or of running the certain risk of capture. Fortun-



SANS-PAREIL.

tempted. Some of our enterprising captains used to think that two frigates, working together, could overcome such an antagonist. But it was not generally admitted, and it is recorded that Hardy—Nelson's able flag-captain—said to Parker, who commanded the Amazon frigate: "You and Capel have often talked of your attacking a French line-of-battle ship with two frigates. Now, after I have been at Trafalgar, I am satisfied it would be mere folly, and ought never to succeed." On more than one occasion a frigate had been sunk by a single broadside from a

ately, of late years, we have recognized the necessity of high speed under steam in all cruisers, and now possess a large number capable of maintaining sixteen knots an hour and upwards.

The principle was first carried out in the *Iris* and *Mercury*, built in 1877 and 1878. They are despatch vessels of 3700 tons, with a speed of eighteen knots. As speed was the chief consideration, the armament given was light; and no weight was devoted to armor protection. Thus constituted, they are admirably adapted for scouting with a fleet.

The different types of cruisers to be found in the English fleet may be summarized as follows :

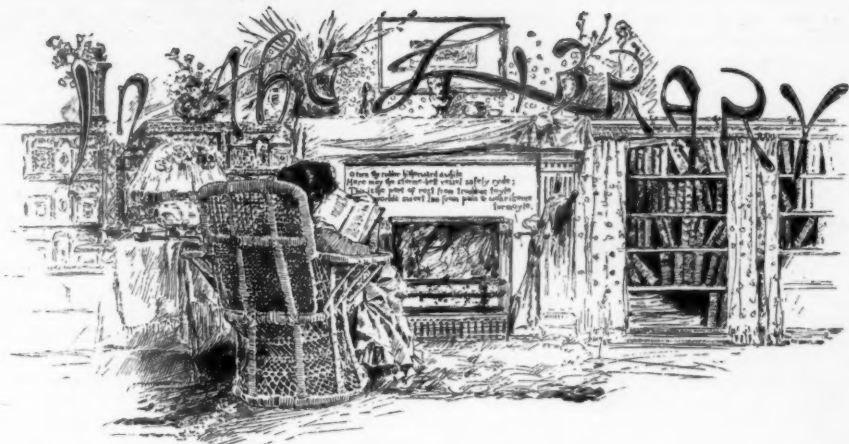
Cruisers of the first class, either armored or protected, varying in size from 5000 to 9000 tons. The armored or belted cruisers are not numerous. They comprise the *Imperieuse* and *Warspite* of 8400 tons, with a limited streak of armor ten inches thick at the water-line, and carry as a principal armament four twenty-two-ton guns in separate positions. Then come six vessels of 5600 tons. They also have a partial belt of ten inches, and carry two twenty-two-ton guns, in addition to an auxiliary battery of six-inch guns amidships. Since their construction the tendency has been to give up the external armor, and rely wholly on protection within the hull in the form of a stout steel deck. In the fullest extent this principle is seen in our two latest and largest cruisers, the *Blake* and *Blenheim*. With a displacement of 9000 tons, they carry no outside armor, but all of what are termed the vitals, such as flotation, machinery and steering apparatus, are covered by a steel deck, the sides of which slope down to the water-line and are six inches thick. The great increase in size of these ships is mainly due to the much more powerful machinery necessary to give the high speed of twenty knots, which it is hoped these two cruisers may be able to maintain.

Of this type, but diminishing in size to meet the various demands which our extended interests require, are all the cruisers building under the Naval Defense Act. Though numerous, it cannot be said their completion will render us secure. A standard which may answer in comparing

battle-ships with other nations would be dangerous to apply to cruisers. In the old wars between 1793 and 1815, about 1000 French privateers were captured by British cruisers. But during the same period about 10,000 letters of marque were issued by our government. That is to say, we had ten ships scouring the seas for every privateer we succeeded in capturing. Therefore, in my opinion, taking the number of cruisers possessed by the next most powerful maritime nation we should, to feel secure, have ten times as many.

Such a computation, moreover, does not take into consideration a hostile combination of two states. In 1783 we had only 112 ships of line against the 130 possessed by France and Spain. Peace was made, and in defending it Pitt urged the danger of losing Jamaica, and added, "a defensive war can only end in inevitable defeat." But important as an adequate number of ships undoubtedly is, even more essential are proficient crews. Such a lesson was taught us in the war of 1812, so impartially and, in the main, accurately narrated by Roosevelt. We had neglected gunnery—only a few captains took any interest in exercising their ordnance. Such a man as Broke was an exception, and he is remembered by us as the first to fit sights to his guns. The consequence was defeat when we met crews equally brave and better trained. Fortunately the lesson was not thrown away. Practice with great and small guns is now unremittingly carried out in our navy, and as the weapons have grown in complication, so we have found the intelligence and skill of our seamen improve in like ratio.





CERVANTES, ZOLA, KIPLING & CO.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE, one of the most discriminating and inconsequent of essayists, has suggested that criticism at its best is little more than a recital of the adventures of the critic's mind in contact with masterpieces. Perhaps one reason why criticism is so infrequently at its best is that the critic's mind is in contact with masterpieces less often than it might be. It is with the writings of his contemporaries that the critic has to deal for the most part; and how few of any man's contemporaries are masters? It is only by returning resolutely again and again to the masterpieces of the past that a critic is able to sustain his standard—to prevent his taste from sinking to the level of the average of contemporary writing.

And this return, always its own reward, is not without its own surprises. Either the accepted work is worthy of its high repute—and then there is the pleasure of expounding it afresh to a new generation and of showing its fitness to modern conditions despite its age—or else it is unworthy and lacks true durability—and then there is the sad duty of explaining how it deserved its fame once, and why it is now outworn. To one critic it happened last summer to be reading *Don Quixote* (in Mr.

Ormsby's nervous and satisfactory translation), when he received, by the same post, the *Débâcle* of M. Emile Zola, and the *Naulahka* of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the late Wolcott Balestier; and when he had made an end of the perusal of these three books—the novel of the Spaniard, the novel of the Frenchman, and the novel of the Englishman and the American, it occurred to him that he had in them material for a literary comparison not without a certain piquancy. To criticize these three books adequately would permit the writing of the history of fiction during the past three centuries; it would authorize a thorough discussion of the principles of the novelist's art, as these have been developed by the many mighty story-tellers who lived after Cervantes and before M. Zola.

For a siege as formidable as this I have not the critical apparatus, even if I had the desire. The most that I can do here is to set down honestly and frankly a few of my impressions as I read in turn these three novels, strangely consorted and sharply contrasting. To sum up the merits of M. Zola's book is easy; and it is not hard to form and to formulate an opinion about the Indo-American tale of the two young collaborators; but the

great work of Cervantes is not so lightly disposed of. The danger of any effort to record the adventures of the critic's mind in contact with a masterpiece like *Don Quixote* is that it is exceedingly difficult for the critic to be frank with himself or honest with his readers. His mind does not come squarely in contact with the masterpiece; it is warded off by the cloud of commentators with whom every masterpiece is encompassed about. He can read only through the spectacles of the countless critics who have preceded him. He knows what he ought to think about *Don Quixote*, and this makes it almost impossible for him to think for himself as he ought.

For the critic in search of mental adventures, it is a safeguard to have a hearty distrust of philosophic criticism, so-called—to have a profound disbelief in the allegorical interpretation of simple stories. Cervantes was like all the other great makers of fiction in that he wrote first to amuse himself and to relieve himself and only secondarily to amuse his readers, to move them, to instruct them even.

"There is no mighty purpose in this book," is a proper motto for the title page of most of the masterpieces in which philosophical criticism sees a myriad of mighty purposes and which were written easily and carelessly, and with no intention of creating a masterpiece, and with scarcely a thought of the message which the world has since deciphered between the lines. "He builded better than he knew" is true of most great writers; perhaps it is not wholly true of Dante and of Milton, who were conscious artists always, and careful; but it is absolutely true of Shakespeare and of Cervantes. In their pages we find many a moral which would surprise them; and into their words we are forever reading meanings of our own of which they had never a suspicion. That Hamlet and *Don Quixote* yield up to us today meanings and morals their straightforward authors never intended, is perhaps the best possible evidence that Hamlet and *Don Quixote* are masterpieces. The work of art which has only the meaning and the moral its maker intended, is likely to be thin and barren.

The author of Hamlet was like his close contemporary, the author of *Don Quixote*, in that he thought less apparently of the

great work which has survived in the affections of the world for two centuries and a half, than he thought of his other writings, now recalled chiefly because they are due to the pen which gave us also the masterpieces. Obviously, Cervantes did not read the proof of *Don Quixote*, the first editions of which abound in printer's errors, almost as many and as serious as those which mar the first folio of Shakespeare. It would be easy to maintain the assertion that Cervantes set as little store by *Don Quixote* as Shakespeare did by Hamlet and its fellows, the great Spaniard esteeming more highly his plays and his poems, just as Shakespeare seems to have cherished rather his poetry than his plays, each man holding lightly that which he had wrought most readily and with least effort.

Indeed the carelessness with which Cervantes has treated his masterpiece is one of the first things to strike a critic who reads the seventeenth century story with nineteenth century fastidiousness. Conscious of the temerity of my opinion, and aware of the awful fate which may befall me for declaring it, I venture to suggest that the art of fiction is a finer art today than it was when *Don Quixote* was written. In the whole history of story-telling there is no greater name than the name of Cervantes; but it would be a painful reflection on progress if the efforts of successive generations of novelists—however inferior to him any one of these might be—had not put the art forward. The writers of fiction nowadays are scrupulous where Cervantes was reckless; they take thought where he gave none. Merely in the mechanism of plot, in the joinery of incident, in the craftsmanship of story telling, *Don Quixote* is indisputably less skilful than M. Zola's *Débâcle*, or the Kipling-Balestier *Naulahka*—however inferior these may be in more vital points.

Consider for a moment the awkward pretence of a translation from the manuscript of the Moor, Hamet Benengeli, as needless as it is ill-sustained. Consider the frank artlessness of the narrative with its irrelevant tales injected into the manuscript merely because Cervantes happened to have them on hand. Consider the many anachronisms and inconsistencies which Cervantes troubled himself

about quite as little as Shakespeare thought or cared whether or not Bohemia was a desert country by the sea. Consider the extraordinary series of coincidences which brought together at the inn four marvelously beautiful women, when the captive met his brother and Cardenio recovered Luscinda, all of which is improbable to the vanishing point and all of which, worse yet, has nothing whatever to do with the true subject of the story. Considering all these slovenlinesses, it is impossible not to wonder whether the art of fiction did not retrograde with Cervantes, for both Boccaccio and Chaucer had attained vigor and suppleness in narrative; their tales were naïf, no doubt, and direct, but they were always artfully composed and presented. To this day the *Decameron* and the *Canterbury Tales* are models of simple story telling. Great as are his other qualities, Cervantes, merely as a teller of tales, is as inferior to Boccaccio and to Chaucer, as he is superior to Rabelais.

It is in its humanity, in its presentation of men and women, in its character-drawing, as the modern phrase is, that the story of Cervantes excels all the stories of Boccaccio, of Chaucer and of Rabelais. Alongside the gigantic figure of the Knight of La Mancha, what are the characters in the brilliant little comedies of Chaucer and of Boccaccio but thumb-nail sketches? What are Gargantua and Panurge but broad caricatures, when compared with the delicately limned Don Quixote? Where, before, had any one put into fiction so much of our everyday humanity? And what, after all, do we seek in a novel, if it is not human nature? To catch mankind in the act, as it were; to surprise the secrets of character and to show its springs; to get into literature the very trick of life itself; to display the variety of human existence, its richness, its breadth, its intensity; to do these things with unforced humor, with unfailing good-humor, with good-will toward all men, with tolerance, with benignity, with loving-kindness—this is what no writer of fiction had done before Cervantes wrote Don Quixote, and this is what no writer of fiction has ever done better than Cervantes did it when he wrote Don Quixote.

Chaucer is shrewd and kindly at once,

but even he lacks the commingled benevolence and worldly wisdom of Cervantes. The characters of the *Canterbury Tales* have a sharper outline than the more softly rounded figures with whom Don Quixote is associated. Chaucer had a full share of the milk of human kindness, but there is the very cream of it in Cervantes. Perhaps there is no better test of the greatness of a humorist than this—that his humor has no curdling acidity. It is easy to amuse when there is a willingness to wound wantonly; and Swift, though he may laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair, does not fill that huge throne, because he has the pettiness of brutality. Gulliver is inferior to Gargantua in that the author of the former hated humanity, while the author of the latter loved his fellow-man, and took life easily and was happy.

Cervantes was not a merry man and he had a hard life and he wrote his great book in prison, but there is no discontent in Don Quixote. There is a wholesome philosophy in it and a willingness to make the best of the world, a world which is not so bad after all. Don Quixote is a very long book, not so long as *Amadis of Gaul*, or as the romances of *Mademoiselle de Scudery*, or as the *Three Musketeers* with its tail of sequels, but longer even than *Daniel Deronda* and than *Robert Elsmere*; it is very long and it is crowded with characters, but among all these people there is no one man or woman whom we hate—there is no one whom the author despises or insults. Cervantes is not severe with the children of his brain; he loves them all—he treats them all with the toleration which comes of perfect understanding. Here, indeed, is the quality in which he is most modern, in which he is still unsurpassable. Fielding caught it from him; and Thackeray, who borrowed so many things from Fielding and so much, did not take over this also, or he could never have pursued and run down and harried Becky Sharp as he did.

Just as Fielding began Joseph Andrews merely to guy Richardson's virtuous Pamela, and just as he ended by falling in love with his own handiwork and by giving us the exquisite portrait of Parson Adams, so Cervantes, intending at first little more than to break a lance with the knights of romance, came to respect his

own work more and more, and to treat Don Quixote with increasing courtesy. Much of the first part is horse-play, fun of the most robust sort. The humor of physical misadventure is rarely refined, and it takes a stout stomach to relish some of Don Quixote's earlier misfortunes. Even in the Second Part, the practical joke of the belled cats may fairly be called cruel, and it is altogether unworthy of the hero. Perhaps this is nineteenth century hypercriticism, but Cervantes is to blame if he has presented to us a character so lovable that we revolt when anyone takes an unfair advantage of him.

We do not resent the indignities which befall Sancho, for he has a tough hide and a stout heart and a mouth full of proverbs for his own consolation. Yet, in his way, the worthy squire is as lovable as the honorable knight he served. Just as Sam Weller (who made the success of the Pickwick Papers) was an afterthought, so was Sancho, who owed his being apparently to the chance remark of the Landlord, that a knight should be attended by a squire. Nothing reveals the genius of Cervantes more plainly than the development of Sancho Panza, who was at first only a clown, nothing but a droll, a variant of the gracioso or low comedian accompanying the hero of every Spanish comedy. By degrees he is elevated from a mere mask into an actual man, the mouthpiece of our common humanity. The lofty Knight of La Mancha, with his impossible aspirations, may be taken as a personification of the soul, while Sancho is the body—of the earth, earthy, and having his feet on the ground firmly. "There is a moral in Don Quixote," said Lowell, "and a very profound one, whether Cervantes consciously put it there or not, and it is this: That whoever quarrels with the nature of things, wittingly or unwittingly, is certain to get the worst of it." Sancho had never a quarrel with the nature of things.

Lowell also reminded us that "Cervantes is the father of the modern novel, in so far as it has become a study and delineation of character, instead of being a narrative seeking to interest by situation and incident." Don Quixote is one of the most original of stories; it had no predecessors of its kind, and it evolved

itself by the spontaneous generation of genius. But its posterity is as ample as its ancestry was meagre. When we see Fielding's Parson Adams, or Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose, or Scott's Antiquary, we see children of Don Quixote. When we follow Mr. Pickwick in his foolish wanderings, when we listen to Tartarin of Tarascon telling of the lions he has slain, when we hear Col. Carter of Cartersville urging the desire of the Garden Spot of Virginia for an outlet to the sea, we have before us the progeny of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. The make-believe of Tom Sawyer in trying to get Jim out of prison in full accordance with the authorities, recalls Don Quixote's going mad in imitation of Orlando; and in the pages of an earlier American humorist than Mark Twain, in Irving's Knickerbocker, there is more than a hint of the manner of Cervantes. As Lowell puts it sharply, "the pedigrees of books are as interesting and instructive as those of men."

If Cervantes was the father of the modern novel, we may wonder what he would think of some of his great-great-grandchildren. What, for example, would be his opinion of the Naulahka, written by a Londoner who has been East and by a New Yorker who had been West? Cervantes grew to manhood with the sons of the Conquistadores, with the men of iron who had won for Spain the golden lands of Mexico and Peru; would he have foregathered with the Argonauts of Forty-Nine? A scant half-century before his birth the Portuguese had pushed their way around Africa in search of Golconda and Cathay; would he have been interested by this story of the West and the East?

Of one thing, indeed, we may fairly be certain—that Cervantes would not have been at all surprised by the manner of the Naulahka, for it is a tale of a kind he was abundantly familiar with. It is a story of a sort older by far than Don Quixote; it is a story, in fact, of the sort that Don Quixote was written to satirize. In the new tale we have new dresses, of course, and new scenery and new properties, but the tale itself is the old, old story of the hero in search of adventures; it is the tale of the hero always on the brink of death, but bearing a charmed life; it is

the tale of the hero skilled in all manner of sports, expert with all manner of weapons, fertile in resource and prompt in decision; it is the tale, in short, of the bravura hero of concert-pitch romance. What is Tarvin of Topaz but Amadis of Gaul? What is the Crichton of Colorado but Palmerin of England, with all the modern improvements? What is he but Belianis of Greece, brought down to date?

The death-dealing and unkillable Tarvin may also be called a Yankee d'Artagnan. Like the Gascon hero, he goes in search of jewels of great price; but he is a nobler hero even than Dumas's, for he is alone, while the three musketeers were always four. Tarvin, indeed, is the very acme of heroes, than which there can be no man more accomplished and versatile—not even Mr. Barnes of New York, or Mr. Potter of Texas. He is a real-estate boomer and an engineer; he has been a broncho-breaker and a telegraph operator; he is a dead-shot with a revolver, hitting a half dollar spun in the air while keeping an easy seat on a bucking horse.

The main adventure in which the heroic Tarvin is engaged is simply childish; the word need not be taken as a reproach—I merely mean that it is a thing to be told to amuse children. It is what the French call a *conte à dormir debout*. Like most of the romantic fiction of this late day, the Naulahka reveals rather invention than imagination. It is ingeniously constructed; it has not a little of the cleverness its authors have shown in other work; it has passages of beauty; it gives the reader moments of excitement; it is lighted now and again by flashes of insight; and, as a whole, it is a hollow disappointment.

And the reason is not far to seek. It is because romance of this sort is not what either of the collaborators did best. It is because neither Mr. Kipling nor his brother-in-law could put his whole strength into so hopeless a make-believe. Balestier was a realist; beyond all question, the man who wrote *Reffey* was a realist, with the imagination a true realist needs more than the ordinary romanticist. Mr. Kipling is sometimes a realist and sometimes an idealist; he is a humorist often, and, when he is at his best, he is a poet also. Why did two such men join forces in a

vain effort to pump the breath of life into a disestablished idol?

Of course the Naulahka is not without touches of character worthy of the author of *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*, although there is little or nothing in it really worthy of the author of *The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows* and of *Without Benefit of Clergy*. The gipsy queen is a fine conception, and her son is a live child, and the heir apparent is also a human being; all of these ring true. And here and there in the Indian chapters of the story are other evidences of Mr. Kipling's robust talent, of his knack of the unhackneyed epithet, of his power of revealing character as by a lightning flash. Perhaps it is due to the milder influence of his collaborator that there is in the Naulahka less of the bluster, of the swagger, of the precocious knowingness which made some of the Plain Tales from the Hills offensive in the eyes of those who do not like a style made up wholly of the primary colors. There is less also of the violence which was the key-note of *The Light that Failed*; and Mr. Kipling is no longer looking for effects, immediate, obvious and barbaric—like the architecture of the India his stories give us so strong a desire not to visit.

While *The Naulahka* is, as I have said, the kind of a story which was popular a full century before *Don Quixote* was written, *La Débâcle* is the kind of a story which has come into fashion two and a half centuries after *Don Quixote* first appeared. If Cervantes would find himself at home in reading the adventures of Tarvin of Topaz, what would he think of M. Zola's solidly built and broadly painted panorama of the Second Empire's catastrophe? Perhaps, as an old soldier, as one who had fought at Lepanto, Cervantes would be most impressed by the sustained force of M. Zola's battlepieces, than which there are none more vigorous in all fiction. Not Stendahl's Waterloo, not Victor Hugo's, not Thackeray's—done by indirection, but all the more moving for that—not Tolstoi's *Sebastapol* even, gives the reader so vivid a realization of the waste of war, of its destructiveness, of the weariness of it and the hunger, of the horrors of every kind which are inevitable and necessary, and which M. Zola makes us feel

more keenly than Callot could or Verest-chagin.

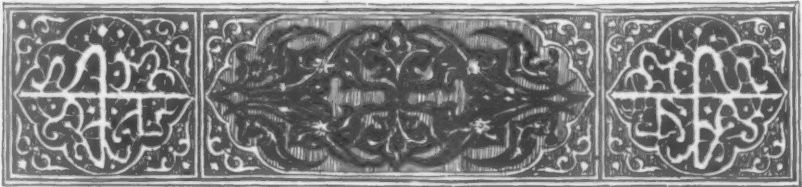
There is in *La Débâcle* little of the realism M. Zola has praised, little or nothing of the naturalism he has proclaimed; there is an epic simplicity, a mighty movement, a cyclopean architecture, not to be found in the work of any other novelist in all the luminous list of names since Cervantes. We have here no miniature portraits of dandy soldiers; we have no mere genre painting of troops in picturesque attitudes; we have rather a series of masterly frescoes, brushed in boldly with a broad sweep of the arm, without hesitancy, with the consciousness of strength. M. Zola has M. Taine's faculty of accumulating typical details; he has the same power of handling immense masses of facts and of compelling each into its proper place; and never has he used this faculty and this power to better advantage than in *La Débâcle*—not even in *Germinal*.

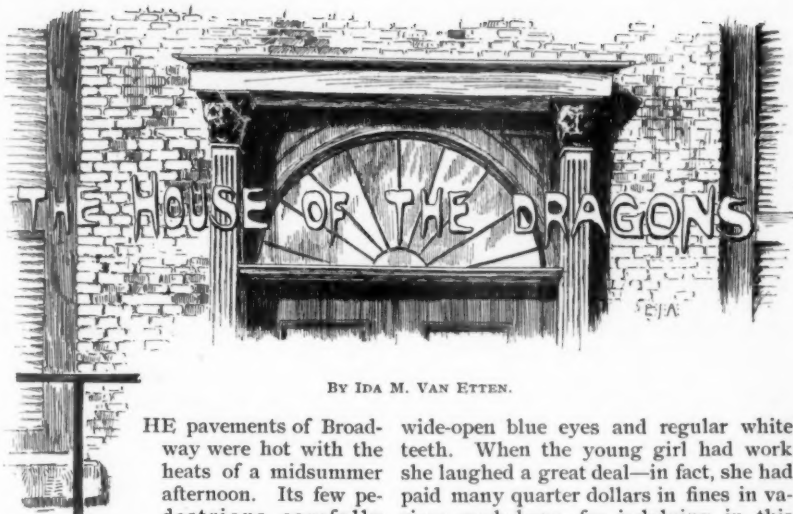
The story is far too long; it has two hundred pages too many; it is extended to include the last wild struggle of the Commune; it grows wearisome at last; but what a splendid succession of pictures is presented to us before we feel the first fatigue! We are made to see the incredible mismanagement of the imperial army, due to mingled knavery and incompetence; we are shown the complete collapse of the French commissariat and ordnance department; we are made spectators of the moral disintegration of impending defeat as the French were shut in by the inexorable iron ring of the Germans; we have brought before us the whole helpless empire, from the invalid monarch down to the privates and the peasants.

The unending passage of the Prussian artillery through the village by night at a hard gallop; the sudden vision, in the midst of the battle, of a peasant plowing peacefully, in a hidden hollow—repeated

again when the fight is over; the execution of Weiss under the eyes of his wife, after a defence of his house, which is a realization in words of *The Last Cartridge*; the ghastly group of the dead Zouaves carousing; the frantic charge of the riderless horses across the silent battlefield—the assassination of Goliath in the presence of his child; these are things which cling to the memory obstinately. These are scenes also which Cervantes would appreciate as he would appreciate the massive structure of *La Débâcle* when compared with the haphazard incidents and the hesitating plot of *Don Quixote*.

What Cervantes would most miss in M. Zola's book would be joyousness and humor. M. Zola has no humor, either positive or negative—positive which breaks in upon the seriousness of the reader, or negative which prevents the author from taking himself too seriously. M. Zola has little joy in life, although he has softened of late. Once he saw all mankind darkly, as though he hated humanity or despised it; and the characters in his novels were etched by the acid of his malice. Now he uses a gentler crayon and he sketches with suaver outlines; he is not unfair even toward the Germans. There are in *La Débâcle*, men and women we can like—although there is no one to love as we love *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*. Brutal is what M. Zola used to be, brutal and dirty. He is not brutal now and he is less dirty. He is still fond of foul words and there are half a dozen of them repeated again and again in *La Débâcle*. But as a whole, the story is surprisingly clean. There is nothing in it to shock Cervantes, certainly, for he too could be plain-spoken at times,—quite as plain-spoken as M. Zola. But whatever his speech, however frank and hearty, however exactly he reproduces the vocabulary of the common people, the mind of Cervantes was always clean, pure, lofty.





BY IDA M. VAN ETEN.

THE pavements of Broadway were hot with the heats of a midsummer afternoon. Its few pedestrians carefully picked their way along in the shadows of its tall buildings, darting hurriedly across the white patches of sunshine that lay between each block; they were, most of them, hurrying to catch the boats or trains for the country or seaside—for it was four o'clock and the business of the day was nearly done.

In the hallway of one of these buildings, on the lowest step of a long stairway, sat a pretty young girl, of not more than sixteen years and slight for her age. She had been looking for work since the early morning. Up and down long, dark stairways, in and out of offices, and all in vain—she could not sell her labor at any price, for it was the dullest period of the dull season in New York, and she had been out of work for three weeks. She had worked last on children's shirt waists and now the market was supplied and the children away in the country: she must find other employment. It was a tired, limp little figure that sat there so listlessly, dressed in a pink and white gingham dress; the jaunty straw hat, so smart in the beginning of the summer, was weather-beaten now: its trimming of red roses was faded and dusty; a pair of scissors, her trade mark, hung by a ribbon from her neck.

Mary Grew had a pretty face, with

wide-open blue eyes and regular white teeth. When the young girl had work she laughed a great deal—in fact, she had paid many quarter dollars in fines in various workshops, for indulging in this forbidden luxury. But there was no suspicion of laughing now; instead, there was a pitiful droop to her mouth and a tired, hopeless look in her blue eyes, for she was almost despairing, and despair is not a pleasant or a suitable companion for a young girl.

Mary had gone to work when she was nine years old, and for over six years now had worked successively at dressmaking, neckties, embroidery, gloves and a variety of trades which minister to the fashion or luxury of a large city. Her father and mother had both died in the weary struggle for existence, and she now lived in an Avenue A tenement-house, with an aunt, a woman not naturally hard-hearted or unfeeling, but who had been made both by the conditions under which she lived—a family of five children and a husband who was usually drunk or out of work, living crowded together in two rooms in a tenement-house on Avenue A. It was always a doubtful question whether she would be able to fill the hungry mouths of her own little ones, and she therefore bitterly resented Mary's long idleness, during which she had been unable to pay anything into the family treasury. Every morning, for the past week, her parting words to Mary had been, not to come back, if she didn't find work. This morn-

ing she had been more bitter in her reproaches than usual, for her husband had lost his job the night before.

Mary had been accustomed all her life to hardships and harsh words and the dreariness of tenement-house life, and she was not over-sensitive nor faint-hearted, but somehow these seemed rather hard lines even for her, and as she sat there, dreading to go home, she wondered, in a vague sort of way, what would happen if she should be unable to find anything to do.

The loud street-calls and the rumble of countless wheels hurt her head and she wrung her little hands together as she said:

"I can not go home and tell Aunt Mary again that I have not found any work. I know how to do so many things; I wish someone wanted me. It was funny that the shirt waists did not last longer; but then we worked so fast and so long—often until long after six o'clock—or we might have had work all summer."

Sometimes in the crowd she caught sight of a kind face, and the thought came into her mind to speak and ask them if they knew of anyone who would give her work. But every one hurried on so fast and seemed so busy with their thoughts, that she had not the courage.

The shadows of the huge buildings grew longer and stretched across the street and fell upon the opposite side; crowds of men, women, young girls and children came pouring down, in a living stream, from the lofts of great manufacturing establishments, lingered for a moment in chattering groups about the doorways and then hurried off in various directions. The carts and drays grew fewer; the crowds were less, but even more hurrying. The old man with the candy and cake-stand by the doorway began putting away his wares; as he did so, he looked kindly at the tired little figure leaning against the doorway, and spoke for a moment of the dull season and the difficulty of finding work; then he too went away, and Mary was left alone. How she dreaded to go home and meet her aunt's questions and reproaches! She had been out all day and had eaten nothing but a thin sandwich that she had brought from her breakfast. She staggered a little from weariness and exhaustion, as she left the

doorway; but she gave no heed to that. She must go home and face her aunt, and the sooner it was over with the better.

As she hurried down the cross-street that led to Avenue A, she passed a tall four story house of red brick, with a wide doorway, whose posts were adorned with curiously-carven dragons' heads—one on each side. The house was evidently a remnant of the past, when the street had been the residence of rich and fashionable families. Now, it was always tightly closed from attic to cellar; not a crevice in the shutters ever showed—only the grinning dragons kept watch and ward. Its exterior was always dark and gloomy; but sometimes, at night—carriages would stand at the door and the sound of laughter and music would be wafted into the streets; occasionally, during the day, some richly dressed woman would descend the steps and walk rapidly away.

With the knowledge of evil that comes so quickly in tenement-house life, where people live so thickly crowded together, all the young girls in the neighborhood well knew the character of this house, and often stood at the corner of the street and looked curiously at it and speculated upon the lives of its inmates. It was called by all the people of the neighborhood "the House of the Dragons." Its great, gloomy front, its curious dragons and air of mystery had a sort of fascination for Mary, who always paused and looked at it as she passed.

One day, since she had been looking for work, she had met one of its inmates and a strange thing had happened. The woman turned, came up quickly to Mary and hurriedly said:

"Poor child! You are looking for work, I know, just as I used to do in the old time—looking in the hot sun, in the chill rain, in the cold of winter. It is not so bad if you find it; but the time will come when you will look in vain—there will be no work for you. Then," in a lower tone, "then you will come to the House of the Dragons—there will be nothing else to do." That was all; she passed quickly on, and Mary shuddered—she knew not why. But in the eyes of the woman there had been a sad look, as if she, too, sorrowed because it was growing so hard for women who work to be pure and good.

Tonight Mary sped past the gloomy house with an indescribable feeling of fear, as if the house of horror was waiting to imprison her; its shadow seemed to chill her, and as she cast one glance backward its dragons seemed to be grinning at her with triumph. But Mary was a good Catholic, and she only thought: "It must be the devil that makes me look at that house and think of the wicked people who live there."

At the door of the tenement she met the usual motley group—old women, young girls, small boys and babies. They greeted her with: "Hello, Mary! Did you get a job?" She shook her head wearily and mounted the stairs leading to her aunt's rooms. After her day in the open air, the smells of the tenement-house sickened her. From every open door came the odor of cooking; in every narrow, stuffy room the workers returning from their work brought the smell of perspiration and personal uncleanness.

Mary, tired in every part of her body, and with head and heart aching, ate her scanty supper, washed the dishes and tidied the room. Although she had never had the luxury of a room to herself, she had an idea now that it would be very pleasant to be alone a few moments, in order to rest her tired head and think over what she should do next. But that was impossible; there was not a single spot of privacy in the whole of this huge, swarming hive of humanity. At last she thought of the church in the next street. It was Friday night, and she knew the priest would be hearing confessions in the basement chapel. She would tell him all her troubles and anxieties—perhaps he could help her.

The shadows were deep in the little chapel. The one central point of light in its gloom was the large swinging-lamp that hung before the altar. It was cool and restful in this half-light, and Mary, after repeating an Our Father and a Hail Mary, sat down upon one of the low wooden benches.

There were only a few persons scattered about in the large, half-lighted space, which seemed to have no beginning nor ending—all its outlines were so vague and shifting; the corners were shrouded in deepest gloom, from which occasionally emerged a figure, passing, with a low reverence, through the lighted space before the altar and disappearing again in the darkness beyond.

A bent old woman was making the way of the Cross, with many low sighs and agonized upliftings of the hands. A few working-men and women were waiting on the seats outside the confessionals. There was a damp, peculiar, "churchy" odor of incense, mingled with the musty smell of old vestments and altar cloths. The stillness of the room was unbroken, save for the groans and sighs of the old woman and the low murmurs of priest and penitent.

When Mary had work and was fairly prosperous, she found the gloom and musty smells of the chapel not very much to her taste and usually made her preparations for confession as short as possible, in order to join the other girls on the Avenue, where they gathered in a doorway of one of the huge barracks they called home, bought ice-cream from some perambulating hoky-poky cart, com-



"ON THE LOWEST STEP OF THE STAIRWAY
SAT A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL."

pared notes on the gossip of their respective workrooms, discussed prospective picnics and balls, or stole round to look at the House of the Dragons. But now Mary felt out of touch with all her former companions; she had no money to buy "hoky-poky," no stories to tell of the workroom, and the sight of the dragons made her shudder, for, somehow, in her tired imagination they seemed to rejoice over her misfortunes.

* * *

... Now it was her turn at the confessional. Raising the heavy, dark curtain, she knelt upon the little well-worn bench. In a few moments the slide opened at her side, and murmuring quickly her "Father, bless me, for I have sinned," she began her confession. The sins of deed were soon told; then, hesitating a little—for her awe of the priest was great—she burst out with the words: "Oh, father, I am almost crazy looking for work!" Then with a trembling voice: "I am afraid I can not keep good, if I can not find something to do."

Then followed low, suppressed sobs, so long pent up, but breaking out now in the darkness and solemnity of the confessional. The priest, whose parish was in the midst of this thickly populated tenement-house district, was not surprised at this outbreak; already this evening he had listened to other piteous stories of out of work from grown men and women; but this, coming from a mere child, who seemed even younger than she was, touched and startled him, and he said kindly:

"Tell me, my child, how long you have been out of work, and what do you mean by saying that you can not keep good if you do not find work?" Then she told the story of her long search for work and her many disappointments; of her meeting with the woman from the House of the Dragons and her words.

There was a long silence. The priest knew that this child-toiler personified one of the most difficult problems of the age. He knew that the whole potent machinery of his church was powerless to help the evils of which this young girl complained. Her genuine, heart-broken cry of distress had moved him even beyond his wont; he was naturally a kind-hearted man, and he could not, at once, bring himself to ut-

ter the instructions usual on such occasions.

He knew well that, as society was organized, there was not work enough for all, and that, therefore, some must sell themselves for gold, some must become tramps or criminals; that, if he told his kneeling penitent the truth, he should say something like this: "Mary, I know very difficult it is for you to remain pure and good. I am very sorry for you, and after you become very bad and degraded, we will send you to the House of the Good Shepherd, where the good sisters spend their lives in the reformation of the fallen—in short, we will do what we can to make your lot easier and more comfortable; but, of course, we cannot change the existing social order—we are not socialists—we are Christians."

Do not blame him too much. He was but an instrument in one of the most powerful departments of a state that makes small account of the souls or bodies of men and women—much less of those of young girls and children.

Did not all religious denominations give their sanction to the present order of society? Could he, a simple priest, even in thought, tumble down the whole social edifice, because of a young girl who could not find work, and who might in consequence become an outcast? It is a very curious thing how the church explains away, among other things, all apparent communistic teachings of the Carpenter of Nazareth, and makes Him the main prop in the present social structure.

Thus the man was silenced and the priest spoke, and this is what he said: "Our Lord was poor and often did not know where to lay His head; He became poor and despised for our sakes."

Mary listened more attentively than before to the priest, who went on smoothly now in the old, stereotyped way: "A little child often wonders why its earthly father does many things that displease it, but yet are for its good; so you do not know what blessing is hidden under this trouble. It is enough for you to know that it is God's will—you must be patient and resigned." Then followed some words of reproof for allowing her thoughts to dwell upon the house of sin and its wicked people: "Remember, I forbid you to speak to this wretched woman again;



"SOME DAY YOU MAY COME HERE AND SIT ALONGSIDE OF THE LIKES OF ME."

you can pray for her, but you must not talk with her."

For a moment Mary forgot her fear of the priest and said impulsively: "But, father, she had been a working girl once, too, and she said she had looked for work and did not find it either—perhaps she could not help going to the House of the Dragons."

"Hush, hush! What does an ignorant young girl like you know about these things?"

But come to see me on Monday. I will try to find something for you to do, although at this season of the year and with so many out of work; it is almost impossible to find a place for anyone; however, I will try. Now, be a good girl—and say your prayers. God bless you!"

Out again in the chapel, Mary knelt before the little shrine of our Lady and tried to say the prayers of her penance, all the time wondering what mysterious reason God had for taking away her chance of making an honest living.

The priest heard no more confessions, but quietly leaving the chapel ascended the stairs to his own room. When he was alone, and the door closed and locked, a strange change took place—the calm, ascetic face of the priest was lighted with a

new fire—he flung far from him his breviary and walked the floor with quick, nervous steps. "How tired I am of this! Worse am I than Judas; he betrayed our Lord once; I almost daily malign and slander Him. It is monstrous, monstrous to throw the guilt of conditions such as this young girl represents upon a loving, just God. Of one thing I am sure—it cannot be His will that the precious souls and bodies of men, women and even little children, are offered up in this horrible holocaust. Every confession night I see the souls of men stunted, deformed and degraded by conditions created by the most selfish, brutish instincts of their fellow men—and, oh, horrible thought—these conditions seem to be sanctioned by the Church. I must be blind as to the real causes of their sorrow and misery—even as I have tonight to that of this poor child. May God forgive me."

He wrung his delicate hands together and looked around with longing eyes upon pictured saint and sacred relic, upon heavy volumes of church lore and mysticism that filled the room, and then burst forth again:

"Oh, who will solve for me this problem of human woe—this state of things cannot go on—the society we are

helping to keep up is a horrible crime against humanity—but it is so powerful, so rich—must it come to this, that the terrible but purifying fires of revolution must cleanse and purify it?"

Long the priest sat thinking, deeply and earnestly, mentally breaking into bitter upbraidings and self-reproaches for his own timidity and cowardice. The day will come when the society which has made a hypocrite of the priest and an outcast of a tender woman, will be arraigned by these two forces and a terrible indictment will be presented.

* * *

Mary, after tossing half the night, awoke the next morning at five o'clock, the little dark room was close with the breathing of herself and the two children who slept with her. In an adjoining room she could hear the heavy breathings of the other members of the family.

The early morning is a dreary hour for those in trouble, and as Mary opened her eyes upon the half light of the dawning day, the wretchedness of her position came upon her with full force. Her childish face, fresh and dewy with sleep, took on an anxious, troubled expression, and she drew a long sigh as she raised her head and looked around her.

In another half hour the whole family would be stirring; again she would hear the sharp, fretful voice of her aunt, the gruff complainings of the others—in fact, the whole dreary programme of a tenement-house day would begin. For her it meant another day of wandering up and down the hot streets, rebuffs and disappointments.

For one whose life has been made up of long, uninterrupted workdays, of the routine of shop and factory, to be out of work, is to be in a strange, unnatural state, and the girl felt as though she was set apart from the rest of the tenement-house world around her, and she longed with almost a homesick desire for the life of the factory. She wondered now how she could ever have grumbled and thought it hard—she had never dreamed of anything so miserable as this long, vain search for work, together with the horrible fear of being turned into the streets without food or shelter.

In the dim light, strange thoughts and fancies came into her head—she thought

of the tramps she had seen in the parks and shuddered at the thought that if her aunt should turn her out, she might have to join their ranks. A scene that had happened a few weeks ago came vividly to her mind. On her way home from the factory she had passed, in an east side square, a woman tramp called "Meg," who was a well-known character in this neighborhood, although no one knew where she came from or what had brought her to this condition. She sat on the benches all day, ragged, dirty, with frowzy, disheveled hair hanging in straggling locks around her blotched and bloated face, an old straw hat was sometimes on the back of her head, sometimes on one side. She fraternized with the men tramps, drank the cheap beer of the neighboring saloons, avoided the police until the courts had adjourned in the afternoon and then sat and dozed in the sunshine. Mary looked too long or too curiously at her, probably, for Meg turned and said angrily, "You needn't be so proud. I was a workin' girl, too, once, and wore a feather in my hat; but hard times came, as mebbe they will to you—some day you may come here and sit alongside of the likes of me—or do worse."

Then her thoughts turned to the woman from the House of the Dragons. "She said I would have to come there—that there would be nothing else to do—no other place to go." Now she lay a long time thinking, with her clear blue eyes wide open and a look of dread creeping into them.

"No, no, never that. I am young and strong. I am sure to find work to-day." She thought no more, but sprang up with the courage and hope inspired by youth and the morning sunshine. But as she was dressing she noticed with dismay that her shoes were broken at the side, and said to herself with a sigh, "I must find work before my clothes and shoes get too shabby, or I will never get it. No one will hire me if I look like a tramp."

* * *

At three o'clock in the afternoon Mary had again gone a round of factories, shops and stores, and everywhere had met the same answer, "Got all the help we need." In many cases, in order to warn off applicants, this sign was put up, "No help wanted."

She now decided to apply at the Working Girls' Mission, which she knew very well by name, but which she had never frequented, as she had an independent working girl's dislike for anything that savored of charity or patronage. But now, in her despair, she eagerly seized upon any possible chance of getting work.

The Working Girls' Mission was founded by Miss Virginia Phelps, one of a second generation of trades-people, who had amassed a great fortune by methods that just escaped the rigid interpretation of the law.

Miss Phelps was a large, heavy young woman, with a plebeian face and manners. She possessed neither the education nor the intellectual tastes to enable her to shine in literary circles, while her lack of beauty and grace in face or form, as well as that of brilliancy of wit or charm of manners, unfitted her for leadership in society.

So there was no help for it. Virginia, so the family decided, was evidently marked out for a philanthropic career and, to do her justice, she took to it very kindly; her inherited commercial tastes, which, if the family had not become rich, would have made her a most successful boarding-house keeper or forewoman in a factory, now enabled her to manage her various charitable and philanthropic enterprises in a really thrifty, business-like way. Owing to this business talent, all her missions, etc., were on a sound financial basis.

Mary was shown into a pretty little waiting room and was told that Miss Phelps herself was in the house, attending a committee meeting, and would see her.

After waiting nearly half an hour, Miss Phelps came in and greeted her with a manner she had cultivated for the working girl's especial benefit—a curious mixture of effusive cordiality, familiarity, impertinence and patronage.

"My dear girl, I am so glad to see you.



What did you wish to speak to me about? What troubles you? Tell me everything without reserve. I have no other object in life but to elevate and help the working girls of New York."

Mary felt quite cheered by this information and was encouraged to go on and tell how much she needed work, that she must have it at once, or she did not know what would become of her.

No one knew better than Miss Phelps, with her practical turn of mind, that it was an easy matter for the wealthy to found missions and homes for the poor, but that to find work for the thousands of unemployed women who were daily seeking it, was impossible. The fact she knew, for she often faced it; but to bravely speak the whole truth in the matter was not in her province.

Rising, she said, "I will take your name, and if I hear of anything I will let you know, but we have so many applicants at this time of the year."

I doubt if there is anything more absolutely depressing to a person looking for employment than that stereotyped phrase, "If I hear of anything I will let you know."

Mary watched the entering of her name on the big official books of the mission with a sinking heart. She knew instinctively that its long lists of names were but the sad chronicles of hopes long deferred, followed by sickening disappointments.

Now, Miss Phelps turned to her again and said, "Have you ever attended any of our classes in dressmaking and millinery? They are held here during the winter. If you would like to come I will take your name. We have also a class in cooking. Then I, myself, give little talks every week to the working girls, on the temptations and dangers that meet young working girls in a large city. A great many rich ladies leave their beautiful homes and come down here evenings to assist me in giving these talks."

During this voluble description, Mary's heart had been growing heavier, and as she listened she thought, "I know already only too well the temptations of working girls; and of what use would it be to know how to make hats and dresses when I am out of work and have no money to buy the materials?"

Then Mary made one last effort to tell

Miss Phelps something of the real evils of a working girl's life—the long hours, the miserable wages, the uncertainty of employment and the competition of so-called charitable institutions—telling it in her earnest, excitable, but intelligent manner, and closing with these words, "Oh, believe me, Miss Phelps, all that the working girls want is a chance to get honest, steady, healthy work. We should know how to make our dresses and hats if we only had the money to buy the materials. We want better work-rooms, shorter hours, higher wages and, above all, we want to be sure of our job. It is terrible to be thrown out of work without a moment's warning."

Miss Phelps' small gray eyes were looking coldly at Mary now and her patronizing kindness had disappeared. She replied severely, "I am afraid you have been led away by some of the wild ideas of labor agitators who are making so much trouble in this country. I am surprised and grieved to hear a young girl talk in this bitter, unbecoming manner, instead of by cheerfulness, economy and patience, making the best of the station in life in which God has placed her. Your employer, who is a business man, knows much better than you or I what hours his business requires from his employees, and he is also certainly the best judge of what wages he can afford to pay. I am afraid you wish to dictate to your employer as to wages and hours. A frugal, industrious girl can easily live upon four dollars a week and be happy and contented—modesty, submission and meekness are the chief charms of womanhood; remember that always, my dear girl. My working girls are all contented and happy. You must come and join them. If I hear of any work I will let you know." This concluded the interview.

* * *

What Mary had so long feared, had at length happened. She had gone home tired and disheartened with her many failures, and had been met with a fiercer outbreak of anger from her aunt than usual, which finally ended in her being turned into the streets.

It was now five o'clock and Mary had sat for over an hour in Tompkins Square, in a helpless sort of way. The sun was still shining, but low down in the west



TURNED INTO THE STREETS.

the children were making the park joyous with their shouts and cries—far down the asphalt walk an organ grinder was playing "Little Annie Rooney," its familiar refrain sounded strange and far away to Mary, as though she had never heard it before, or heard it in some previous state of existence, ages ago.

She felt as though she were slipping away from all touch with the world around her; she looked down at the familiar pattern of her print dress, little square blocks of red upon a blue ground, and thus sought to establish relations again with her surroundings. But in vain. She could only repeat to herself, "Yes, I am Mary Grew. I used to go to work every morning; this is my dress; but tonight I shall have to sleep in the streets. It will get dark; then the people from the avenue will come to walk here; then they will go away and it will be very late, and I shall be here alone, for I am a tramp. Oh, Blessed Virgin, pray for me. Oh, what will I do when it is midnight, when it is two o'clock?" Here she shuddered as she thought of all the horrors the night might contain—that great black mystery which she

had never penetrated in her little life, and which was full of nameless horror to her.

* * *

Now it is after eleven o'clock; the last lingering loiterer in the park had gone some time before; a cold, drizzling rain has set in, and the wind sighs and moans in the trees of the park. The late August night is cold almost as winter, and Mary shivers with fear, as well as cold, as she sits huddled up in a corner of one of the benches. As she looks around her she sees only strange, skulking figures creeping along, avoiding the police. These, she knows, are the nightly frequenters of the park, nodding and dozing on its benches, but waking instantly if the policeman makes his appearance—for as if society had not been already cruel enough to these, its outcasts, it appoints and pays officials, whose chief duty it seems to be to prevent these homeless wanderers from snatching a moment's oblivion from their awful misery, by a brief sleep upon one of the hard wooden benches of our city parks. The unfortunate wretches are not allowed even to doze with their heads bowed upon their breasts—they must sit bolt upright, like soldiers. An old man sitting near Mary, who had been

beaten for falling asleep, muttered: "They begrudge us a place to stand or sit upon. What can we do? We cannot hang up in the air."

A policeman caught sight of Mary, sitting alone upon a bench, and came up to her, saying roughly, "You young hussy, what are you doing here? Go home at once, or I will arrest you and take you to the station house."

At this, Mary's heart gave a great bound and then almost stood still. What if she should be arrested and taken to prison! She fled wildly down the walk, possessed with only one thought, to be out of reach of the dreaded police. Into a dark alley she crouched in the pouring rain.

She sat for a long time, how long she knew not, with her head bowed upon her knees, whispering brokenly to herself sometimes, "Oh, what will become of me; will it never be morning?"

There were no tears in her eyes, but a curious ache in her throat and a strange, light feeling in her head. At last she partly fell into a doze, and unconsciously moved a little and stretched out her hand. It touched something soft and warm, which—oh, horror—moved. As she turned to look a gleam of light from a neighboring lamp fell upon the bloated, brutalized face of a tramp who had crawled into the alley to sleep. Over her came an awful fear; her brain reeled; all the frightful stories she had heard of, the nameless crimes committed in these dark

alleys, came to her mind and a numbing fear, that was almost a paralysis, seized her; her heart seemed for a moment to stop beating; then gathering all her strength and will she ran swiftly down the dark alley. She stumbled and would have fallen, but the sound of shambling footsteps and muttered, maudlin words behind her, gave her new courage, and she ran on until she was far from the dark alley.

She wandered now past the great dark church, where she had gone to confession only a few nights ago—it seemed like years—past the mission house, filled with only one thought—to be under shelter once more, to be warm and dry, to stop the gnawing, awful pain of hunger.

For hours she wandered about, starting with a wild fear when she caught a glimpse of the black coats of the policemen glistening in the rain.

Her thin, summer clothing was wet through and bedraggled with the rain and mud—a sorry, wretched little figure—faint and almost delirious with hunger, weariness and fear.

* * *

Suddenly she is almost blinded by a bright light shining in her eyes. She looks up. She is front of the House of the Dragons. Its great front door is wide open, and from it a square of brilliant light lay upon the doorsteps. At the foot of the steps stood a cab, just about to drive away. The sound of voices and laughter came from the open doorway.



"UP THE STEPS AND THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, WHICH CLOSED QUICKLY UPON HER."

Across Mary's weary brain floated the words of the woman, "then you will come to the House of the Dragons—there will be nothing else to do."

And now, indeed, it seemed the only door open to the poor child out of the darkness, the cold, the hunger and despair. What should she do? In another moment this door, too, would be closed.

For one bitter instant she thought of her innocence, of her purity, then for a moment her hand fumbled weakly at her neck for the little medal of the Immaculate Virgin, which she had always worn, pressing it quickly to her lips, then throwing it far away from her, with these words: "Oh, Blessed Virgin, I tried to be good, but there was no way, and now I am so cold and hungry and weak; forgive me and pray for me, for I am lost."

Through the square of light there darted

a slender, childish figure; up the steps and through the open door, which closed quickly upon her. The house was dark and still once more; the dragons only remained, guarding, sphinx-like, this tragedy of human life.

* * *

The next morning was Sunday. The rain had cleared away, the sun shone gloriously upon the city, in its seeming peace and prosperity. Crowds of happy, beautifully dressed men, women and children passed along the pleasant streets, with prayer books in their hands, on their way to the churches, from which the bells pealed joyously.

And no one knew or cared that in the darkness of the night society had committed one of its blackest crimes against one of its weakest and most defenceless members.



MARCH.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

Ho, wind of March, speed over sea,
From mountains where the snows lie deep,
The cruel glaciers threatening creep,
And witness this, my jubilee!

Roar from the surf of boreal isles,
Roar from the hidden, jagged steeps
Where the destroyer never sleeps;
Toll through the icebergs' Gothic piles!

Voyage through space with your wild train,
Harping its shrillest, searching tone,
Or wailing deep its ancient moan,
To learn how impotent your reign.

Now, hov'ring by this garden bed,
With all your wilful power, behold,
Just breaking from the leafy mould,
My little primrose lift its head!



THE GREAT CONGRESSES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY ELLEN M. HENROTIN.

THE world has heard of the magnificence of the buildings of the world's Columbian exposition, the immensity of the space covered, of the beautiful location on Lake Michigan, the liberality of the citizens of Chicago, the generous coöperation of foreign nations, and the enormous amount of money already expended and to be expended, to emphasize the triumph of the material civilization attained under a democratic system of government. But the congress auxiliary of the Columbian exposition has thus far attracted little attention, though to many, and above all foreigners, it is one of the most interesting and suggestive branches of the exposition. The auxiliary is recognized by the United States government, and it has been authorized by the directory of the world's Columbian exposition that a series of congresses may be held in Chicago from May to November, in 1893, which will exemplify the subjective

in contradistinction to the

objective of modern civilization. These congresses will demonstrate the mental, moral and spiritual status of nations, and will be representative of the best thought in all departments of intellectual activity.

No better place of meeting could have been chosen than that which has been selected—the new art palace—which is being built on the lake front at a cost of eight hundred thousand dollars, two hundred thousand dollars of this sum being donated by the directory as rent for six months' use of the building. This art palace will contain two large audience halls, and twenty committee rooms, some of which will accommodate two to three hundred people. Sections of the congress in session may meet in these large committee rooms, while the main halls are occupied by the larger audiences. Thus, a great number of congresses can be accommodated during the six months, and numerous sections of each congress may be in session at the same time.

This is the second time in the history of the United States that the world has



Mrs. Charles Henrotin is especially qualified to discuss the subject she has chosen here, for she is the vice-president of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary, and is in additional sympathy with the congress because of her husband's position as a director of the Columbian exposition. He is a prominent Chicago banker, filling at the same time the office of the Belgian and Turkey consulates. Mrs. Henrotin was educated in France and Germany, and lived with her father for some time on the Isle of Wight. In the city of her adoption she is equally prominent as a leader in society and a member of women's clubs, and has always taken a deep interest in humanitarian and social questions. So that cosmopolitan training, cultured and earnest environment, and a natural taste, seem to fit her especially for the guidance of so important an international movement.

been invited to come and judge what has been achieved in a new and fertile land under favorable social conditions; and the European who accepts this invitation will reflect that this civilization is very impressive, but that in his own country, architectural art and artistic manufacturing are more advanced. The cities are better governed and cleaned; the comfort of life is greater. What foreigners especially desire to investigate is the economic and social life of the country; their great aim in visiting America will be to examine the system of political economy forming a new nation, for the European feels that many problems have been solved in this country, with which the greatest intellects of the old world are still struggling.

The auxiliary has the following officers: president, Charles C. Bonney; vice-president, Thomas B. Bryan; treasurer, Lyman J. Gage; secretary, Benjamin Butterworth; president of the woman's branch, Mrs. Potter Palmer; vice-president, Mrs. Charles Henrotin. Each congress is in charge of a local committee, the membership of which must, of necessity, be composed of citizens of Chicago, in order that they may arrange for dates and conduct the large correspondence necessitated by the different committees, interest the various associations and complete the preliminaries. The formation of the local committee is dual—a committee of men and one of women. These two committees may elect to act as one, as has been the custom of the committee on moral and social reform congresses, philosophical and scientific congresses, and the committee on medicine, with its sub-committees, such as public health, dentistry, pharmacy, medical jurisprudence, trained nurses, etc. When the committees work separately, they hold joint meetings for conference as occasion may require.

The aim of the auxiliary is not only to hold union congresses, but also to facilitate the convening of business meetings of the various organizations, which may be presided over by their own officers. The meetings of such associations will only be subject to the auxiliary as regards dates, and will conform to the general rules which must govern the assembly of so many societies. The local committee

will be assisted by an advisory council, formed of the noted leaders among men and women. The duties of the advisory council are to offer suggestions for the topics to be considered, and to propose names of persons capable of joining in the discussions—in a word, to second the efforts of the local committee in this country and also in Europe. Honorary and correspondent members are also selected, and committees of coöperation are appointed by the organizations which desire to hold meetings of their own, or to participate in the union congresses. The department of State at Washington has extended an invitation to the different governments to participate in these congresses, and several have officially accepted the invitation and will send delegates to represent their countries in the different congresses.

The following is the general assignment of dates during the exposition season of the world's congresses:

MAY—I. Woman's Progress; II. The Public Press; III. Medicine and Surgery.

JUNE—IV. Temperance; V. Moral and Social Reform; VI. Commerce and Finance.

JULY—VII. Music; VIII. Literature; IX. Education.

AUGUST—X. Engineering; XI. Art, Architecture, etc.; XII. Government, Law Reform, Political Science; XIII. General Department; XIV. Science and Philosophy.

SEPTEMBER—XV. Labor; XVI. Religion, Missions and Church Societies.

OCTOBER—XVII. Sunday Rest; XVIII. Public Health; XIX. Agriculture.

The first congress in the list—that of representative women—includes a presentation of the different fields of work in which women are now so extensively engaged, either as teachers, workers in the trades, in the liberal professions or in philanthropic work. Representative women from all nations will be invited to take part in these congresses, and great good will result from the participation in a world's congress of women eminent for what they have achieved, and whose example will be an encouragement to those who hope in the future to emulate the attainments and triumphs of their more fortunate sisters.

The department of the public press includes the daily press, weeklies, mag-

azines, the religious press, trade journals and scientific and professional journals. The committee of women in charge of this department propose to hold sessions during the morning hours and join with the men's committee in a great union congress to be held in the evening. Journalism, both in Europe and America, plays so prominent a part in the daily life of the people, that thousands of topics of great interest may be profitably discussed in this congress. For instance: "How to collect news without violating the sanctity of private life"; "The legal responsibility of the newspaper"; "Should the daily press aim to be a moral agent?" etc.

The department of medicine includes the general divisions of medicine and surgery of all schools. The congresses of these divisions will be held during the week commencing May the 19th.

The temperance congresses will convene under the auspices of the temperance organizations of this country and of England; while representatives will be sent from foreign governments to take part in the discussion of this momentous question. No problem before the nation is more difficult of solution than that of temperance. High license, local option and prohibition are the measures which have been advocated to cope with this evil. It is only by constant agitation that a healthy public opinion can be aroused on the subject, and the congresses which will assemble in June will do much to enlighten the world as to the cause and effect, and the nature of the remedies to be applied for what may be called an international disease. In this country, Archbishop Ireland and Miss Frances E. Willard are respectively at the head of the men's and woman's committee for arranging the details of this congress.

The department of moral and social reform includes the public treatment of pauperism; the care of neglected, abandoned and dependent children; the care and treatment of juvenile delinquents; the hospital care of the sick; the training of nurses; dispensary work; first aid to the injured; the commitment, detention, care and treatment of the insane; the custodial care and the training and development of idiots and feeble-minded children, and prevention and repression of crime; the punishment and reformation of crim-

inals; the organization and affiliation of charities in cities; and preventive work. All the foregoing subjects are included in the international congress of charities, correction and philanthropy, and the national conference of charity and correction. This department further includes the work of benevolent orders and associations of all kinds, whose work is the amelioration of social conditions, such as humane societies, the King's Daughters, the Salvation Army, and the societies of St. Vincent de Paul. No congress to be held can be made more prolific of good than this one. A new instinct is being developed in man; new methods of charity are being evolved from the scientific study of social conditions, which is teaching men to pity where in the past they have condemned. In this country much can be learned from the study of foreign methods, as the treatment of the insane in Belgium; the preventive work among the children in France, under the supervision of the state, and the great training-schools for nurses in England.

The department of commerce and finance includes the presentation of all subjects which would properly be classified under banking, boards of trade, water commerce, railroad commerce, building associations, etc. The congresses of this department will commence on June the 19th. The water commerce congress will be transferred to the first week of August, in order that it may be held in parallel with the engineering congress.

The department of music includes orchestral art, choral music and training, organ and church music, vocal culture, musical art and literature, musical criticism and history, opera houses and music halls.

The department of literature will be sub-divided as follows: libraries, history, philology, authors, folk-lore, copyright and children's literature.

The department of education includes a presentation of higher education, university extension, public instruction, kindergarten, manual and artistic training, business and commercial education, instruction of the deaf and blind, college fraternities, psychology—experimental and rational—domestic and economic education, authors of educational works, and publishers. No congress to be held will

be more interesting to foreign nations than the one on education. All of the European nations are formulating a more or less national school of pedagogy; in Germany the tendency is to emphasize scientific and technical training; in France the training of the citizen takes precedence, thus making the social trend of modern French civilization; in England the public school system is hampered by the state church; while among most of the other nations the public school as a system is just in its infancy. The American system of education is the most complete. At the same time, a new element threatens to impede its progress; the introduction of racial and political influence into the management of the public school systems of the large American cities may ultimately be the cause of its disintegration. Underlying a national school of pedagogy is the great question of psychology; every enlightened teacher and parent now keenly appreciates the truth that the coming education must be based on the principles of this study; thus alone can the conflicting elements be reconciled, and the development of a sane mind in a healthy body be assured. The congress will demonstrate the fundamental dangers of every system, and the material exhibits will greatly aid in the appreciation of the noble triumphs thus far achieved in the conduct of public education.

The department of engineering includes civil engineering, aerial navigation, mining engineering and all kindred subjects.

The devotee of art will appreciate the department of art, including architecture, painting, sculpture, government patronage of art, art museums, art education, etc. A new school of architecture is arising in this country; most of the young American architects have studied in France, and as a result of this their productions partake of the French style; at the same time the Spanish school has had great influence in forming the American. The stuff used in the construction of the buildings of the Columbian exposition is like the adobe of which Mexican houses are built, and in the future this material is destined to be largely employed in America; it lends itself most beautifully to decoration, both for modelling and coloring. Many museums are being con-

structed in this country, and it is a most opportune time to hold a congress on art museums and government patronage of art. The love of beauty is growing through the length and breadth of the land, and this country is destined to become very rich; the natural outcome of these conditions will be the accumulation of beautiful things; it is, therefore, important to understand how collections are made, how catalogued, and how best to arrange them.

In the department of government and law reform, almost every interesting question of the day finds a place. This country is over-governed; every act of a man's life is controlled either by the central government, the state or the municipality. The great question of naturalization will be debated, also rapid administration of justice and the international privilege of citizenship; measures and coins will be discussed, and if the decimal and metric systems could be evolved from this discussion what a boon for all nations it would be. Suffrage in its broadest sense will be represented, and that burning question of the hour, "The Municipality," will claim the attention of the congress under the leadership of so able a chairman as Judge Walter Q. Gresham.

The great department of arbitration and peace will interest people the world over. The enormous armies which the European nations are now obliged to maintain, are the cause of the financial depressions which are so common in those lands, not to speak of the amount of domestic unhappiness and hardship which the exclusion of so large a body of men from industrial life, entails upon their unfortunate families. The settlement of labor difficulties by arbitration will be discussed in the labor congress, as well as in the congress of government and law reform.

The department of science and philosophy will include general physics, ethnology, archaeology, psychological science, and all other branches of knowledge which would naturally be ranked under these two divisions. These congresses are assigned to the week commencing on Monday, October 21st. In the congress of psychical science will be treated hypnotism and all kindred subjects. Many of the French psychologists, who are studying the

strange phenomena of psychical science, will give papers during this congress, which will elucidate the unscientific ideas which the general public have on this topic.

The labor congress will deal with the labor question entirely from the toilers' point of view; the benefits and drawbacks of labor organizations, conflicts of labor and capital, labor legislation, women's work and wages, and child labor. The committee of men and women having these congresses in charge will endeavor to emphasize the existing conditions in contradistinction to what has been or what may be. It is ignorance of these conditions which is largely responsible for the so-called conflict between capital and labor, and because classes do not realize their interdependence. The papers presented at the labor congresses will be perfectly fearless, and every facility will be offered to labor organizations to hold meetings. These congresses will adjourn to take part in the great procession on labor day, Monday, September 4th.

Under the direction of the committee on religious congresses will be held a great parliament of religion, in which the points of agreement of the creeds will be discussed and the achievements of the religious faiths in behalf of humanity will be presented. No congress has attracted more far-reaching attention than the proposed parliament of religions. It has been endorsed by the great religious leaders of the world, many of whom will be personally present. The Catholic congress, the first of the special denominational congresses in order on the program, will commence on Tuesday, September 5th; the parliament of religions on Monday, September 11th; the denominational congress will commence on Thursday, September 21st, to be followed by the missionary congress on Thursday, September 28th. Most of the religious denominations will hold special congresses during the month of religious congresses. The Evangelical Alliance, Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, society of Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, etc., will find this occasion a most opportune one for presenting the scheme of their work.

The congress of Sunday rest will consider the psychological, economic and business relations of the day; also its re-

ligious regulations. This congress will immediately follow the holding of the religious congresses.

Last in order, but not to be surpassed by any in importance, is the congress of agriculture, which will elaborate on such themes as farm-culture, stock-raising, dairies and agricultural organizations; also country roads, household economics in village and farm communities. The agricultural congress will open its session on Monday, October 16th. The committee on household economics is assigned to a department in three congresses; that of the congress of labor, in which this committee will present the subject of household service; in the congress of education, on industrial training, and in the agricultural congress, a special congress of household economics will also be held, and as women must formulate this science, every woman in the world should be interested and endeavor to attend its sessions. Foreign women have made greater advance in solving the problems of household life than have women in this country, and the papers which will be presented will be full of interesting suggestions, many of which can be made practical. The following topics will be presented: The development of the trades and industries which underly the home; lack of scientific training among housekeepers; the elevation of domestic service to the dignity of the trades and professions; adulteration of food; coöperation in household life, especially in village and farm communities.

On entering the grounds of the Columbian exposition and beholding the area of the space covered by the vast structures, and the splendor of the buildings erected only for temporary purposes, the visitor will be led to exclaim in the words of the Queen of Sheba, "the half hath never been told." As he gazes upward and beholds the ponderous steel rafters of the manufacturers' building, he must be overawed at the triumph and perfection of architecture, and he will be led to consider the power behind the throne, the brain from which was evolved this wonderful exhibition of mathematical exactness. The admiration of the world for such splendid architectural creations as St. Peter's at Rome, the cathedral at Cologne, and St. Paul's in London, is end-

less, while not one person in a thousand gives a passing thought of gratitude to the men who were the inspiring cause of all this beauty.

Had the Columbian exposition limited itself to the material exhibit, it would have been incomplete, as the intellectual, moral and spiritual advance of nations would have been unrepresented. It is the aim of the congress auxiliary to supply this deficiency and present the latest thought along all lines of development.

In the different buildings at Jackson park will be found all the inventions that have lightened labor and blessed mankind; but in the congress auxiliary many of the inventors themselves will be present, and the principles of science which led to these discoveries will be discussed, and theories of what is considered at present improbable, analyzed and made possible. Well has this department been designated the congress auxiliary, as it supplements the material exhibit, and the visitor to the exposition cannot form an appreciative idea of the latter, without availing himself of the aid offered by the former. The thinking man will study the exposition as men are studied for those traits which make character. In the material exhibits will be found the body of the exposition; in the congress auxiliary the soul; for thought is the fundamental reality, which amid the perpetual flux and reflux of the material, remains unchangeable and enduring. In one year after the closing of the exposition, the massive structures in which it will have been domiciled will be annihilated, but the thoughts generated will bear fruit even unto the uttermost parts of the earth and find expression in the lives of millions yet to be.

During these latter days, great stress is laid on physical development, and nothing is to be more admired than the strong and well-formed body, but were the training to stop there an inharmonious development would result. It is the vigorous mind in the strong body that is the ideal of all civilization. Although the world's congress auxiliary will not neglect the discussion of topics relative to the physical development of mankind, it will make it auxiliary to mind culture, and place in the foreground brain rather than brawn. The spiritual element which pervades and

controls the universe, which stamps man with the dignity of the divinity, which elevates him to the realm of the sons of God, will lie close to the heart of the congress auxiliary. This is an age of liberality—bigotry and prejudice are relegated to the dark ages, while free thought, emanating from the brains of free men, as heaven-born incense, rises from the altars of the platform, the pulpit and the press. Society is awakening to the truth that no one nation has spoken the last words of wisdom, and national prejudices are disappearing. The willingness to learn each of the other is ever on the increase. In these international conferences, society will learn each other's needs and necessities; participate in the victories which have been won, and aid by words of encouragement the battles yet to be fought.

These congresses will be especially valuable to women, for they are rapidly adapting themselves to new avenues of employment, and boldly entering the new paths of knowledge; and not alone in America, but also in England and on the Continent, even from Turkey and the Orient, come to us voices on the breeze, inarticulate, it is true, but expressing that "divine discontent" which is the forerunner of freedom, of equality and of fraternity. By what is heard and observed in these congresses, women may learn to adjust themselves to an entirely new point of view as regards their political, economic and spiritual life. In all these questions they have hitherto accepted the laws made by men. Fräulein Lange, has contrasted Gretchen's self-surrender, as she exclaims of Faust: "Such a man must know everything;" with Nora's speech to Helmer, in which she says: "I must solve these problems myself; I must consider and endeavor to decide if what the pastor says is right—above all, if it is righteous for me." That is the point of view of modern women; this is the question they must ask of government, of law, of labor and of religion.

Having given as concisely as possible an outline of the proposed congresses, the classification and methods of organization, a few words will not be amiss on the present tendency, so strongly exemplified in the United States, towards voluntary organization; in truth, the whole series of world's congresses is but the exponent

of this far-reaching impulse. Forming associations is the modern method of conducting crusades. Is there any abuse in the body politic to be reformed? At once a society is organized which conducts a propaganda, to arouse and educate public opinion on that subject. Do spiritual thought and religious impulse languish? Then straightway arise the King's Daughters, the society of Christian Endeavor, or the Salvation Army, to bear witness, by their words and work, of righteousness upon earth. It is only by association that humanity becomes unselfish; the most odious animosity and selfishness is that exemplified in the life of the recluse and the miser. The tendency of people to congregate in large cities demonstrates the truth, that as civilization advances men feel the need of association and consequently flock to the centers of human thought and motive power. This drift toward association is also characterized by

the decline of the value placed on any one person's work or thought. Where in the past there arose one John Wilberforce to protest against slavery, an army of men would now enter the field to ensure liberty to their fellow-men. Where one Florence Nightingale challenged the admiration of the world, now a hundred trained nurses pass unobserved among the poor and the sick of the slums of the great cities. It is the associate mind, the many hearts beating as one, that now moves the world. This is essentially a formative period; that of transition is passing away, and the optimism of this day is its chief characteristic. The heights of certainty are not yet attained; but in brave flights, such as undertaking and carrying on a Columbian exposition, glimpses may be caught of the beautiful possibilities which will be realized when all the nations of the world will counsel together for peace and workers will wed art to utility.



PHOTOGRAPHED.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

For years, an ever-shifting shade
The sunshine of thy visage made;
Then, spider-like, the captive caught
In meshes of immortal thought.

E'en so, with half-averted eye,
Day after day I passed thee by,
Till, suddenly, a subtler art
Enshrined thee in my heart of heart.

A TRAVELLER FROM ALTRURIA.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

V.

AT this moment, the lady who had hailed me so gaily from the top of the coach while I stood waiting for the Altrurian to help the porter with the baggage, just after the arrival of the train, came up with her husband to our little group and said to me: "I want to introduce my husband to you. He adores your books." She went on much longer to this effect, while the other men grinned round and her husband tried to look as if it were all true, and her eyes wandered to the Altrurian, who listened gravely. I knew perfectly well that she was using her husband's zeal for my fiction to make me present my friend; but I did not mind that, and I introduced him to both of them. She took possession of him at once and began walking him off down the piazza, while her husband remained with me and the members of our late conference drifted apart. I was not sorry to have it broken up for the present; it seemed to me that it had lasted quite long enough, and I lighted a cigar with the husband, and we strolled together in the direction his wife had taken.

He began, apparently in compliment to literature in my person, "Yes, I like to have a book where I can get at it when we're not going out to the theatre, and I want to quiet my mind down after business. I don't care much what the book is; my wife reads to me till I drop off, and then she finishes the book herself and tells me the rest of the story. You see, business takes it out of you so! Well, I let my wife do most of the reading, anyway. She knows pretty much everything that's going in that line. We haven't got any children, and it occupies her mind. She's up to all sorts of things—she's artistic, and she's musical, and she's dramatic, and she's literary. Well, I like to have her. Women are funny, anyway."

He was a good-looking, good-natured, average American of the money-making type; I believe he was some sort of broker, but I do not quite know what his business was. As we walked up and down the

piazza, keeping a discreet little distance from the corner his wife had run off to with her capture, he said he wished he could get more time with her in the summer—but he supposed I knew what business was. He was glad she could have the rest, anyway; she needed it.

"By the way," he asked, "who is this friend of yours? The women are all crazy about him, and it's been an even thing between my wife and Miss Groundsel which would fetch him first. But I'll bet on my wife every time, when it comes to a thing like that. He's a good-looking fellow—some kind of foreigner, I believe; pretty eccentric, too, I guess. Where is Altruria, anyway?"

I told him, and he said: "Oh, yes. Well, if we are going to restrict immigration, I suppose we sha'n't see many more Altrurians, and we'd better make the most of this one. Heigh?"

I do not know why this innocent pleasantry piqued me to say: "If I understand the Altrurians, my dear fellow, nothing could induce them to emigrate to America. As far as I can make out, they would regard it very much as we should regard settling among the Esquimaux."

"Is that so?" asked my new acquaintance, with perfect good temper. "Why?"

"Really, I can't say, and I don't know that I've explicit authority for my statement."

"They are worse than the English used to be," he went on. "I didn't know that there were any foreigners who looked at us in that light now. I thought the War settled all that."

I sighed. "There are a good many things that the War didn't settle so definitely as we've been used to thinking, I'm afraid. But for that matter, I fancy an Altrurian would regard the English as a little lower in the scale of savagery than ourselves even."

"Is that so? Well, that's pretty good on the English, anyway," said my companion, and he laughed with an easy satisfaction that I envied him.

"My dear!" his wife called to him

from where she was sitting with the Altrurian, "I wish you would go for my shawl. I begin to feel the air a little."

"I'll go if you'll tell me where," he said, and he confided to me, "Never knows where her shawl is, one-quarter of the time."

"Well, I think I left it in the office somewhere. You might ask at the desk; or, perhaps it's in the rack by the dining-room door—or may-be up in our room."

"I thought so," said her husband, with another glance at me, as if it were the greatest fun in the world, and he started amiably off.

I went and took a chair by the lady and the Altrurian, and she began at once: "Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I have been trying to enlighten Mr. Homos about some of the little social peculiarities among us, that he finds it so hard to understand. He was just now," the lady continued, "wanting to know why all the natives out here were not invited to go in and join our young people in the dance, and I've been trying to tell him that we consider it a great favor to let them come and take up so much of the piazza and look in at the windows."

She gave a little laugh of superiority, and twitched her pretty head in the direction of the young country girls and country fellows who were thronging the place that night in rather unusual numbers. They were well enough looking, and as it was Saturday night they were in their best. I suppose their dress could have been criticised; the young fellows were clothed by the ready-made clothing store, and the young girls after their own devices from the fashion-papers; but their general effect was good and their behavior was irreproachable; they were very quiet—if anything, too quiet. They took up a part of the piazza that was yielded them by common usage, and sat watching the hop inside, not so much enviously, I thought, as wistfully; and for the first time it struck me as odd that they should have no part in the gayety. I had often seen them there before, but I had never thought it strange they should be shut out. It had always seemed quite normal, and now, suddenly, for one baleful moment, it seemed abnormal. I suppose it was the talk we had been having about the workmen in society which caused

me to see the thing as the Altrurian must have seen it; but I was, nevertheless, vexed with him for having asked such a question, after he had been so fully instructed upon the point. It was malicious of him, or it was stupid. I hardened my heart and answered: "You might have told him, for one thing, that they were not dancing because they had not paid the piper."

"Then the money consideration enters even into your social pleasures?" asked the Altrurian.

"Very much. Doesn't it with you?"

He evaded this question, as he evaded all straightforward questions concerning his country: "We have no money consideration, you know. But do I understand that all your social entertainments are paid for by the guests?"

"Oh, no, not so bad as that, quite. There are a great many that the host pays for. Even here, in a hotel, the host furnishes the music and the room free to the guests of the house."

"And none are admitted from the outside?"

"Oh, yes, people are welcome from all the other hotels and boarding-houses and the private cottages. The young men are especially welcome; there are not enough young men in the hotel to go round, you see." In fact, we could see that some of the pretty girls within were dancing with other girls; half-grown boys were dangling from the waists of tall young ladies and waltzing on tiptoe.

"Isn't that rather droll?" asked the Altrurian.

"It's grotesque!" I said, and I felt ashamed of it. "But what are you to do? The young men are hard at work in the cities, as many as can get work there, and the rest are out West, growing up with the country. There are twenty young girls for every young man at all the summer-resorts in the East."

"But what would happen if these young farmers—I suppose they are farmers—were invited in to take part in the dance?" asked my friend.

"But that is impossible."

"Why?"

"Really, Mrs. Makely, I think I shall have to give him back to you!" I said.

The lady laughed. "I am not sure that I want him back."

"Oh, yes," the Altrurian entreated, with unwonted perception of the humor. "I know that I must be very trying with my questions; but do not abandon me to the solitude of my own conjectures. They are dreadful!"

"Well, I won't," said the lady, with another laugh. "And I will try to tell you what would happen if those farmers or farm hands, or whatever they are, were asked in. The mammas would be very indignant, and the young ladies would be scared, and nobody would know what to do, and the dance would stop."

"Then the young ladies prefer to dance with one another and with little boys"—

"No, they prefer to dance with young men of their own station; they would rather not dance at all than dance with people beneath them. I don't say anything against these natives here; they seem very civil and decent. But they have not the same social traditions as the young ladies; they would be out of place with them, and they would feel it."

"Yes, I can see that they are not fit to associate with them," said the Altrurian, with a gleam of common sense that surprised me, "and that as long as your present conditions endure, they never can be. You must excuse the confusion which the difference between your political ideals and your economic ideals constantly creates in me. I always think of you politically first, and realize you as a perfect democracy; then come these other facts, in which I cannot perceive that you differ from the aristocratic countries of Europe in theory or practice. It is very puzzling. Am I right in supposing that the effect of your economy is to establish insuperable inequalities among you, and to forbid the hope of the brotherhood which your polity proclaims?"

Mrs. Makely looked at me, as if she were helpless to grapple with his meaning, and for fear of worse, I thought best to evade it. I said, "I don't believe that anybody is troubled by those distinctions. We are used to them, and everybody acquiesces in them, which is a proof that they are a very good thing."

Mrs. Makely now came to my support. "The Americans are very high-spirited, in every class, and I don't believe one of those nice farm boys would like being asked in any better than the young ladies. You

can't imagine how proud some of them are."

"So that they suffer from being excluded as inferiors?"

"Oh, I assure you they don't feel themselves inferior! They consider themselves as good as anybody. There are some very interesting characters among them. Now, there is a young girl sitting at the first window, with her profile outlined by the light, whom I feel it an honor to speak to. That's her brother, standing there with her—that tall, gaunt young man with a Roman face; it's such a common type here in the mountains. Their father was a soldier, and he distinguished himself so in one of the last battles that he was promoted. He was badly wounded, but he never took a pension; he just came back to his farm and worked on till he died. Now the son has the farm, and he and his sister live there with their mother. The daughter takes in sewing, and in that way they manage to make both ends meet. The girl is really a first-rate sempstress, and *so* cheap! I give her a good deal of my work in the summer, and we are quite friends. She's very fond of reading; the mother is an invalid, but she reads aloud while the daughter sews, and you've no idea how many books they get through. When she comes for sewing, I like to talk with her about them; I always have her sit down; it's hard to realize that she isn't a lady. I'm a good deal criticised, I know, and I suppose I do spoil her a little; it puts notions into such people's heads, if you meet them in that way; they're pretty free and independent as it is. But when I'm with Lizzie I forget that there is any difference between us; I can't help loving the child. You must take Mr. Homos to see them, Mr. Twelvemough. They've got the father's sword hung up over the head of the mother's bed; it's very touching. But the poor little place *is* so bare!"

Mrs. Makely sighed, and there fell a little pause, which she broke with a question she had the effect of having kept back.

"There is one thing I should like to ask you, too, Mr. Homos. Is it true that everybody in Altruria does some kind of manual labor?"

"Why, certainly," he answered, quite as if he had been an American.

"Ladies, too? Or perhaps you have none!"

I thought this rather offensive, but I could not see that the Altrurian had taken it ill. "Perhaps we had better try to understand each other clearly before I answer that question. You have no titles of nobility as they have in England"—

"No, indeed! I hope we have outgrown those superstitions," said Mrs. Makely, with a republican fervor that did my heart good. "It is a word that we apply first of all to the moral qualities of a person."

"But you said just now that you sometimes forgot your sempstress was not a lady. Just what did you mean by that?"

Mrs. Makely hesitated. "I meant—I suppose I meant—that she had not the surroundings of a lady; the social traditions."

"Then it has something to do with social as well as moral qualities—with ranks and classes?"

"Classes, yes; but as you know, we have no ranks in America." The Altrurian took off his hat and rubbed an imaginable perspiration from his forehead. He sighed deeply. "It is all very difficult."

"Yes, Mrs. Makely assented, "I suppose it is. All foreigners find it so. In fact it is something that you have to live into the notion of; it can't be explained."

"Well, then, my dear madam, will you tell me without further question, what you understand by a lady, and let me live into the notion of it at my leisure?"

"I will do my best," said Mrs. Makely. "But it would be so much easier to tell you *who* was or who was not a lady! However, your acquaintance is so limited yet, that I must try to do something in the abstract and impersonal for you. In the first place, a lady must be above the sordid anxieties in every way. She need not be very rich, but she must have enough, so that she need not be harassed about making both ends meet, when she ought to be devoting herself to her social duties. The time is past with us when a lady could look after the dinner, and perhaps cook part of it herself, and then rush in to receive her guests, and do the amenities. She must have a certain kind of house, so that her entourage won't seem cramped and mean, and she must have

nice frocks, of course, and plenty of them. She needn't be of the smart set; that isn't at all necessary; but she can't afford to be out of the fashion. Of course she must have a certain training. She must have cultivated tastes; she must know about art, and literature, and music, and all those kind of things, and though it isn't necessary to go in for anything in particular, it won't hurt her to have a fad or two. The nicest kind of fad is charity; and people go in for that a great deal. I think sometimes they use it to work up with, and there are some who use religion in the same way; I think it's horrid; but it's perfectly safe; you can't accuse them of doing it. I'm happy to say, though, that mere church association doesn't count socially so much as it used to. Charity is a great deal more insidious. But you see how hard it is to define a lady. So much has to be left to the nerves, in all these things! And then it's changing all the time; Europe's coming in, and the old American ideals are passing away. Things that people did ten years ago would be impossible now, or at least ridiculous. You wouldn't be considered vulgar, quite, but you would certainly be considered a back number, and that's almost as bad. Really," said Mrs. Makely, "I don't believe I can tell you what a lady is."

We all laughed together at her frank confession. The Altrurian asked, "But do I understand that one of her conditions is that she shall have nothing whatever to do?"

"Nothing to *do*!" cried Mrs. Makely. "A lady is busy from morning till night! She always goes to bed perfectly worn out!"

"But with what?" asked the Altrurian.

"With making herself agreeable and her house attractive, with going to lunches, and teas, and dinners, and concerts, and theatres, and art exhibitions, and charity meetings, and receptions, and with writing a thousand and one notes about them, and accepting and declining, and giving lunches and dinners, and making calls and receiving them, and I don't know what all. It's the most hideous slavery!" Her voice rose into a something like a shriek; one could see that her nerves were going at the

mere thought of it all. "You don't have a moment to yourself; your life isn't your own!"

"But the lady isn't allowed to do any useful kind of work?"

"*Work!* Don't you call all that work, and *useful*? I'm sure I envy the cook in my kitchen at times; I envy the woman that scrubs my floors. Stop! Don't ask why I don't go into my kitchen, or get down on my knees with the mop! It isn't possible! You simply can't! Perhaps you could if you were very grande dame, but if you're anywhere near the line of necessity, or ever have been, you can't. Besides, if we did do our own household work, as I understand your Altrurian ladies do, what would become of the servant class? We should be taking away their living, and that would be wicked."

"It would certainly be wrong to take away the living of a fellow-creature," the Altrurian gravely admitted, "and I see that obstacle in your way."

"It's a mountain," said the lady, with exhaustion in her voice, but a returning amiability; his forbearance must have placated her.

"May I ask what the use of your society life is?" he ventured, after a moment.

"Use? Why should it have any use? It kills time."

"Then you are shut up to a hideous slavery without use, except to kill time and you cannot escape from it without taking away the living of those dependent on you?"

"Yes," I put in, "and that is a difficulty that meets us at every turn. It is something that Matthew Arnold urged with great effect in his paper on that crank of a Tolstoi. He asked what would become of the people who needed the work, if we served and waited on ourselves, as Tolstoi preached. The question is unanswerable."

"That is true; in your conditions, it is unanswerable," said the Altrurian.

"I think," said Mrs. Makely, "that under the circumstances we do pretty well."

"Oh, I don't presume to censure you. And if you believe that your conditions are the best"—

"We believe them the best in the best of all possible worlds," I said, devoutly;

and it struck me that if ever we came to have a national church, some such affirmation as that concerning our economical conditions ought to be in the confession of faith.

The Altrurian's mind had not followed mine so far. "And your young girls?" he asked of Mrs. Makely, "how is their time occupied?"

"You mean after they come out in society?"

"I suppose so."

She seemed to reflect. "I don't know that it is very differently occupied. Of course, they have their own amusements; they have their dances, and little clubs, and their sewing societies. I suppose that even an Altrurian would applaud their sewing for the poor?" Mrs. Makely asked rather satirically.

"Yes," he answered; and then he asked, "Isn't it taking work away from some needy sempstress, though? But I suppose you excuse it to thoughtlessness of youth."

Mrs. Makely did not say, and he went on:

"What I find it so hard to understand is how you ladies can endure a life of mere nervous exertion, such as you have been describing to me. I don't see how you keep well."

"We *don't* keep well," said Mrs. Makely, with the greatest amusement. "I don't suppose that when you get above the working classes, till you reach the very rich, you would find a perfectly well woman in America."

"Isn't that rather extreme?" I ventured to ask.

"No," said Mrs. Makely, "it's shamefully moderate," and she seemed to delight in having made out such a bad case for her sex. You cannot stop a woman of that kind when she gets started; I had better have left it alone.

"But," said the Altrurian, "if you are forbidden by motives of humanity from doing any sort of manual labor, which you must leave to those who live by it, I suppose you take some sort of exercise?"

"Well," said Mrs. Makely, shaking her head gaily, "we prefer to take medicine."

"You must approve of that," I said to the Altrurian, "as you consider exercise for its own sake insane or immoral. But,

Mrs. Makely," I entreated, "you are giving me away at a tremendous rate. I have just been telling Mr. Homos that you ladies go in for athletics so much, now, in your summer outings, that there is danger of your becoming physically as well as intellectually superior to us poor fellows. Don't take that consolation from me!"

"I won't, altogether," she said. "I couldn't have the heart to, after the pretty way you've put it. I don't call it very athletic, sitting round on hotel piazzas all summer long, as nineteen-twentieths of us do. But I don't deny that there is a Remnant, as Matthew Arnold calls them, who do go in for tennis, and boating, and bathing, and tramping and climbing." She paused, and then she concluded gleefully. "And you ought to see what wrecks they get home in the fall!"

The joke was on me; I could not help laughing, though I felt rather sheepish before the Altrurian. Fortunately, he did not pursue the inquiry; his curiosity had been given a slant aside from it.

"But your ladies," he asked, "they have the summer for rest, however they use it. Do they generally leave town? I understood Mr. Twelvemough to say so," he added with a deferential glance at me.

"Yes, you may say it is the universal custom in the class that can afford it," said Mrs. Makely. She proceeded as if she felt a tacit censure in his question. "It wouldn't be the least use for us to stay and fry through our summers in the city, simply because our fathers and brothers had to. Besides, we are worn out at the end of the season, and they want us to come away as much as we want to come."

"Ah, I have always heard that the Americans are beautiful in their attitude towards women."

"They are perfect dears," said Mrs. Makely, "and here comes one of the best of them."

At that moment her husband came up and laid her shawl across her shoulders. "Whose character is that you're blasting?" he asked, jocosely.

"Where in the world did you find it?" she asked, meaning the shawl.

"It was where you left it: on the sofa, in the side parlor. I had to take my life in my hand, when I crossed among all

those waltzers in there. There must have been as many as three couples on the floor. Poor girls! I pity them, off at these places. The fellows in town have a good deal better time. They've got their clubs, and they've got the theatres, and when the weather gets too much for them, they can run off down to the shore for the night. The places anywhere within an hour's ride are full of fellows. The girls don't have to dance with one another there, or with little boys. Of course, that's all right, if they like it better." He laughed at his wife, and winked at me, and smoked swiftly, in emphasis of his irony.

"Then the young gentlemen whom the young ladies here usually meet in society, are all at work in the cities?" the Altrurian asked him, rather needlessly, as I had already said so.

"Yes, those who are not out West, growing up with the country, except, of course, the fellows who have inherited a fortune. They're mostly off on yachts."

"But why do your young men go West to grow up with the country?" pursued my friend.

"Because the East is *grown* up. They have got to hustle, and the West is the place to hustle. To make money," added Makely, in response to a puzzled glance of the Altrurian.

"Sometimes," said his wife, "I almost hate the name of money."

"Well, so long as you don't hate the thing, Peggy!"

"Oh, we must have it, I suppose," she sighed. "They used to say about the girls who grew into old maids just after the Rebellion that they had lost their chance in the war for the union. I think quite as many lose their chance now in the war for the dollar."

"Mars hath slain his thousands, but Mammon hath slain his tens of thousands," I suggested lightly; we all like to recognize the facts, so long as we are not expected to do anything about them; then, we deny them.

"Yes, quite as bad as that," said Mrs. Makely.

"Well, my dear, you are expensive, you know," said her husband, "and if we want to have you, why we've got to hustle, first."

"Oh, I don't blame you, you poor

things! There's nothing to be done about it; it's just got to go on and on; I don't see how it's ever to end."

The Altrurian had been following us with that air of polite mystification which I had begun to dread in him. "Then, in your good society you postpone, and even forego, the happiness of life in the struggle to be rich?"

"Well, you see," said Makely, "a fellow don't like to ask a girl to share a home that isn't as nice as the home she has left."

"Sometimes," his wife put in, rather sadly, "I think that it's all a mistake, and that we'd be willing to share the privations of a man we loved."

"Well," said Makely, with a laugh, "we wouldn't like to risk it."

I laughed with him, but his wife did not, and in the silence that ensued there was nothing to prevent the Altrurian from coming in with another of his questions. "How far does this state of things extend downward? Does it include the working-classes, too?"

"Oh, no!" we all answered together, and Mrs. Makely said: "With your Altrurian ideas I suppose you would naturally sympathize a great deal more with the lower classes, and think they had to endure all the hardships in our system; but if you could realize how the struggle goes on in the best society, and how we all have to fight for what we get, or don't get, you would be disposed to pity our upper classes, too."

"I am sure I should," said the Altrurian.

Makely remarked, "I used to hear my father say that slavery was harder on the whites than it was on the blacks, and that he wanted it done away with for the sake of the masters."

Makely rather faltered in conclusion, as if he were not quite satisfied with his remark, and I distinctly felt a want of proportion in it; but I did not wish to say anything. His wife had no reluctance.

"Well, there's no comparison between the two things, but the struggle certainly doesn't affect the working classes as it does us. They go on marrying and giving in marriage in the old way. They have nothing to lose, and so they can afford it."

"Blessed am dem what don't expect nuffin! Oh, I tell you it's a working-

man's country," said Makely, through his cigar smoke. "You ought to see them in town, these summer nights, in the parks and squares and the cheap theatres. Their girls are not off for their health, anywhere, and their fellows are not off growing up with the country. Their day's work is over and they're going in for a good time. And, then, walk through the streets where they live, and see them out on the stoops with their wives and children! I tell you, it's enough to make a fellow wish he was poor himself."

"Yes," said Mrs. Makely, "it's astonishing how strong and well those women keep, with their great families and their hard work. Sometimes I really envy them."

"Do you suppose," said the Altrurian, "that they are aware of the sacrifices which the ladies of the upper classes make in leaving all the work to them, and suffering from the nervous debility which seems to be the outcome of your society life?"

"They have not the remotest idea of it! They have no conception of what a society woman goes through with. They think we do nothing. They envy us, too, and sometimes they're so ungrateful and indifferent, if you try to help them, or get on terms with them, that I believe they hate us."

"But that comes from ignorance?"

"Yes, though I don't know that they are really more ignorant of us than we are of them. It's the other half on both sides."

"Isn't that a pity, rather?"

"Of course it's a pity, but what can you do? You can't know what people are like unless you live like them, and then the question is whether the game is worth the candle. I should like to know how you manage in Altruria."

"Why, we have solved the problem in the only way, as you say, that it can be solved. We all live alike."

"Isn't that a little, just a very trifling little bit monotonous?" Mrs. Makely asked, with a smile. "But there is everything, of course, in being used to it. To an unregenerate spirit—like mine, for example—it seems intolerable."

"But why? When you were younger, before you were married, you all lived at

home together.—Or, perhaps, you were an only child?"

"Oh, no, indeed! There were ten of us."

"Then you all lived alike, and shared equally?"

"Yes, but we were a family."

"We do not conceive of the human race except as a family."

"Now, excuse me, Mr. Homos, that is all nonsense. You cannot have the family feeling without love, and it is impossible to love other people. That talk about the neighbor, and all that, is all well enough"—She stopped herself, as if she dimly remembered Who began that talk, and then went on: "Of course, I accept it as a matter of faith, and the spirit of it, nobody denies that; but what I mean is, that you must have frightful quarrels all the time." She tried to look as if this were where she really meant to bring up, and he took her on the ground she had chosen.

"Yes, we have quarrels. Hadn't you at home?"

"We fought like little cats and dogs, at times."

Makely and I burst into a laugh at her magnanimous frankness. The Altrurian remained serious. "But because you lived alike, you knew each other; and so you easily made up your quarrels. It is quite as simple with us, in our life as a human family."

This notion of a human family seemed

to amuse Mrs. Makely more and more; she laughed and laughed again. "You must excuse me!" she panted, at last. "But I cannot imagine it! No, it is too ludicrous! Just fancy the jars of an ordinary family multiplied by the population of a whole continent! Why, you must be in a perpetual squabble! You can't have any peace of your lives! It's worse, far worse, than our way!"

"But, madam," he began, "you are supposing our family to be made up of people with all the antagonistic interests of your civilization; as a matter of fact"—

"No, no! *I know human nature*, Mr. Homos!" She suddenly jumped up and gave him her hand. "Good night!" she said, sweetly, and as she drifted off on her husband's arm, she looked back at us and nodded in gay triumph.

The Altrurian turned upon me with unabated interest. "And have you no provision in your system for finally making the lower classes understand the sufferings and sacrifices of the upper classes in their behalf? Do you expect to do nothing to bring them together in mutual kindness?"

"Well, not this evening," I said, throwing the end of my cigar away. "I'm going to bed, aren't you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, good night. Are you sure you can find your room?"

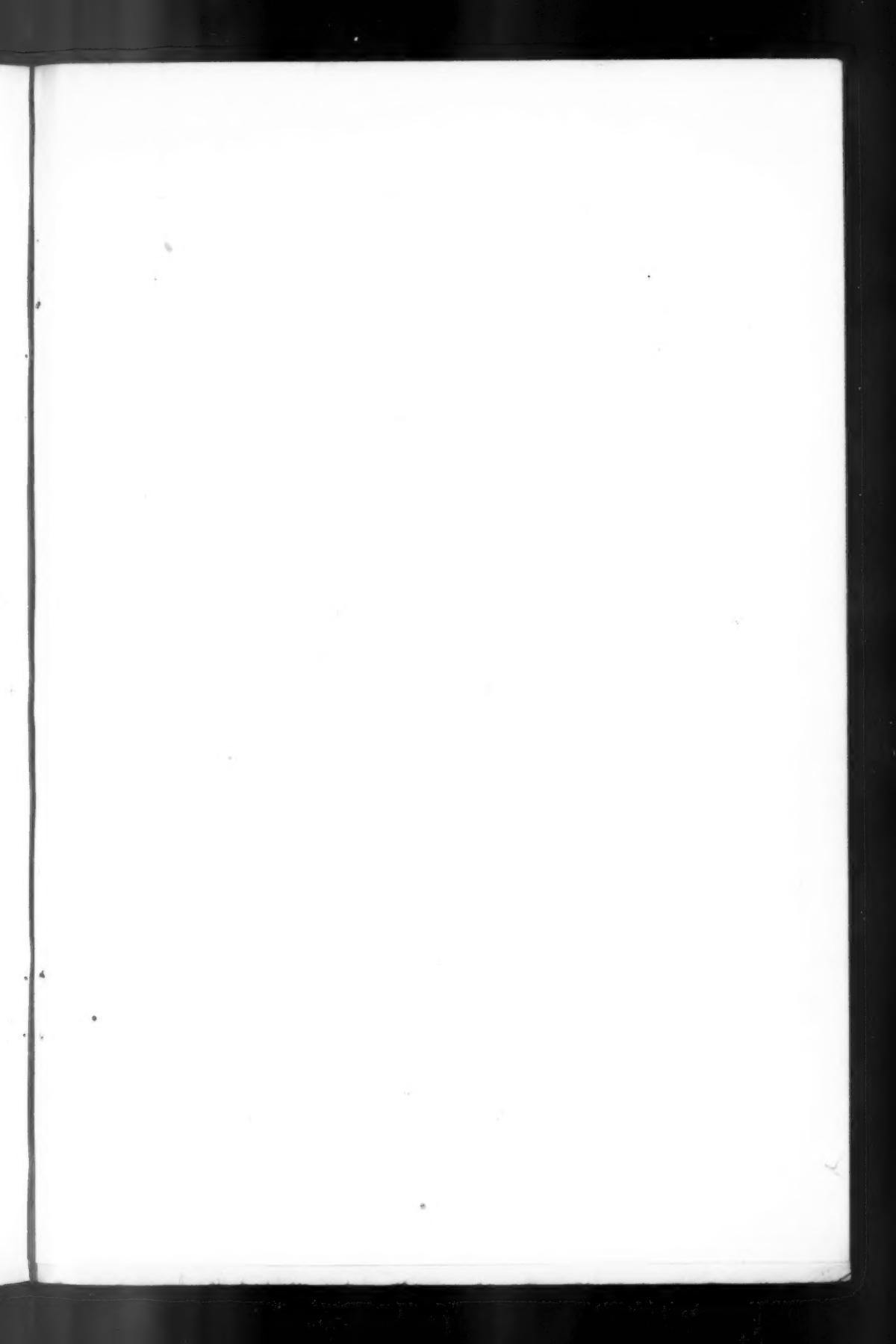
"Oh, yes. Good night."

PASTEL.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

Exquisite art! that tak'st for the bestowing
Of fadeless charm on evanescent things
The powd'rous pigment from the night-moth's wings,
And ray-borne dust with all the sunset glowing—
That steal'st the pollen from red poppies blowing—
Bloom o' the untouched grape—the haze that clings
To woods autumnal; and for brush, the Spring's
First pussy-willow in the marsh-brake growing:

Thine be the miracle to paint her face,
With eyelids closed as if but newly kiss'd,
And the faint blush like roses through a mist,
And, oh! diviner far, the radiant grace
Of that swift look which did no longer dwell
Than while one sweet word on our silence fell.





From a water-color by A. van Marck.

THE CONQUEROR.

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